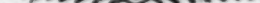
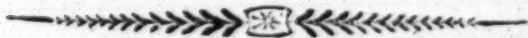


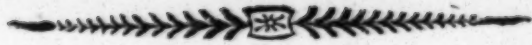
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ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

As for you, I shall advise you in a few words; aspire only to those virtues that are *peculiar to your sex*; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other.

ORATION of PERICLES to the ATHENIAN WOMEN.



T O

MRS. MONTAGU.

MADAM,

IF you were only one of the finest writers of your time, you would probably have escaped the trouble of this address, which is drawn on you, less by the lustre of your understanding, than by the amiable qualities of your heart.

As the following pages are written with an humble but an earnest wish, to promote the interests of virtue, as far as the very limited abilities of the author allow; there is, I flatter myself, a peculiar propriety in inscribing them to you, Madam, who while your works convey instruction and delight to the best informed of the other sex, furnish, by your conduct, an admirable pattern of life and manners to your own. And I can with truth remark, that those graces of conversation, which would be the first praise of almost any other character, constitute but an inferior part of yours.

I am, MADAM, with the highest esteem,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

BRISTOL, }
May 20, 1777. }



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INTRODUCTION.

IT is with the utmost diffidence that the following pages are submitted to the inspection of the public : yet, however the limited abilities of the author may have prevented her from succeeding to her wish in the execution of her present attempt, she humbly trusts that the uprightness of her intention will procure it a candid and favourable reception. The following little essays are chiefly calculated for the younger part of her own sex, who, she flatters herself, will not esteem them the less, because they were written immediately for their service. She by no means pretends to have composed a regular system of morals, or a finished plan of conduct : she has only endeavoured to make a few remarks on such circumstances

B



stances as seemed to her susceptible of some improvement, and on such subjects as she imagined were particularly interesting to young ladies, on their first introduction into the world. She hopes they will not be offended if she has occasionally pointed out certain qualities, and suggested certain tempers and dispositions, as peculiarly feminine, and hazarded some observations which naturally arose from the subject, on the different characters which mark the sexes. And here again she takes the liberty to repeat that these distinctions cannot be too nicely maintained; for besides those important qualities common to both, each sex has its respective, appropriated qualifications, which would cease to be meritorious, the instant they ceased to be appropriated. Nature, propriety, and custom have prescribed certain bounds to each; bounds which the prudent and the candid will never attempt to break down; and indeed it would be highly impolitic to annihilate distinctions from which each requires excellence, and to attempt innovations, by which both would be losers.

Women therefore never understand their own interests so little, as when they affect those qualities and accomplishments, from the want of which they derive their highest merit. "The porcelain clay of human kind," says an admired writer, speaking of the sex. Greater delicacy evidently implies greater fragility; and this weakness, natural and moral, clearly points out the necessity of a superior degree of caution, retirement, and reserve.

If the author may be allowed to keep up the allusion of the poet, just quoted, she would ask

ask if we do not put the finest vases, and the costliest images in places of the greatest security, and most remote from any probability of accident or destruction? By being so situated, they find their protection in their weakness, and their safety in their delicacy. This metaphor is far from being used with a design of placing young ladies in a trivial, unimportant light; it is only introduced to insinuate, that where there is more beauty, and more weakness, there should be greater circumspection, and superior prudence.

Men, on the contrary, are formed for the more public exhibitions on the great theatre of human life. Like the stronger and more substantial wares, they derive no injury, and lose no polish by being always exposed, and engaged in the constant commerce of the world. It is their proper element, where they respire their natural air, and exert their noblest powers, in situations which call them into action. They were intended by Providence for the bustling scenes of life; to appear terrible in arms, useful in commerce, shining in counsels.

The author fears it will be hazarding a very bold remark, in the opinion of many ladies, when she adds, that the female mind, in general, does not appear capable of attaining so high a degree of perfection in science as the male. Yet she hopes to be forgiven when she observes also, that as it does not seem to derive the chief portion of its excellence from extraordinary abilities of this kind, it is not at all lessened by the imputation of not possessing them. It is readily allowed, that the sex have lively imaginations, and those exquisite per-

ceptions of the beautiful and defective, which come under the denomination of taste. But pretensions to that strength of intellect, which is requisite to penetrate into the abstruse walks of literature, it is presumed they will readily relinquish. There are green pastures, and pleasant vallies, where they may wander with safety to themselves, and delight to others. They may cultivate the roses of imagination, and the valuable fruits of morals and criticism ; but the steeps of Parnassus few, comparatively, have attempted to scale with success. And when it is considered, that many languages, and many sciences, must contribute to the perfection of poetical composition, it will appear less strange. The lofty Epic, the pointed Satire, and the more daring and successful flights of the Tragic Muse, seem reserved for the bold adventurers of the other sex.

Nor does this assertion, it is apprehended, at all injure the interests of the women ; they have other pretensions, on which to value themselves, and other qualities much better calculated to answer their particular purposes. We are enamoured of the soft strains of the Sicilian and the Mantuan Muse, while, to the sweet notes of the pastoral reed, they sing the Contentions of the Shepherds, the Blessings of Love, or the Innocent Delights of Rural Life. Has it ever been ascribed to them as a defect, that their eclogues do not treat of active scenes, of busy cities, and of warring war ? No : their simplicity is their perfection, and they are only blamed when they have too little of it.

INTRODUCTION. 5

On the other hand, the lofty bards who strung their bolder harps to higher measures, and sung the *Wrath of Pelcus' Son*, and *Man's first Disobedience*, have never been censured for want of sweetness and refinement. The sublime, the nervous, and the masculine, characterise their compositions; as the beautiful, the soft and the delicate, mark those of the others. Grandeur, dignity, and force, distinguish the one species; ease, simplicity, and purity the other. Both shine from their native, distinct, unborrowed merits, not from those which are foreign, adventitious, and unnatural. Yet those excellencies, which make up the essential and constituent parts of poetry, they have in common.

Women have generally quicker perceptions; men have juster sentiments.—Women consider how things may be prettily said; men how they may be properly said.—In women, (young ones at least) speaking accompanies, and sometimes precedes reflection; in men, reflection is the antecedent.—Women speak to shine or to please; men, to convince or confute.—Women admire what is brilliant; men what is solid.—Women prefer an extemporaneous fallacy of wit, or a sparkling effusion of fancy, before the most accurate reasoning, or the most laborious investigation of facts. In literary composition, women are pleased with point, turn, and antithesis; men with observation, and a just deduction of effects from their causes.—Women are fond of incident, men of argument.—Women admire passionately, men approve cautiously.—One sex will think it betrays a want of feeling to be moderate in their applause, the other

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other will be afraid of exposing a want of judgment by being in raptures with any thing.—Men refuse to give way to the emotions they actually feel, while women sometimes affect to be transported beyond what the occasion will justify.

As a farther confirmation of what has been advanced on the different bent of the understanding in the sexes, it may be observed, that we have heard of many female wits, but never of one female logician—of many admirable writers of memoirs, but never of one chronologer—In the boundless and aerial regions of romance, and in that fashionable species of composition which succeeded it, and which carries a nearer approximation to the manners of the world, the women cannot be excelled: this imaginary soil they have a peculiar talent for cultivating, because here,

Invention labours more, and judgment less.

The merit of this kind of writing consists in the *vraisemblance* to real life as to the events themselves, with a certain elevation in the narrative, which places them, if not above what is natural, yet above what is common. It farther consists in the art of interesting the tender feelings by a pathetic representation of those minute, endearing, domestic circumstances, which take captive the soul before it has time to shield itself with the armour of reflection. To amuse, rather than to instruct, or to instruct indirectly by short interferences, drawn from a long concatenation of circumstances, is at
once

INTRODUCTION. 7

once the business of this sort of composition, and one of the characteristics of female genius*.

In short, it appears that the mind in each sex has some natural kind of bias, which constitutes a distinction of character, and that the happiness of both depends, in a great measure, on the preservation and observance of this distinction. For where would be the superior pleasure and satisfaction resulting from mixed conversation, if this difference were abolished? If the qualities of both were invariably and exactly the same, no benefit or entertainment would arise from the tedious and insipid uniformity of such an intercourse; whereas considerable advantages are reaped from a select society of both sexes. The rough angles and asperities of male manners are imperceptibly filed, and gradually worn smooth, by the polishing of female conversation, and the refining of female taste; while the ideas of women acquire strength and solidity, by their associating with sensible, intelligent, and judicious men.

On the whole, (even if fame be the object of pursuit) is it not better to succeed as women, than to fail as men? To shine, by walking honourably
in

* The author does not apprehend it makes against her general position, that this nation can boast a female critic, poet, historian, linguist, philosopher, and moralist, equal to most of the other sex. To these particular instances others might be adduced; but it is presumed, that they only stand as exceptions against the rule, without tending to invalidate the rule itself.

8 INTRODUCTION.

in the road which nature, custom, and education seem to have marked out, rather than to counteract them all, by moving awkwardly in a path diametrically opposite? To be good originals, rather than bad imitators? In a word, to be excellent women, rather than indifferent men?

ON

Q N

DISSIPATION.



DOGLIE CERTE, ALLEGREZZE INCERTE !

PETRARCA.

AS an argument in favour of modern manners, it has been pleaded, that the softer vices of luxury and dissipation, belong rather to gentle and yielding tempers, than to such as are rugged and ferocious: that they are vices which increase civilization, and tend to promote refinement, and the cultivation of humanity.

But this is an assertion, the truth of which the experience of all ages contradicts. Nero was

not less a tyrant for being a fidler: He* who wished the whole Roman people had but one neck, that he might dispatch them at a blow, was himself the most debauched man in Rome; and Sydney and Ruffel were condemned to bleed under the most barbarous, though most dissipated and voluptuous, reign that ever disgraced the annals of Britain.

The love of dissipation is, I believe, allowed to be the reigning evil of the present day. It is an evil which many content themselves with regretting, without seeking to redress. A dissipated life is censured in the very act of dissipation, and prodigality of time is as gravely declaimed against at the card table, as in the pulpit.

The lover of dancing censures the amusements of the theatre for their dulness, and the gamester blames them both for their levity. She whose soul is swallowed up in "*opera extacies*," is astonished, that her acquaintance can spend whole nights in preying, like harpies, on the fortunes of their fellow-creatures; while the grave sober sinner, who passes her pale and anxious vigils, in this fashionable sort of pillaging, is no less surprised how the other can waste her precious time in hearing sounds for which she has no taste, in a language she does not understand.

In short, every one seems convinced, that the evil so much complained of does really exist somewhere, though all are inwardly persuaded that it is not with themselves. All desire a general reformation, but few will listen to proposals of parti-

* The Emperor Caligula.

cular amendment ; the body must be restored, but each limb begs to remain as it is ; and accusations which concern all, will be likely to affect none. They think that sin, like matter, is divisible, and that what is scattered among so many, cannot materially affect any one ; and thus individuals contribute separately to that evil which they in general lament.

The prevailing manners of an age depend more than we are aware, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women ; this is one of the principal hinges on which the great machine of human society turns. Those who allow the influence which female graces have, in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much then is it to be regretted, that the British ladies should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform, to entertain, when they might instruct, and to dazzle for an hour, when they are candidates for eternity !

Under the dispensation of Mahomet's law, indeed, these mental excellencies cannot be expected, because the women are shut out from all opportunities of instruction, and excluded from the endearing pleasures of a delightful and equal society ; and, as a charming poet sings, are taught to believe, that

For their inferior natures
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserved no future paradise,

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12 O N D I S S I P A T I O N .

But bids them rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter.

IRENE.

These act consistently in studying none but exterior graces, in cultivating only personal attractions, and in trying to lighten the intolerable burden of time, by the most frivolous and vain amusements. They act in consequence of their own blind belief, and the tyranny of their despotic masters ; for they have neither the freedom of a present choice, nor the prospect of a future being

But in this land of civil and religious liberty, where there is as little despotism exercised over the minds, as over the persons of women, they have every liberty of choice, and every opportunity of improvement ; and how greatly does this increase their obligation to be exemplary in their general conduct, attentive to the government of their families, and instrumental to the good order of society !

She who is at a loss to find amusements at home, can no longer apologize for her dissipation abroad, by saying she is deprived of the benefit and the pleasure of books ; and she who regrets being doomed to a state of dark and gloomy ignorance, by the injustice or tyranny of the men, complains of an evil which does not exist.

It is a question frequently in the mouths of illiterate and dissipated females—"What good is there in reading ? To what end does it conduce ?" It is, however, too obvious to need insisting on, that unless perverted, as the best things may be, reading answers many excellent purposes beside the
great

great leading one, and is, perhaps, the safest remedy for dissipation. She who dedicates a portion of her leisure to useful reading, feels her mind in a constant progressive state of improvement, whilst the mind of a dissipated woman is continually losing ground. An active spirit rejoiceth, like the sun, to run his daily course, while indolence, like the dial of Ahaz, goes backwards. The advantages which the understanding receives from polite literature, it is not here necessary to enumerate; its effects on the moral temper is the present object of consideration. The remark may perhaps be thought too strong, but I believe it is true, that next to religious influences, an habit of study is the most probable preservative of the virtue of young persons. Those who cultivate letters have rarely a strong passion for promiscuous visiting, or dissipated society; study therefore induces a relish for domestic life, the most desirable temper in the world for women. Study, as it rescues the mind from an inordinate fondness for gaming, dress, and public amusements, is an æconomical propensity; for a lady may read at much less expence than she can play at cards; as it requires some application, it gives the mind an habit of industry; as it is a relief against that mental disease, which the French emphatically call *ennui*, it cannot fail of being beneficial to the temper and spirits, I mean in the moderate degree in which ladies are supposed to use it; as an enemy to indolence, it becomes a social virtue; as it demands the full exertion of our talents, it grows a rational duty; and when directed to the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and his laws, it rises into an act of religion.

The

The rage for reformation commonly shews itself in a violent zeal for suppressing what is wrong, rather than in a prudent attention to establish what is right; but we shall never obtain a fair garden merely by rooting up weeds, we must also plant flowers; for the natural richness of the soil we have been clearing will not suffer it to lie barren, but whether it shall be vainly or beneficially prolific, depends on the culture. What the present age has gained on one side, by a more enlarged and liberal way of thinking, seems to be lost on the other, by excessive freedom and unbounded indulgence. Knowledge is not, as heretofore, confined to the dull cloyster, or the gloomy college, but disseminated, to a certain degree, among both sexes and almost all ranks. The only misfortune is, that these opportunities do not seem to be so wisely improved, or turned to so good an account as might be wished. Books of a pernicious, idle, and frivolous sort, are too much multiplied, and it is from the very redundancy of them that true knowledge is so scarce, and the habit of dissipation so much increased.

It has been remarked, that the prevailing character of the present age is not that of gross immortality: but if this is meant of those in the higher walks of life, it is easy to discern, that there can be but little merit in abstaining from crimes which there is but little temptation to commit. It is however to be feared, that a gradual defection from piety, will in time draw after it all the bad consequences of more active vice; for whether mounds and fences are suddenly destroyed by a sweeping torrent, or worn away through gradual neglect, the effect is equally destructive. As
a rapid

a rapid fever and a consuming hectic are alike fatal to our natural health, so are flagrant immorality and torpid indolence to our moral well being.

The philosophical doctrine of the slow recession of bodies from the sun, is a lively image of the reluctance with which we first abandon the light of virtue. The beginning of folly, and the first entrance on a dissipated life cost some pangs to a well disposed heart; but it is surprising to see how soon the progress ceases to be impeded by reflection, or slackened by remorse. For it is in moral as in natural things, the motion in minds as well as bodies is accelerated by a nearer approach to the centre to which they are tending. If we recede slowly at first setting out, we advance rapidly in our future course; and to have begun to be wrong, is already to have made a great progress.

A constant habit of amusement relaxes the tone of the mind, and renders it totally incapable of application, study, or virtue. Dissipation not only indisposes its votaries to every thing useful and excellent; but disqualifies them for the enjoyment of pleasure itself. It softens the soul so much, that the most superficial employment becomes a labour, and the slightest inconvenience an agony. The luxurious Sybarite must have lost all sense of real enjoyment, and all relish for true gratification, before he complained that he could not sleep, because the rose leaves lay double under him.

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken chains about the heart, enslave it more than the

most active and turbulent vices. The mightiest conquerors have been conquered by those unarmed foes ; the flowery fetters are fastened, before they are felt. The blandishments of Circe were more fatal to the mariners of Ulysses, than the strength of Polypheme, or the brutality of the Læstrigons. Hercules, after he had cleansed the Augean stable, and performed all the other labours enjoined him by Euristheus, found himself a slave to the softnesses of the heart ; and he, who wore a club and a lion's skin in the cause of virtue, condescended to the most effeminate employments to gratify a criminal weakness. Hannibal, who vanquished mighty nations, was himself overcome by the love of pleasure ; and he who despised cold, and want, and danger, and death on the Alps, was conquered and undone by the dissolute indulgences of Capua.

Before the hero of the most beautiful and virtuous romance that ever was written, I mean Telemachus, landed on the island of Cyprus, he unfortunately lost his prudent companion, Mentor, in whom wisdom is so finely personified. At first he beheld with horror the wanton and dissolute manners of the voluptuous inhabitants ; the ill effects of their example were not immediate : he did not fall into the commission of glaring enormities ; but his virtue was secretly and imperceptibly undermined, his heart was softened by their pernicious society, and the nerve of resolution was slackened : he every day beheld with diminished indignation the worship which was offered to Venus ; the disorders of luxury and prophaneness became less and less terrible, and the infectious air of the country enfeebled his courage, and relaxed

laxed his principles. In short, he had ceased to love virtue long before he thought of committing actual vice ; and the duties of a manly piety were burthensome to him, before he was so debased as to offer perfumes, and burn incense on the altar of the licentious goddesses *.

“ Let us crown ourselves with rose buds before they be withered,” said Solomon’s libertine. Alas ! he did not reflect that they withered in the very gathering. The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them ; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

The Heathen poets often pressed on their readers the necessity of considering the shortness of life, as an incentive to pleasure and voluptuousness ; lest the season for indulging in them should pass unimproved. The dark and uncertain notions, not to say the absolute disbelief, which they entertained of a future state, is the only apology that can be offered for this reasoning. But while we censure their tenets, let us not adopt their errors ; errors which would be infinitely more inexcusable in us, who, from the clearer views which revelation has given us, shall not have their ignorance or their

* Nothing can be more admirable than the manner in which this allegory is conducted ; and the whole work, not to mention its images, machinery, and other poetical beauties, is written in the very finest strain of morality. In this latter respect it is evidently superior to the works of the ancients, the moral of which is frequently tainted by the grossness of their mythology. Something of the purity of the Christian religion may be discovered even in Fenelon’s Heathens, and they catch a tincture of piety in passing through the hands of that amiable prelate.



their doubts to plead. It were well if we availed ourselves of that portion of their precept, which inculcates the improvement of every moment of our time, but not like them to dedicate the moments so redeemed to the pursuit of sensual and perishable pleasures, but to the securing of those which are spiritual in their nature, and eternal in their duration.

If, indeed, like the miserable* beings imagined by Swift, with a view to cure us of the irrational desire after immoderate length of days, we were condemned to a wretched earthly immortality, we should have an excuse for spending some portion of our time in dissipation, as we might then pretend, with some colour of reason, that we proposed, at a distant period, to enter on a better course of action. Or if we never formed any such resolution, it would make no material difference to beings, whose state was already unalterably fixed. But of the scanty portion of days assigned to our lot, not one should be lost in weak and irresolute procrastination.

Those who have not yet determined on the side of vanity, who, like Hercules, (before he knew the Queen of Lydia, and had learnt to spin) have not resolved on their choice between VIRTUE and PLEASURE, may reflect, that it is still in their power to imitate that hero in his noble choice, and in his virtuous rejection. They may also reflect with grateful triumph, that Christianity furnishes them with a better guide than the tutor of Alcides, and with a surer light than the doctrines of Pagan philosophy.

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* The Struldbrugs. See Voyage to Laputa.

It is far from my design severely to condemn the innocent pleasures of life : I would only beg leave to observe, that those which are criminal should never be allowed ; and that even the most innocent will, by immoderate use, soon cease to be so.

The women of this country were not sent into the world to shun society, but to embellish it ; they were not designed for wilds and solitudes, but for the amiable and endearing offices of social life. They have useful stations to fill, and important characters to sustain. They are of a religion which does not impose penances, but enjoins duties ; a religion of perfect purity, but of perfect benevolence also. A religion which does not condemn its followers to indolent seclusion from the world, but assigns them the more dangerous though more honourable province, of living uncorrupted in it. In fine, a religion, which does not direct them to fly from the multitude, that they may do nothing, but which positively forbids them to follow a multitude to do evil.

T H O U G H T S

O N

CONVERSATION.

IT has been advised, and by very respectable authorities too, that in conversation, women should carefully conceal any knowledge or learning they may happen to possess. I own, with submission, that I do not see either the necessity or propriety of this advice. For if a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.

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I am at a loss to know why a young female is instructed to exhibit, in the most advantageous point of view, her skill in music, her singing, dancing, taste in dress, and her acquaintance with the most fashionable games and amusements, while her piety is to be anxiously concealed, and her knowledge affectedly disavowed, lest the former should draw on her the appellation of an enthusiast, or the latter that of a pedant.

In regard to knowledge, why should she for ever affect to be on her guard, lest she should be found guilty of a small portion of it? She need be the less solicitous about it, as it seldom proves to be so very considerable as to excite astonishment or admiration: for, after all the acquisitions which her talents and her studies have enabled her to make, she will, generally speaking, be found to have less of what is called *learning*, than a common school-boy.

It would be to the last degree presumptuous and absurd, for a young woman to pretend to give the *ton* to the company; to interrupt the pleasure of others, and her own opportunity of improvement, by talking when she ought to listen; or to introduce subjects out of the common road, in order to shew her own wit, or expose the want of it in others; but were the sex to be totally silent when any topic of literature happens to be discussed in their presence, conversation would lose much of its vivacity, and society would be robbed of one of its most interesting charms.

How easily and effectually may a well-bred woman promote the most useful and elegant conversation, almost without speaking a word! for the modes of speech are scarcely more variable than
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the modes of silence. The silence of listless ignorance, and the silence of sparkling intelligence, are perhaps as separately marked, and as distinctly expressed, as the same feelings could have been by the most unequivocal language. A woman, in a company where she has the least influence, may promote any subject by a profound and invariable attention, which shews that she is pleased with it, and by an illuminated countenance, which proves she understands it. This obliging attention is the most flattering encouragement in the world to men of sense and letters, to continue any topic of instruction or entertainment they happen to be engaged in: it owed its introduction perhaps to accident, the best introduction in the world for a subject of ingenuity, which, though it could not have been formally proposed without pedantry, may be continued with ease and good humour; but which will be frequently and effectually stopped by the listlessness, inattention, or whispering of silly girls, whose weariness betrays their ignorance, and whose impatience exposes their ill-breeding. A polite man, however deeply interested in the subject on which he is conversing, catches at the slightest hint to have done: a look is a sufficient intimation, and if a pretty simpleton, who sits near him, seems *distracted*, he puts an end to his remarks, to the great regret of the reasonable part of the company, who perhaps might have gained more improvement by the continuance of such a conversation, than a week's reading would have yielded them; for it is such company as this, that give an edge to each other's wit, "as iron sharpeneth iron."

That

That silence is one of the great arts of conversation, is allowed by Cicero himself, who says, there is not only an art but even an eloquence in it. And this opinion is confirmed by a great modern*, in the following little anecdote from one of the ancients.

When many Grecian philosophers had a solemn meeting before the ambassador of a foreign prince, each endeavoured to shew his parts by the brilliancy of his conversation, that the ambassador might have something to relate of the Grecian wisdom. One of them, offended, no doubt, at the loquacity of his companions, observed a profound silence; when the ambassador, turning to him, asked, "But what have you to say, that I may report it?" He made this laconic, but very pointed reply: "Tell your king that you have found one among the Greeks who knew how to be silent."

There is a quality infinitely more intoxicating to the female mind than knowledge—this is wit, the most captivating, but the most dreadful of all talents: the most dangerous to those who have it, and the most feared by those who have it not. Though it is against all the rules, yet I cannot find in my heart to abuse this charming quality. He who is grown rich without it, in safe and sober dulness, shuns it as a disease, and looks upon poverty as its invariable concomitant. The moralist declaims against it as the source of irregularity, and the frugal citizen dreads it more than bankruptcy itself, for he considers it as the

* Lord Bacon.

parent of extravagance and beggary The Cynic will ask of what use it is ? Of very little perhaps : no more is a flower garden, and yet it is allowed as an object of innocent amusement and delightful recreation. A woman, who possesses this quality, has received a most dangerous present, perhaps not less so than beauty itself, especially if it be not sheathed in a temper peculiarly inoffensive, chastised by a most correct judgment, and restrained by more prudence than falls to the common lot.

This talent is more likely to make a woman vain than knowledge ; for as wit is the immediate property of its possessor, and learning is only an acquaintance with the knowledge of other people, there is much more danger, that we should be vain of what is our own, than of what we borrow.

But wit, like learning, is not near so common a thing as is imagined. Let not therefore a young lady be alarmed at the acuteness of her own wit, any more than at the abundance of her own knowledge. The great danger is, lest she should mistake pertness, flippancy, or imprudence, for this brilliant quality, or imagine she is witty, only because she is indiscreet. This is very frequently the case, and this makes the name of wit so cheap, while its real existence is so rare.

Lest the flattery of her acquaintance, or an overweening opinion of her own qualifications, should lead some vain and petulant girl into a false notion that she has a great deal of wit, when she has only a redundancy of animal spirits, she may not find it useless to attend to the definition of this quality, by

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CONVERSATION. 25

One who had as large a portion of it, as most individuals could ever boast :

'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain,
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

Neither can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face ;
Such drops the fire must purge away ; 'tis just,
The author blush there, where the reader must.

COWLEY.

But those who actually possess this rare talent, cannot be too abstinent in the use of it. It often makes admirers, but it never makes friends ; I mean, where it is the predominant feature ; and the unprotected and defenceless state of womanhood calls for friendship more than for admiration. She who does not desire friends has a sordid and insensible soul ; but she who is ambitious of making every man her admirer, has an invincible vanity and a cold heart.

But to dwell only on the side of policy, a prudent woman, who has established the reputation of some genius, will sufficiently maintain it, without keeping her faculties always on the stretch to say *good things*. Nay, if reputation alone be her object, she will gain a more solid one by her forbearance, as the wiser part of her acquaintance will ascribe it to the right motive, which is, not that she has less wit, but that she has more judgment.

The fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences

quences which sometimes attend the *too prompt reply*, can never be too seriously or too severely condemned. Not to offend, is the first step towards pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity, as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful, as because it is unpolite. In company, young ladies would do well before they speak, to reflect, if what they are going to say may not distress some worthy person present, by wounding them in their persons, families, connections, or religious opinions. If they find it will touch them in either of these, I should advise them to suspect, that what they were going to say is not so *very* good a thing as they at first imagined. Nay, if even it was one of those bright ideas, which *Venus has imbued with a fifth part of her nectar*, so much greater will be their merit in suppressing it, if there was a probability it might offend. Indeed, if they have the temper and prudence to make such a previous reflection, they will be more richly rewarded by their own inward triumph, at having suppressed a lively but severe remark, than they could have been with the dissembled applauses of the whole company, who, with that complaisant deceit, which good breeding too much authorises, affect openly to admire what they secretly resolve never to forgive.

I have always been delighted with the story of the little girl's eloquence, in one of the Children's Tales, who received from a friendly fairy the gift, that at every word she uttered, pinks, roses, diamonds, and pearls, should drop from her mouth. The hidden moral appears to be this, that it was the sweetness of her temper which produced this
pretty

pretty fanciful effect: for when her malicious sister desired the same gift from the good natured tiny intelligence, the venom of her own heart converted it into poisonous and loathsome reptiles.

A man of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh, which has been raised at his expence by an ill-natured repartee; but if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sort of truths, which as they can scarcely be pardoned even in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he is pleased, but because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt. As the sarcasm was uttered by a lady, so far from seeming to resent it, he will be the first to commend it; but notwithstanding that, he will remember it as a trait of malice, when the whole company shall have forgotten it as a stroke of wit. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unhandsome or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief to him who is wounded to reflect, that the hand which shot him was a fair one.

Many women, when they have a favourite point to gain, or an earnest wish to bring any one over to their opinion, often use a very disingenuous method: they will state a case ambiguously, and then avail themselves of it, in whatever manner shall best answer their purpose; leaving your mind in a state of indecision as to their real meaning, while they triumph in the perplexity they have given you by the unfair conclusions they draw, from premises equivocally stated. They will also frequently argue from exceptions instead of rules,

and are astonished when you are not willing to be contented with a prejudice, instead of a reason.

In a sensible company of both sexes, where women are not restrained by any other reserve than what their natural modesty imposes; and where the intimacy of all parties authorises the utmost freedom of communication; should any one inquire what were the general sentiments on some particular subject, it will, I believe, commonly happen that the ladies, whose imaginations have kept pace with the narration, have anticipated its end, and are ready to deliver their sentiments on it as soon as it is finished. While some of the male hearers, whose minds were busied in settling the propriety, comparing the circumstances, and examining the consistencies of what was said, are obliged to pause and discriminate, before they think of answering. Nothing is so embarrassing as a variety of matter, and the conversation of women is often more perspicuous, because it is less laboured.

A man of deep reflection, if he does not keep up an intimate commerce with the world, will be sometimes so entangled in the intricacies of intense thought, that he will have the appearance of a confused and perplexed expression; while a sprightly woman will extricate herself with that lively and "rash dexterity," which will almost always please, though it is very far from being always right. It is easier to confound than to convince an opponent; the former may be effected by a turn that has more happiness than truth in it. Many an excellent reasoner, well skilled in the theory of the schools, has felt himself discomfited by a reply, which, though as wide of the mark,
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and as foreign to the question as can be conceived, has disconcerted him more than the most startling proposition, or the most accurate chain of reasoning could have done; and he has borne the laugh of his fair antagonist, as well as of the whole company, though he could not but feel, that his own argument was attended with the fullest demonstration: so true it is, that it is not always necessary to be right, in order to be applauded.

But let not a young lady's vanity be too much elated with this false applause, which is given, not to her merit, but to her sex: she has not perhaps gained a victory, though she may be allowed a triumph; and it should humble her to reflect, that the tribute is paid, not to her strength, but to her weakness. It is worth while to discriminate between that applause, which is given from the complaisance of others, and that which is paid to our own merit.

Where great sprightliness is the natural bent of the temper, girls should endeavour to habituate themselves to a custom of observing, thinking, and reasoning. I do not mean, that they should devote themselves to abstruse speculation, or the study of logic; but she who is accustomed to give a due arrangement to her thoughts, to reason justly and pertinently on common affairs, and judiciously to deduce effects from their causes, will be a better logician than some of those who claim the name, because they have studied the art: this is being "learned without the rules; the best definition, perhaps, of that sort of literature which is properest for the sex. That species of knowledge, which appears to be the result of reflection rather than of science, fits peculiarly well on women.

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It is not uncommon to find a lady, who, though she does not know a rule of Syntax, scarcely ever violates one; and who constructs every sentence she utters, with more propriety than many a learned dunce, who has every rule of Aristotle by heart, and who can lace his own thread-bare discourse with the golden shreds of Cicero and Virgil.

It has been objected, and I fear with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for the errors of a fallen sister.

If it be so, it is a grievous fault.

No arguments can justify, no pleas can extenuate it. To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is unhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others, in proportion to their own undeviating goodness.

And here I cannot help remarking, that young women do not always carefully distinguish between running into the error of detraction, and its opposite extreme of indiscriminate applause. This proceeds from the false idea they entertain, that the direct contrary to what is wrong must be right. Thus the dread of being only suspected of one fault makes them actually guilty of another. The desire of avoiding the imputation of envy, impels them to be insincere; and to establish a reputation for sweetness of temper and generosity, they affect sometimes to speak of very indifferent characters with

with the most extravagant applause. With such the hyperbole is a favourite figure; and every degree of comparison but the superlative is rejected, as cold and inexpressive. But this habit of exaggeration greatly weakens their credit, and destroys the weight of their opinion on other occasions; for people very soon discover what degree of faith is to be given both to their judgment and veracity. And those of real merit will no more be flattered by that approbation, which cannot distinguish the value of what it praises, than the celebrated painter must have been at the judgment passed on his works by an ignorant spectator, who, being asked what he thought of such and such very capital but very different pieces, cried out in an affected rapture, "All alike! all alike!"

It has been proposed to the young, as a maxim of supreme wisdom, to manage so dexterously in conversation, as to appear to be well acquainted with subjects, of which they are totally ignorant; and this, by affecting silence in regard to those, on which they are known to excel.—But why counsel this dissingenuous fraud? Why add to the numberless arts of deceit, this practice of deceiving, as it were, on a settled principle? If to disavow the knowledge they really have be a culpable affectation, then certainly to insinuate an idea of their skill, where they are actually ignorant, is a most unworthy artifice.

But of all the qualifications for conversation, humility, if not the most brilliant, is the safest, the most amiable, and the most feminine. The affectation of introducing subjects, with which others are unacquainted, and of displaying talents superior

32 CONVERSATION.

superior to the rest of the company, is as dangerous as it is foolish.

There are many, who never can forgive another for being more agreeable and more accomplished than themselves, and who can pardon any offence rather than an eclipsing merit. Had the nightingale in the fable conquered his vanity, and resisted the temptation of shewing a fine voice, he might have escaped the talons of the hawk. The melody of his singing was the cause of his destruction; his merit brought him into danger, and his vanity cost him his life.

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Envy came next, Envy with squinting eyes,
Sick of a strange disease his neighbour's health;
Best then he lives, when any better dies,
Is never poor but in another's wealth:

On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill,
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will,
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

FLETCHER'S PURPLE ISLAND.



"ENVY, (says Lord Bacon) has no holidays."
There cannot perhaps be a more lively and striking
description of the miserable state of mind those
endure, who are tormented with this vice. A spirit
of emulation has been supposed to be the source
of the greatest improvements; and there is no
doubt but the warmest rivalry will produce the
most excellent effects; but it is to be feared, that

a perpetual state of contest will injure the temper so essentially, that the mischief will hardly be counterbalanced by any other advantages. Those, whose progress is the most rapid, will be apt to despise their less successful competitors, who, in return, will feel the bitterest resentment against their more fortunate rivals. Among persons of real goodness, this jealousy and contempt can never be equally felt, because every advancement in piety will be attended with a proportionable increase of humility, which will lead them to contemplate their own improvements with modesty, and to view with charity the miscarriages of others.

When an envious man is melancholy, one may ask him, in the words of Bion, what evil has befallen himself, or what good has happened to another? This last is the scale by which he principally measures his felicity, and the very smiles of his friends are so many deductions from his own happiness. The wants of others are the standard by which he rates his own wealth, and he estimates his riches not so much by his own possessions, as by the necessities of his neighbours.

When the malevolent intend to strike a very deep and dangerous stroke of malice, they generally begin the most remotely in the world from the subject nearest their hearts. They set out with commending the object of their envy for some trifling quality or advantage, which it is scarcely worth while to possess: they next proceed to make a general profession of their own good will and regard for him: thus artfully removing any suspicion of their design, and clearing all obstructions

instructions for the insidious stab they are about to give ; for who will suspect them of an intention to injure the object of their peculiar and professed esteem ? the hearer's belief of the fact grows in proportion to the seeming reluctance with which it is told, and to the conviction he has, that the relater is not influenced by any private pique, or personal resentment ; but that the confession is extorted from him solely against his inclination, and purely on account of his zeal for truth.

Anger is less reasonable and more sincere than envy.—Anger breaks out abruptly ; envy is a great prefacer—anger wishes to be understood at once : envy is fond of remote hints and ambiguities ; but, obscure as its oracles are, it never ceases to deliver them till they are perfectly comprehended :—anger repeats the same circumstances over again ; envy invents new ones at every fresh recital—anger gives a broken, vehement, and interrupted narrative ; envy tells a more consistent and more probable, though a falser tale—anger is excessively imprudent, for it is impatient to disclose every thing it knows ; envy is discreet, for it has a great deal to hide—anger never consults times or seasons ; envy waits for the lucky moment, when the wound it meditates may be made the most exquisitely painful, and the most incurably deep—anger uses more invective ; envy does more mischief—simple anger soon runs itself out of breath, and is exhausted at the end of its tale ; but it is for that chosen period that envy has treasured up the most barbed arrow in its whole quiver—anger puts a man out of himself ; but the truly malicious generally preserve the appearance of self-possession,

fession, or they could not so effectually injure.—
 The angry man sets out by destroying his whole
 credit with you at once, for he very frankly con-
 fesses his abhorrence and detestation of the object
 of his abuse ; while the envious man carefully sup-
 presses all his own share in the affair.—The angry
 man defeats the end of his resentment, by keeping
himself continually before your eyes, instead of his
 enemy ; while the envious man artfully brings
 forward the object of his malice, and keeps him-
 self out of sight.—The angry man talks loudly
 of his own wrongs ; the envious of his adversary's
 injustice.—A passionate person, if his resentments
 are not complicated with malice, divides his time
 between sinning and sorrowing ; and, as the iras-
 cible passions cannot constantly be at work, his
 heart may sometimes get a holiday.—Anger is a
 violent act, envy a constant habit—no one can be
 always angry, but he may be always envious :—
 an angry man's enmity (if he be generous) will
 subside when the object of his resentment becomes
 unfortunate ; but the envious man can extract food
 from his malice out of calamity itself, if he finds
 his adversary bears it with dignity, or is pitied or
 assisted in it. The rage of the passionate man is
 totally extinguished by the death of his enemy :
 but the hatred of the malicious is not buried even
 in the grave of his rival : he will envy the good
 name he has left behind him ; he will envy him
 the tears of his widow, the prosperity of his chil-
 dren, the esteem of his friends, the praises of his
 epitaph—nay the very magnificence of his funeral.

“ The ear of jealousy heareth all things,” (says
 the wise man) frequently I believe more than is
 uttered,

uttered, which makes the company of persons infected with it still more dangerous.

When you tell those of a malicious turn, any circumstance that has happened to another, though they perfectly know of whom you are speaking, they often affect to be at a loss, to forget his name, or to misapprehend you in some respect or other; and this merely to have an opportunity of slyly gratifying their malice by mentioning some unhappy defect or personal infirmity he labours under; and not contented "to tack his every error to his name," they will, by way of farther explanation, have recourse to the faults of his father, or the misfortunes of his family; and this with all the seeming simplicity and candour in the world, merely for the sake of preventing mistakes, and to clear up every doubt of his identity.—If you are speaking of a lady, for instance, they will perhaps embellish their enquiries, by asking if you mean her, whose great grandfather was a bankrupt, though she has the vanity to keep a chariot, while others who are much better born walk on foot; or they will afterwards recollect, that you may possibly mean her cousin, of the same name, whose mother was suspected of such or such an indiscretion, though the daughter had the luck to make her fortune by marrying, while her betters are overlooked.

To *hint at a fault*, does more mischief than speaking out; for whatever is left for the imagination to finish, will not fail to be overdone: every hiatus will be more than filled up, and every pause more than supplied. There is less malice, and less mischief too, in telling a man's name than the initials

tials of it; as a worthier person may be involved in the most disgraceful suspicions by such a dangerous ambiguity.

It is not uncommon for the envious, after having attempted to deface the fairest character so industriously, that they are afraid you will begin to detect their malice, to endeavour to remove your suspicions effectually, by assuring you, that what they have just related is only the popular opinion; they themselves can never believe things are so bad as they are said to be; for their part, it is a rule with them always to hope the best. It is their way never to believe or report ill of any one. They will, however, mention the story in all companies, that they may do their friend the service of protesting their disbelief of it. More reputations are thus hinted away by false friends, than are openly destroyed by public enemies. An *if*, or a *but*, or a mortified look, or a languid defence, or an ambiguous shake of the head, or a hasty word affectedly recalled, will demolish a character more effectually, than the whole artillery of malice when openly levelled against it.

It is not that envy never praises—No, that would be making a public profession of itself, and advertising its own malignity; whereas the greatest success of its efforts depends on the concealment of their end. When envy intends to strike a stroke of Machiavelian policy, it sometimes affects the language of the most exaggerated applause; though it generally takes care, that the subject of its panegyric shall be a very indifferent and common character, so that it is well aware none of its praises will stick.

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It is the unhappy nature of envy not to be contented with positive misery, but to be continually aggravating its own torments, by comparing them with the felicities of others. The eyes of envy are perpetually fixed on the object which disturbs it, nor can it avert them from it, though to procure itself the relief of a temporary forgetfulness. On seeing the innocence of the first pair,

Aside the devil turn'd,
For Envy, yet with jealous leer malign,
Eyed them askance.

As this enormous sin chiefly instigated the revolt, and brought on the ruin of the angelic spirits, so it is not improbable, that it will be a principal instrument of misery in a future world, for the envious to compare their desperate condition with the happiness of the children of God; and to heighten their actual wretchedness by reflecting on what they have lost.

Perhaps envy, like lying and ingratitude, is practised with more frequency, because it is practised with impunity; but there being no human laws against these crimes, is so far from an inducement to commit them, that this very consideration would be sufficient to deter the wise and good, if all others were ineffectual; for of how heinous a nature must those sins be, which are judged above the reach of human punishment, and are reserved for the final justice of God himself!

ON THE
DANGER
OF
SENTIMENTAL OR ROMANTIC
CONNEXIONS.

AMONG the many evils which prevail under the sun, the abuse of words is not the least considerable. By the influence of time, and the perversion of fashion, the plainest and most unequivocal may be so altered, as to have a meaning assigned them almost diametrically opposite to their original signification.

The present age may be termed, by way of distinction, the age of sentiment, a word which,
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ON SENTIMENTAL, &c. 41

in the implication it now bears, was unknown to our plain ancestors. Sentiment is the varnish of virtue to conceal the deformity of vice; and it is not uncommon for the same persons to make a jest of religion, to break through the most solemn ties and engagements, to practise every art of latent fraud and open seduction, and yet to value themselves on speaking and writing *sentimentally*.

But this refined jargon, which has infested letters and tainted morals, is chiefly admired and adopted by *young ladies* of a certain turn, who read *sentimental books*, write *sentimental letters*, and contract *sentimental friendships*.

Error is never likely to do so much mischief as when it disguises its real tendency, and puts on an engaging and attractive appearance. Many a young woman, who would be shocked at the imputation of an intrigue, is extremely flattered at the idea of a sentimental connexion, though perhaps with a dangerous and designing man, who, by putting on this mask of plausibility and virtue, disarms her of her prudence, lays her apprehensions asleep, and involves her in misery; misery the more inevitable because unsuspected. For she who apprehends no danger, will not think it necessary to be always upon her guard; but will rather invite than avoid the ruin which comes under so specious and so fair a form.

Such an engagement will be infinitely dearer to her vanity than an avowed and authorised attachment; for one of these sentimental lovers will not scruple very seriously to assure a credulous girl, that her unparalleled merit entitles her to the adoration of the whole world, and that the
universal

universal homage of mankind is nothing more than the unavoidable tribute extorted by her charms. No wonder then she should be so easily prevailed on to believe, that an individual is captivated by perfections which might enslave a million. But she should remember, that he who endeavours to intoxicate her with adulation, intends one day most effectually to humble her. For an artful man has always a secret design to pay himself in future for every present sacrifice. And this prodigality of praise, which he now appears to lavish with such thoughtless profusion, is, in fact, a sum œconomically laid out to supply his future necessities: of this sum he keeps an exact estimate, and at some distant day promises himself the most exorbitant interest for it. If he has address and conduct, and the object of his pursuit much vanity, and some sensibility, he seldom fails of success; for so powerful will be his ascendancy over her mind, that she will soon adopt his notions and opinions. Indeed, it is more than probable she possessed most of them before, having gradually acquired them in her initiation into the sentimental character. To maintain that character with dignity and propriety, it is necessary she should entertain the most elevated ideas of disproportionate alliances, and disinterested love; and consider fortune, rank, and reputation, as mere chimerical distinctions and vulgar prejudices.

The lover, deeply versed in all the obliquities of fraud, and skilled to wind himself into every avenue of the heart which indiscretion has left unguarded, soon discovers on which side it is most accessible. He avails himself of this weakness
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by addressing her in a language exactly consonant to her own ideas. He attacks her with her own weapons, and opposes rhapsody to sentiment.—He professes so sovereign a contempt for the paltry concerns of money, that she thinks it her duty to reward him for so generous a renunciation. Every plea he artfully advances of his own unworthiness, is considered by her as a fresh demand which her gratitude must answer. And she makes it a point of honour to sacrifice to him that fortune which he is too noble to regard. These professions of humility are the common artifice of the vain, and these protestations of generosity the refuge of the rapacious. And among its many smooth mischiefs, it is one of the sure and successful frauds of sentiment, to affect the most frigid indifference to those external and pecuniary advantages, which it is its great and real object to obtain.

A sentimental girl very rarely entertains any doubt of her personal beauty; for she has been daily accustomed to contemplate it herself, and to hear of it from others. She will not, therefore, be very solicitous for the confirmation of a truth so self-evident; but she suspects, that her pretensions to understanding are more likely to be disputed, and, for that reason, greedily devours every compliment offered to those perfections, which are less obvious and more refined. She is persuaded, that men need only open their eyes to decide on her beauty, while it will be the most convincing proof of the taste, sense, and elegance of her admirer, that he can discern and flatter those qualities in her. A man of the character

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rafter here supposed, will easily insinuate himself into her affections, by means of this latent but leading foible, which may be called the guiding clue to a sentimental heart. He will affect to overlook that beauty which attracts common eyes, and ensnares common hearts, while he will bestow the most delicate praises on the beauties of her mind, and finish the climax of adulation, by hinting that she is superior to it.

And when he tells her she hates flattery,
She says she does, being then most flatter'd.

But nothing, in general, can end less delightfully than these sublime attachments, even where no acts of seduction were ever practised, but they are suffered, like mere sublunary connexions, to terminate in the vulgar catastrophe of marriage. That wealth, which lately seemed to be looked on with ineffable contempt by the lover, now appears to be the principal attraction in the eyes of the husband; and he, who but a few short weeks before, in a transport of sentimental generosity, wished her to have been a village maid, with no portion but her crook and her beauty, and that they might spend their days in pastoral love and innocence, has now lost all relish for the Arcadian life, or any other life in which she must be his companion.

On the other hand, she who was lately

An angel call'd, and angel-like ador'd,

is shocked to find herself at once stripped of all her celestial attributes. This late divinity, who scarcely yielded to her sisters of the sky, now finds herself of less importance in the esteem of the man she has chosen, than any other mere mortal

mortal woman. No longer is she gratified with the tear of counterfeited passion, the sigh of dissembled rapture, or the language of premeditated adoration. No longer is the altar of her vanity loaded with the oblations of fictitious fondness, the incense of falsehood, or the sacrifice of flattery.—Her apotheosis is ended!—She feels herself degraded from the dignities and privileges of a goddess, to all the imperfections, vanities, and weaknesses of a slighted woman, and a neglected wife. Her faults, which were so lately overlooked or mistaken for virtues, are now, as Cassius says, set in a note-book. The passion, which was vowed eternal, lasted only a few short weeks; and the indifference, which was so far from being included in the bargain, that it was not so much as suspected, follows them through the whole tiresome journey of their insipid, vacant, joyless existence.

Thus much for the *completion* of the sentimental history. If we trace it back to its beginning, we shall find that a damsel of this cast had her head originally turned by pernicious reading, and her insanity confirmed by imprudent friendships. She never fails to select a beloved *confidante* of her own turn and humour, though, if she can help it, not quite so handsome as herself. A violent intimacy ensues, or, to speak the language of sentiment, an intimate union of souls immediately takes place, which is wrought to the highest pitch by a secret and voluminous correspondence, though they live in the same street, or perhaps in the same house. This is the fuel which principally feeds and supplies the dangerous flame

flame of sentiment. In this correspondence the two friends encourage each other in the falsest notions imaginable. They represent romantic love as the great important business of human life, and describe all the other concerns of it as too low and paltry to merit the attention of such elevated beings, and fit only to employ the daughters of the plodding vulgar. In these letters, family affairs are misrepresented, family secrets divulged, and family misfortunes aggravated. They are filled with vows of eternal amity, and protestations of never-ending love. But interjections and quotations are the principal embellishments of these very sublime epistles. Every panegyric contained in them is extravagant and hyperbolic, and every censure exaggerated and excessive. In a favourite, every frailty is heightened into a perfection, and in a foe degraded into a crime. The dramatic poets, especially the most tender and romantic, are quoted in almost every line, and every pompous or pathetic thought is forced to give up its natural and obvious meaning, and with all the violence of misapplication, is compelled to suit some circumstance of imaginary woe of the fair transcriber. Alicia is not too mad for her heroics, nor Monimia too mild for her soft emotions.

Fathers have flinty hearts is an expression worth an empire, and is always used with peculiar emphasis and enthusiasm. For a favourite topic of these epistles is the groveling spirit and sordid temper of the parents, who will be sure to find no quarter at the hands of their daughters, should they presume to be so unreasonable as to direct
their

their course of reading, interfere in their choice of friends, or interrupt their very important correspondence. But as these young ladies are fertile in expedients, and as their genius is never more agreeably exercised than in finding resources, they are not without their secret exultation, in case either of the above interesting events should happen, as they carry with them a certain air of tyranny and persecution which is very delightful. For a prohibited correspondence is one of the great incidents of a sentimental life, and a letter clandestinely received, the supreme felicity of a sentimental lady.

Nothing can equal the astonishment of these soaring spirits, when their plain friends or prudent relations presume to remonstrate with them on any impropriety in their conduct. But if these worthy people happen to be somewhat advanced in life, their contempt is then a little softened by pity, at the reflection that such very antiquated poor creatures should pretend to judge what is fit or unfit for ladies of their great refinement, sense, and reading. They consider them as wretches utterly ignorant of the sublime pleasures of a delicate and exalted passion; as tyrants whose authority is to be contemned, and as spies whose vigilance is to be eluded. The prudence of these worthy friends they term suspicion, and their experience dotage. For they are persuaded, that the face of things has so totally changed since their parents were young, that though they might then judge tolerably for themselves, yet they are now (with all their advantages of knowledge and observation) by no means qualified to direct their
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more enlightened daughters; who, if they have made a great progress in the sentimental walk, will no more be influenced by the advice of their mother, than they would go abroad in her laced pinner or her brocade suit.

But yeung people never shew their folly and ignorance more conspicuously, than by this overconfidence in their own judgment, and this haughty disdain of the opinion of those who have known more days. Youth has a quickness of apprehension, which it is very apt to mistake for an acuteness of penetration. But youth, like cunning, though very conceited, is very short-sighted, and never more so than when it disregards the instructions of the wise, and the admonitions of the aged. The same vices and follies influenced the human heart in their day, which influence it now, and nearly in the same manner. One who well knew the world and its various vanities, has said, "The thing which hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

It is also a part of the sentimental character, to imagine that none but the young and the beautiful have any right to the pleasures of society, or even to the common benefits and blessings of life. Ladies of this turn also affect the most lofty disregard for useful qualities and domestic virtues; and this is a natural consequence: for as this sort of sentiment is only a weed of idleness, she who is constantly and usefully employed, has neither leisure nor propensity to cultivate it.

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A sentimental lady principally values herself on the enlargement of her notions, and her liberal way of thinking. This superiority of soul chiefly manifests itself in the contempt of those minute delicacies and little decorums, which, trifling as they may be thought, tend at once to dignify the character, and to restrain the levity of the younger part of the sex.

Perhaps the error here complained of, originates in mistaking *sentiment* and *principle* for each other. Now I conceive them to be extremely different. Sentiment is the virtue of *ideas*, and principle the virtue of *action*. Sentiment has its seat in the head, principle in the heart. Sentiment suggests fine harangues and subtile distinctions; principle conceives just notions, and performs good actions in consequence of them. Sentiment refines away the simplicity of truth and the plainness of piety, and, as a celebrated wit * has remarked of his no less celebrated contemporary, gives us virtue in words and vice in deeds. Sentiment may be called the Athenian, who *knew* what was right, and principle the Lacedemonian who *practised* it.

But these qualities will be better exemplified by an attentive consideration of two admirably drawn characters of Milton, which are beautifully, delicately, and distinctly marked. These are, Belial, who may not improperly be called the *Demon of Sentiment*; and Abdiel, who may be termed the *Angel of Principle*.

D

Survey

* See Voltaire's Prophecy concerning Rousseau.

50 ON SENTIMENTAL

Survey the picture of Belial, drawn by the sublimest hand that ever held the poetic pencil.

A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit,
But all was false and hollow, tho' his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful ; yet he pleas'd the ear.

PARADISE LOST, B. II.

Here is a lively and exquisite representation of art, subtilty, wit, fine breeding and polished manners : on the whole, of a very accomplished and sentimental spirit.

Now turn to the artless, upright, and unsophisticated Abdiel,

Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrified ;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.

BOOK V.

But it is not from these descriptions, just and striking as they are, that their characters are so perfectly known, as from an examination of their conduct through the remainder of this divine work : in which it is well worth while to remark the consonancy of their actions, with what the
above

above pictures seem to promise. It will also be observed, that the contrast between them is kept up throughout, with the utmost exactness of delineation, and the most animated strength of colouring. On a review it will be found, that Belial *talked* all, and Abdiel *did* all. The former,

With words still cloath'd in reason's guise,
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace.

BOOK II.

In Abdiel you will constantly find the eloquence of action. When tempted by the rebellious angels, with what *retorted scorn*, with what honest indignation he deserts their multitudes, and retreats from their contagious society!

All night the dreadful angel unpursued
Through heaven's wide champain held his way.

BOOK VI.

No wonder he was received with such acclamations of joy by the celestial powers, when there was

But one,
Yes, of so many myriads fall'n, but one
Return'd not lost.

IBID.

And afterwards, in a close contest with the arch fiend,

A noble stroke he list'd high
On the proud crest of Satan.

IBID.

What was the effect of this courage of the vigilant and active seraph?

Amazement seiz'd
The rebel throne, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest.

Abdiel had the superiority of Belial as much in the warlike combat, as in the peaceful counsels.

Nor was it ought but just
That he who in debate of truth had won,
Shou'd win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor.

But notwithstanding I have spoken with some asperity against sentiment as opposed to principle, yet I am convinced, that true genuine sentiment, (not the sort I have been describing) may be so connected with principle, as to bestow on it its brightest lustre, and its most captivating graces. And enthusiasm is so far from being disagreeable, that a portion of it is perhaps indispensably necessary in an engaging woman. But it must be the enthusiasm of the heart, not of the senses. It must be the enthusiasm which grows up with a feeling mind, and is cherished by a virtuous education; not that which is compounded of irregular passions, and artificially refined by books of unnatural fiction and improbable adventure. I will even go so far as to assert, that a young woman cannot have any real greatness of soul, or true elevation of principle, if she has not a tincture of what the vulgar would call Romance, but which persons of a certain way of thinking will discern
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to proceed from those fine feelings, and that charming sensibility, without which, though a woman may be worthy, yet she can never be amiable.

But this dangerous merit cannot be too rigidly watched, as it is very apt to lead those who possess it into inconveniencies from which less interesting characters are happily exempt. Young women of strong sensibility may be carried by the very amiableness of this temper into the most alarming extremes. Their tastes are passions. They love and hate with all their hearts, and scarcely suffer themselves to feel a reasonable preference before it strengthens into a violent attachment.

When an innocent girl of this open, trusting, tender heart, happens to meet with one of her own sex and age, whose address and manners are engaging, she is instantly seized with an ardent desire to commence a friendship with her. She feels the most lively impatience at the restraints of company, and the decorums of ceremony. She longs to be alone with her, longs to assure her of the warmth of her tenderness, and generously ascribes to the fair stranger all the good qualities she feels in her own heart, or rather all those which she has met with in her reading, dispersed in a variety of heroines. She is persuaded, that her new friend unites them all in herself, because she carries in her prepossessing countenance the promise of them all. How cruel and how censorious would this inexperienced girl think her mother was, who should venture to hint, that the agreeable unknown had defects in her temper,

or exceptions in her character. She would mistake these hints of discretion for the insinuations of an uncharitable disposition. At first she would perhaps listen to them with a generous impatience, and afterwards with a cold and silent disdain. She would despise them as the effect of prejudice, misrepresentation, or ignorance. The more aggravated the censure, the more vehemently would she protest in secret, that her friendship for this dear injured creature (who is raised much higher in her esteem by such injurious suspicions) shall know no bounds, as she is assured it can know no end.

Yet this trusting confidence, this honest indiscretion, is, at this early period of life, as amiable as it is natural; and will, if wisely cultivated, produce, at its proper season, fruits infinitely more valuable than all the guarded circumspection of premature, and therefore artificial, prudence. Men, I believe, are seldom struck with these sudden prepossessions in favour of each other. They are not so unsuspecting, nor so easily led away by the predominance of fancy. They engage more warily, and pass through the several stages of acquaintance, intimacy, and confidence, by slower gradations; but women, if they are sometimes deceived in the choice of a friend, enjoy even then an higher degree of satisfaction than if they never trusted. For to be always clad in the burthen some armour of suspicion is more painful and inconvenient, than to run the hazard of suffering now and then a transient injury.

But the above observations only extend to the young and the inexperienced; for I am very certain,

tain, that women are capable of as faithful and as durable friendship as any of the other sex. They can enter not only into all the enthusiastic tenderness, but into all the solid fidelity of attachment. And if we cannot oppose instances of equal weight with those of Nysus and Euryalus, Theseus and Pirithous, Pylades and Orestes, let it be remembered, that it is because the recorders of those characters were men, and that the very existence of them is merely poetical.

ON

TRUE AND FALSE

M E E K N E S S

A LOW voice and soft address are the common indications of a well-bred woman, and should seem to be the natural effects of a meek and quiet spirit; but they are only the outward and visible signs of it for they are no more meekness itself, than a red coat is courage, or a black one devotion.

Yet nothing is more common than to mistake the sign for the thing itself; nor is any practice more frequent than that of endeavouring to acquire

quire the exterior mark, without once thinking to labour after the interior grace. Surely this is beginning at the wrong end, like attacking the symptom and neglecting the disease. To regulate the features, while the soul is in tumults, or to command the voice while the passions are without restraint, is as idle as throwing odours into a stream when the source is polluted.

The *sapient king*, who knew better than any man the nature and the power of beauty, has assured us, that the temper of the mind has a strong influence upon the features: "Wisdom maketh the face to shine," says that exquisite judge; and surely no part of wisdom is more likely to produce this amiable effect, than a placid serenity of soul.

It will not be difficult to distinguish the true from the artificial meekness. The former is universal and habitual, the latter, local and temporary. Every young female may keep this rule by her, to enable her to form a just judgment of her own temper: if she is not as gentle to her chambermaid as she is to her visitor, she may rest satisfied that the spirit of gentleness is not in her.

Who would not be shocked and disappointed to behold a well-bred young lady, soft and engaging as the doves of Venus, displaying a thousand graces and attractions to win the hearts of a large company, and the instant they are gone, to see her look mad as the Pythian maid, and all the frightened graces driven from her furious countenance, only because her gown was brought home a quarter of an hour later than she expected, or

her ribbon sent half a shade lighter or darker than she ordered?

All men's characters are said to proceed from their servants; and this is more particularly true of the ladies: for as their situations are more domestic, they lie more open to the inspection of their families, to whom their real characters are easily and perfectly known; for they seldom think it worth while to practice any disguise before those, whose good opinion they do not value, and who are obliged to submit to their most insupportable humours, because they are paid for it.

Amongst women of breeding, the exterior of gentleness is so uniformly assumed, and the whole manner is so perfectly level and *uni*, that it is next to impossible for a stranger to know any thing of their true dispositions by conversing with them, and even the very features are so exactly regulated, that physiognomy, which may sometimes be trusted among the vulgar, is, with the polite, a most lying science.

A very termagant woman, if she happens also to be a very artful one, will be conscious she has so much to conceal, that the dread of betraying her real temper will make her put on an over-acted softness, which, from its very excess, may be distinguished from the natural, by a penetrating eye. That gentleness is ever liable to be suspected for the counterfeited, which is so excessive as to deprive people of the proper use of speech and motion, or which, as Hamlet says, makes them limp and amble, and nick-name God's creatures.

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The countenance and manners of some very fashionable persons may be compared to the inscriptions on their monuments, which speak nothing but good of what is within; but he who knows any thing of the world, or of the human heart, will no more trust to the courtesy, than he will depend on the epitaph.

Among the various artifices of factitious meekness, one of the most frequent and most plausible, is that of affecting to be always equally delighted with all persons and all characters. The society of these languid beings is without confidence, their friendship without attachment, and their love without affection, or even preference. This insipid mode of conduct may be safe, but I cannot think it has either taste, sense, or principle in it.

These uniformly smiling and approving ladies, who have neither the noble courage to reprehend vice, nor the generous warmth to bear their honest testimony in the cause of virtue, conclude every one to be ill-natured who has any penetration, and look upon a distinguishing judgment as want of tenderness. But they should learn, that this discernment does not always proceed from an uncharitable temper, but from that long experience and thorough knowledge of the world, which lead those who have it to scrutinize into the conduct and disposition of men, before they trust entirely to those fair appearances, which sometimes veil the most insidious purposes.

We are perpetually mistaking the qualities and dispositions of our own hearts. We elevate our failings into virtues, and qualify our vices into weaknesses: and hence arise so many false judgments

ments respecting meekness. Self ignorance is at the root of all this mischief. Many ladies complain that, for their part, their spirit is so meek they can bear nothing; whereas, if they spoke truth, they would say, their spirit is so high and unbroken that they can bear nothing. Strange! to plead their meekness as a reason why they cannot endure to be crossed, and to produce their impatience of contradiction as a proof of their gentleness!

Meekness, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. Servility of spirit is not gentleness but weakness, and if allowed, under the specious appearances it sometimes puts on, will lead to the most dangerous compliances. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it, falsehood asserted without contradicting it, or religion profaned without resenting it, is not gentle but wicked.

To give up the cause of an innocent, injured friend, if the popular cry happens to be against him, is the most disgraceful weakness. This was the case of Madame de Maintenon. She loved the character and admired the talents of Racine; she caressed him while he had no enemies, but wanted the greatness of mind, or rather the common justice, to protect him against their resentment when he had; and her favourite was abandoned to the suspicious jealousy of the king, when a prudent remonstrance might have preserved him.—But her tameness, if not absolute connivance in the great massacre of the protestants, in whose church she had been bred, is a far more guilty instance

stance of her weakness; an instance which, in spite of all her devotional zeal and incomparable prudence, will disqualify her from shining in the annals of good women, however she may be entitled to figure among the great and fortunate. Compare her conduct with that of her undaunted and pious countryman and contemporary, Bougi, who, when Louis would have prevailed on him to renounce his religion for a commission or a government, nobly replied, "If I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal's staff, I might betray my king for a bribe of much less consequence."

Meekness is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.

Before we give way to any violent emotion of anger, it would perhaps be worth while to consider the value of the object which excites it, and to reflect for a moment, whether the thing we so ardently desire, or so vehemently resent, be really of as much importance to us, as that delightful tranquillity of soul, which we renounce in pursuit of it. If, on a fair calculation, we find we are not likely to get as much as we are sure to lose, then, putting all religious considerations out of the question, common sense and human policy will tell us, we have made a foolish and unprofitable exchange. Inward quiet is a part of one's self; the object of our resentment may be only a matter of opinion; and certainly, what makes a portion of our actual happiness ought to be too dear

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to us, to be sacrificed for a trifling, foreign, perhaps imaginary good.

The most pointed satire I remember to have read, on a mind enslaved by anger, is an observation of Seneca's. "Alexander (said he) had two friends, " Clitus and Lyfimachus ; the one he exposed to " a lion, the other to himself : he who was turned " loose to the beast escaped, but Clitus was murdered, for he was turned loose to an angry man."

A passionate woman's happiness is never in her own keeping : it is the sport of accident, and the slave of events. It is in the power of her acquaintance, her servants, but chiefly of her enemies, and all her comforts lie at the mercy of others. So far from being willing to learn of him who was meek and lowly, she considers meekness as the want of a becoming spirit, and lowliness as a despicable and vulgar meanness. And an imperious woman will so little covet the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, that it is almost the only ornament she will not be solicitous to wear. But resentment is a very expensive vice. How dearly has it cost its votaries, even from the sin of Cain, the first offender in this kind ! " It is cheaper " (says a pious writer) to forgive, and save the " charges."

If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a better account to be patient ; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like a spirit of forbearance ; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking. True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice : they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless to the ground,

ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchymy, it will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "It will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

But the supreme excellence of this complacent quality is, that it naturally disposes the mind where it resides, to the practice of every other that is amiable. Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smoothes every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress.

The peculiar importance and value of this amiable virtue may be farther seen in its permanency. Honours and dignities are transient, beauty and riches frail and fugacious, to a proverb. Would not the truly wise, therefore, wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies? But this wish can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which, as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

· T H O U G H T S
O N T H E
C U L T I V A T I O N
O F T H E
H E A R T A N D T E M P E R
I N T H E
E D U C A T I O N O F D A U G H T E R S.

I HAVE not the foolish presumption to imagine, that I can offer any thing new on a subject, which has been so successfully treated by many learned and able writers. I would only, with all possible deference, beg leave to hazard a few short remarks on that part of the subject of education, which I would call the *education of the heart*. I am well aware,

aware, that this part also has not been less skillfully and forcibly discussed than the rest, though I cannot, at the same time, help remarking, that it does not appear to have been so much adopted into common practice.

It appears then, that, notwithstanding the great and real improvements, which have been made in the affair of female education, and notwithstanding the more enlarged and generous views of it, which prevail in the present day, there is still a very material defect, which it is not, in general, enough the object of attention to remove. This defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid to the dispositions of the *mind*, that the indications of the *temper* are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the *heart* sufficiently regulated.

In the first education of girls, as far as the customs which fashion establishes are right, they should undoubtedly be followed. Let the exterior be made a considerable object of attention, but let it not be the principal, let it not be the only one.—Let the graces be industriously cultivated, but let them not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues.—Let the arms, the head, the whole person be carefully polished, but let not the heart be the only portion of the human anatomy, which shall be totally overlooked.

The neglect of this cultivation seems to proceed as much from a bad taste, as from a false principle. The generality of people form their judgment of education by slight and sudden appearances, which is certainly a wrong way of determining. Music, dancing, and languages, gratify

gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects; and when there happens to be no imbecillity in the pupil, nor deficiency in the master, every superficial observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress.—The effects of most of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can see and hear, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Personal perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid; and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often obscured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

There is another reason, which proves this mental cultivation to be more important, as well as more difficult, than any other part of education. In the usual fashionable accomplishments, the business of acquiring them is almost always getting forwards, and one difficulty is conquered before another is suffered to shew itself; for a prudent teacher will level the road his pupil is to pass, and smooth the inequalities which might retard her progress.

But in morals, (which should be the great object constantly kept in view) the task is far more difficult. The unruly and turbulent desires of the heart

heart are not so obedient ; one passion will start up before another is suppressed. The subduing Hercules cannot cut off the heads so often as the prolific Hydra can produce them, nor fell the stubborn Antæus so fast as he can recruit his strength, and rise in vigorous and repeated opposition.

If all the accomplishments could be bought at the price of a single virtue, the purchase would be infinitely dear ! And, however startling it may sound, I think it is, notwithstanding, true, that the labours of a good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests, will *seem* to be at variance with those of her instructors. She will doubtless rejoice at her progress in any polite art, but she will rejoice with trembling.—humility and piety form the solid and durable basis, on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments, while the accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish, what they have contributed to ruin.

The more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, or bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery. A tender mother cannot but feel an honest triumph, in contemplating those excellencies in her daughter which deserve applause, but she will also shudder at the vanity which that applause may excite, and
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at those hitherto unknown ideas which it may awaken.

The master, it is his interest, and perhaps his duty, will naturally teach a girl to set her improvements in the most conspicuous point of light. SE FAIRE VALOIR, is the great principle industriously inculcated into her young heart, and seems to be considered as a kind of fundamental maxim in education. It is however the certain and effectual feed, from which a thousand yet unborn vanities will spring. This dangerous doctrine (which yet is not without its uses) will be counteracted by the prudent mother, not in so many words, but by a watchful and scarcely perceptible dexterity. Such an one will be more careful to have the talents of her daughter *cultivated* than *exhibited*.

One would be led to imagine, by the common mode of female education, that life consisted of universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who should be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it. Merely ornamental accomplishments will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the *amusements* of it. But is it right to spend so large a portion of life without some preparation for the business of living? A lady may speak a little French and Italian, repeat a few passages in a theatrical tone, play and sing, have her dressing-room hung with her own drawings, and her person covered with her own tambour work, and may, notwithstanding, have been very *badly educated*. Yet I am far from attempting to depreciate the value of these qualifications: they

they are most of them not only highly becoming, but often indispensibly necessary, and a polite education cannot be perfected without them. But as the world seems to be very well apprised of their importance, there is the less occasion to insist on their utility. Yet, though well-bred young women should learn to dance, sing, recite and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become dancers, singers, players or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians. The above qualifications therefore are intended to *adorn* their *leisure*, not to *employ* their *lives*; for an amiable and wise woman will always have something better to value herself on, than these advantages, which, however captivating, are still but subordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

But I am afraid parents themselves sometimes contribute to the error of which I am complaining. Do they not often set a higher value on those acquisitions which are calculated to attract observation, and catch the eye of the multitude, than on those which are valuable, permanent, and internal? Are they not sometimes more solicitous about the opinion of others, respecting their children, than about the real advantage and happiness of the children themselves? To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression; and her acquirements, to borrow bishop Sprat's idea, will be rather *enamelled than embossed*. But her merit will be known, and acknowledged by

by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish. It will be understood and admired by the man, whose family she is to govern, and whose children she is to educate. He will not seek for her in the haunts of dissipation, for he knows he shall not find her there; but he will seek for her in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the exertion of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade, to enliven retirement, to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse, and to embellish the narrow but charming circle of family delights. To this amiable purpose, a truly good and well educated young lady will dedicate her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority.

Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others, is frequently dangerous to themselves, nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effects in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

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The best effects of a careful and religious education are often very remote : they are to be discovered in future scenes, and exhibited in untried connexions. Every event of life will be putting the heart into fresh situations, and making demands on its prudence, its firmness, its integrity, or its piety. Those whose business it is to form it, can foresee none of these situations; yet, as far as human wisdom will allow, they must enable it to provide for them all, with an humble dependance on the divine assistance. A well disciplined soldier must learn and practise all his evolutions, though he does not know on what service his leader may command him, by what foe he shall be attacked, nor what mode of combat the enemy may use.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper; while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument, which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained, will abate of its vigour.

How cruel is it to extinguish by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages, which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

But

But sensibility and delicacy, and an ingenuous temper, make no part of education, exclaims the pedagogue—they are reducible to no class—they come under no article of instruction—they belong neither to languages nor to music—What an error! They *are* a part of education, and of infinitely more value,

Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.

It is true, they are ranged under no class, but they are superior to all; they are of more esteem than languages or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Yet this sensibility is, in many instances, so far from being cultivated, that it is not uncommon to see those who affect more than usual sagacity, cast a smile of supercilious pity, at any indication of a warm, generous, or enthusiastic temper in the lively and the young; as much as to say, “they will know better, and will have more discretion when they are older.” But every appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, *Nature's hasty conscience*, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness: from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it. And those who wish to make her ashamed of this charming temper, and seek to dispossess her of it, will, it is to be feared, give her nothing better in exchange.

But

But whoever reflects at all, will easily discern how carefully this enthusiasm is to be directed, and how judiciously its redundances are to be lopped away.

Prudence is not natural to children; they can, however, substitute art in its stead. But is it not much better that a girl should discover the faults incident to her age, than conceal them under this dark and impenetrable veil? I could almost venture to assert, that there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature, where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. And I am so far from being an admirer of prodigies, that I am extremely apt to suspect them; and am always infinitely better pleased with Nature in her more common modes of operation. The precise and premature wisdom, which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret bad dispositions, which, if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

But if the natural indications of the temper are to be suppressed and stifled, where are the diagnostics, by which the state of the mind is to be known? The wise author of all things, who did nothing in vain, doubtless intended them as symptoms, by which to judge of the diseases of the heart; and it is impossible diseases should be cured before they are known. If the stream be so cut off as to prevent communication, or so choked up

as to defeat discovery, how shall we ever reach the source, out of which are the issues of life?

This cunning, which, of all the different dispositions girls discover, is most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as by fear. If those about them express violent and unreasonable anger at every trivial offence, it will always promote this temper, and will very frequently create it, where there was a natural tendency to frankness. The indiscreet transports of rage, which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinction they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes, naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not however care to suppress. Anger in one will not remedy the faults of another; for how can an instrument of sin cure sin? If a girl is kept in a state of perpetual and slavish terror, she will perhaps have artifice enough to conceal those propensities which she knows are wrong, or those actions which she thinks are most obnoxious to punishment. But, nevertheless, she will not cease to indulge those propensities, and to commit those actions, when she can do it with impunity.

Good *dispositions*, of themselves, will go but a very little way, unless they are confirmed into good *principles*. And this cannot be effected but by a careful course of religious instruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

But, notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity; yet I am of opinion, that young females should be accustomed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral dis-

dent,

distinctions between the sexes, should not be disregarded even in childhood. That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not, when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously to carry on a dispute, even if they should know themselves to be in the right. I do not mean, that they should be robbed of the liberty of private judgment, but that they should by no means be encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness, that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit; for it is a lesson which the world will not fail to make them frequently practise; when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learnt it the sooner. These early restraints, in the limitation here meant, are so far from being an effect of cruelty, that they are the most indubitable marks of affection, and are the more meritorious, as they are severe trials of tenderness. But all the beneficial effects, which a mother can expect from this watchfulness, will be entirely defeated, if it is practised occasionally, and not habitually, and if it ever appears to be used to gratify caprice, ill-humour, or resentment.

Those who have children to educate ought to be extremely patient: it is indeed a labour of love. They should reflect, that extraordinary talents are neither essential to the well-being of society, nor to the happiness of individuals. If that had been the case, the beneficent father of the universe would not have made them so rare. For it

is as easy for an Almighty Creator to produce a Newton, as an ordinary man; and he could have made those powers common which we now consider as wonderful, without any miraculous exertion of his omnipotence, if the existence of many Newtons had been necessary to the perfection of his wise and gracious plan.

Surely, therefore, there is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A passage of Lord Bacon's furnishes an admirable incitement for endeavouring to carry the amiable and christian grace of charity to its farthest extent, instead of indulging an over-anxious care for more brilliant but less important acquisitions. "The desire of power in excess (says he) caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can men nor angels come into danger by it."

A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, a happy, and an useful life. And when we behold the tender hope of fond and anxious love, blasted by disappointment, the defect will as often be discovered to proceed from the neglect or the error of cultivation, as from the natural temper; and those who lament the evil, will sometimes be found to have occasioned it.

It is as injudicious for parents to set out with too sanguine a dependence on the merit of their children, as it is for them to be discouraged at every repulse. When their wishes are defeated
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in this or that particular instance, where they had treasured up some darling expectation, this is so far from being a reason for relaxing their attention, that it ought to be an additional motive for redoubling it. Those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that that heart will always remain, after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. Extraordinary allowances, therefore, must be made for the weakness of nature in this its weakest state. After much is done, much will remain to do, and much, very much, will still be left undone. For this regulation of the passions and affections cannot be the work of education alone, without the concurrence of divine grace operating on the heart. Why then should parents repine, if their efforts are not always crowned with immediate success? They should consider, that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures, who at their best estate are altogether vanity: how little then can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecillity of infancy! I have dwelt on this part of the subject the longer, because I am certain that many, who have set out with a warm and active zeal, have cooled on the very first discouragement, and have afterwards almost totally remitted their vigilance, through a criminal kind of despair.

Great allowances must be made for a profusion of gaiety, loquacity, and even indiscretion in children

78 ON EDUCATION.

children, that there may be animation enough left to supply an active and useful character, when the first fermentation of the youthful passions is over, and the redundant spirits shall come to subside.

If it be true, as a consummate judge of human nature has observed,

That not a vanity is given in vain,

it is also true, that there is scarcely a single passion, which may not be turned to some good account, if prudently rectified, and skillfully turned into the road of some neighbouring virtue. It cannot be violently bent, or unnaturally forced towards an object of a totally opposite nature, but may be gradually inclined towards a correspondent but superior affection. Anger, hatred, resentment, and ambition, the most restless and turbulent passions which shake and distract the human soul, may be led to become the most active opposers of sin, after having been its most successful instruments. Our anger, for instance, which can never be totally subdued, may be made to turn against ourselves, for our weak and imperfect obedience—our hatred, against every species of vice—our ambition, which will not be discarded, may be ennobled: it will not change its name, but its object; it will despise what it lately valued, nor be contented to grasp at less than immortality.

Thus the joys, fears, hopes, desires, all the passions and affections, which separate in various currents from the soul, will, if directed into their proper

proper channels, after having fertilised wherever they have flowed, return again to swell and enrich the parent source.

That the very passions which appear the most uncontrollable and unpromising, may be intended, in the great scheme of Providence, to answer some important purpose, is remarkably evidenced in the character and history of Saint Paul. A remark on this subject by an ingenious old Spanish writer, which I will here take the liberty to translate, will better illustrate my meaning.

“ To convert the bitterest enemy into the most
“ zealous advocate, is the work of God for the
“ instruction of man. Plutarch has observed,
“ that the medical science would be brought to
“ the utmost perfection, when poison should be
“ converted into physic. Thus, in the mortal
“ disease of Judaism and idolatry, our blessed
“ Lord converted the adder’s venom of Saul the
“ persecutor, into that cement which made Paul
“ the chosen vessel. That manly activity, that
“ restless ardor, that burning zeal for the law of
“ his fathers, that ardent thirst for the blood of
“ Christians, did the Son of God find necessary
“ in the man who was one day to become the
“ defender of his suffering people *.”

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction would possibly do, even if that could be effected. But it is their nature never to observe a neutrality; they are either rebels or auxiliaries, and an enemy subdued is an ally obtained.

* Obras de Quevedo, vida de San Pablo Apostol.

tained. If I may be allowed to change the allusion so soon, I would say, that the passions also resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction, but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them, and if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless inanity.

But in speaking of the usefulness of the passions, as instruments of virtue, *envy* and *lying* must always be excepted: these I am persuaded, must either go on in still progressive mischief, or else be radically cured, before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For I never will believe that *envy*, though passed through all the moral strainers, can be refined into a virtuous emulation, or *lying* improved into an agreeable turn for innocent invention. Almost all the other passions may be made to take an amiable hue; but these two must either be totally extirpated, or be always contented to preserve their original deformity, and to wear their native black.

ON THE
IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION
TO THE
FEMALE CHARACTER.

VARIOUS are the reasons why the greater part of mankind cannot apply themselves to arts or letters. Particular studies are only suited to the capacities of particular persons. Some are incapable of applying to them from the delicacy of their sex, some from the unsteadiness of youth, and others from the imbecility of age. Many are precluded by the narrowness of their education, and many by the straitness of their fortune. The wisdom of God is wonderfully manifested in

this happy and well-ordered diversity, in the powers and properties of his creatures; since by thus admirably suiting the agent to the action, the whole scheme of human affairs is carried on with the most agreeing and consistent œconomy, and no chasm is left for want of an object to fill it, exactly suited to its nature.

But in the great and universal concern of religion, both sexes, and all ranks, are equally interested. The truly catholic spirit of christianity accommodates itself, with an astonishing condescension, to the circumstances of the whole human race. It rejects none on account of their pecuniary wants, their personal infirmities, or their intellectual deficiencies. No superiority of parts is the least recommendation, nor is any depression of fortune the smallest objection. None are too wise to be excused from performing the duties of religion, nor are any too poor to be excluded from the consolations of its promises.

If we admire the wisdom of God, in having furnished different degrees of intelligence, so exactly adapted to their different destinations, and in having fitted every part of his stupendous work, not only to serve its own immediate purpose, but also to contribute to the beauty and perfection of the whole: how much more ought we to adore that goodness, which has perfected the divine plan, by appointing one wide, comprehensive, and universal means of salvation: a salvation, which all are invited to partake; by a means which all are capable of using; which, nothing but voluntary blindness can prevent our comprehending,
and

and nothing but wilful error can hinder us from embracing.

The Muses are coy, and will only be wooed and won by some highly-favoured suitors. The Sciences are lofty, and will not stoop to the reach of ordinary capacities. But "Wisdom (by which the royal preacher means piety) is a loving spirit: she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of all such as seek her." Nay, she is so accessible and condescending, "that she preventeth them that desire her, making herself first known unto them."

We are told by the same animated writer, "that Wisdom is the breath of the power of God." How infinitely superior, in grandeur and sublimity, is this description to the origin of the *wisdom* of the heathens, as described by their poets and mythologists! In the exalted strains of the Hebrew poetry we read, that "Wisdom is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his goodness."

The philosophical author of *The Defence of Learning* observes, that knowledge has something of venom and malignity in it, when taken without its proper corrective, and what that is, the inspired Saint Paul teaches us, by placing it as the immediate antidote: *Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth*. Perhaps, it is the vanity of human wisdom, unchastised by this correcting principle, which has made so many infidels. It may proceed from the arrogance of a self-sufficient pride, that some philosophers disdain to acknowledge their belief in a being, who has judged pro-
per

per to conceal from them the infinite wisdom of his counsels ; who, (to borrow the lofty language of the man of Uz) refused to consult them when he laid the foundations of the earth, when he shut up the sea with doors, and made the clouds the garment thereof.

A man must be an infidel either from pride, prejudice, or bad education : he cannot be one unawares or by surprise ; for infidelity is not occasioned by sudden impulse or violent temptation. He may be hurried by some vehement desire into an immoral action, at which he will blush in his cooler moments, and which he will lament as the sad effect of a spirit unsubdued by religion ; but infidelity is a calm, considerate act, which cannot plead the weakness of the heart, or the seduction of the senses. Even good men frequently fail in their duty through the infirmities of nature, and the allurements of the world ; but the infidel errs on a plan, a settled and deliberate principle.

But though the minds of men are sometimes fatally infected with this disease, either through unhappy prepossession, or some of the other causes above mentioned ; yet I am unwilling to believe, that there is in nature so monstrously incongruous a being, as a *female infidel*. The least reflexion on the temper, the character, and the education of women, makes the mind revolt with horror from an idea so improbable, and so unnatural.

May I be allowed to observe, that, in general, the minds of girls seem more aptly prepared in their early youth for the reception of serious impressions

pressions than those of the other sex, and that their less exposed situations in more advanced life qualify them better for the preservation of them? The daughters (of good parents I mean) are often more carefully instructed in their religious duties, than the sons, and this from a variety of causes. They are not so soon sent from under the paternal eye into the bustle of the world, and so early exposed to the contagion of bad example: their hearts are naturally more flexible, soft, and liable to any kind of impression the forming hand may stamp on them; and, lastly, as they do not receive the same classical education with boys, their feeble minds are not obliged at once to receive and separate the precepts of christianity, and the documents of pagan philosophy. The necessity of doing this perhaps somewhat weakens the serious impressions of young men, at least till the understanding is formed, and confuses their ideas of piety, by mixing them with so much heterogeneous matter. They only casually read, or hear read, the scriptures of truth, while they are obliged to learn by heart, construe and repeat the poetical fables of the less than human gods of the ancients. And as the excellent author of *The Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion* observes, "Nothing has so much contributed to corrupt the true spirit of the christian institution, as that partiality which we contract, in our earliest education, for the manners of pagan antiquity."

Girls, therefore, who do *not* contract this early partiality, ought to have a clearer notion of their religious duties: they are not obliged, at an age
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when the judgment is so weak, to distinguish between the doctrines of Zeno, of Epicurus, and of Christ; and to embarrass their minds with the various morals which were taught in the *Porch*, in the *Academy*, and on the *Mount*.

It is presumed, that these remarks cannot possibly be so misunderstood, as to be construed into the least disrespect to literature, or a want of the highest reverence for a learned education, the basis of all elegant knowledge: they are only intended, with all proper deference, to point out to young women, that however inferior their advantages of acquiring a knowledge of the belles-lettres are to those of the other sex; yet it depends on themselves not to be surpassed in this most important of all studies, for which their abilities are equal, and their opportunities, perhaps, greater.

But the mere exemption from infidelity is so small a part of the religious character, that I hope no one will attempt to claim any merit from this negative sort of goodness, or value herself merely for not being the very worst thing she possibly can be. Let no mistaken girl fancy she gives a proof of her wit by her want of piety, or that a contempt of things serious and sacred will exalt her understanding, or raise her character even in the opinion of the most avowed male infidels.

For one may venture to affirm, that with all their profligate ideas, both of women and of religion, neither Bolingbroke, Wharton, Buckingham, nor even *Lord Chesterfield himself*, would have esteemed a woman the more for her being irreligious.

With

With whatever ridicule a polite freethinker may affect to treat religion himself, he will think it necessary his wife should entertain different notions of it. He may pretend to despise it as a matter of opinion, depending on creeds and systems; but, if he is a man of sense, he will know the value of it, as a governing principle, which is to influence her conduct and direct her actions. If he sees her unaffectedly sincere in the practice of her religious duties, it will be a secret pledge to him, that she will be equally exact in fulfilling the conjugal; for he can have no reasonable dependance on her attachment to *him*, if he has no opinion of her fidelity to God; for she who neglects first duties, gives but an indifferent proof of her disposition to fill up inferior ones; and how can a man of any understanding, (whatever his own religious professions may be) trust that woman with the care of his family, and the education of his children, who wants herself the best incentive to a virtuous life, the belief that she is an accountable creature, and the reflection that she has an immortal soul?

Cicero spoke it as the highest commendation of Cato's character, that he embraced philosophy, not for the sake of *disputing* like a philosopher, but of *living* like one. The chief purpose of christian knowledge is to promote the great end of a christian life. Every rational woman should, no doubt, be able to give a reason of the hope that is in her; but this knowledge is best acquired, and the duties consequent on it best performed, by reading books of plain piety and practical devotion, and not by entering into the endless feuds,

feuds, and engaging in the unprofitable contentions of partial controversialists. Nothing is more unamiable than the narrow spirit of party zeal, nor more disgusting than to hear a woman deal out judgments, and denounce vengeance against any one, who happens to differ from her in some opinion, perhaps of no real importance, and which, it is probable, she may be just as wrong in rejecting, as the object of her censure is in embracing. A furious and unmerciful female bigot wanders as far beyond the limits prescribed to her sex, as a Thalestris or a Joan d'Arc. Violent debate has made as few converts as the sword, and both these instruments are particularly unbecoming when wielded by a female hand.

But, though no one will be frightened out of their opinions, yet they may be persuaded out of them: they may be touched by the affecting earnestness of serious conversation, and allured by the attractive beauty of a consistently serious life. And while a young woman ought to dread the name of a wrangling polemic, it is her duty to aspire after the honourable character of a sincere Christian. But this dignified character she can by no means deserve, if she is ever afraid to avow her principles, or ashamed to defend them. A profligate, who makes it a point to ridicule every thing which comes under the appearance of formal instruction, will be disconcerted at the spirited yet modest rebuke of a pious young woman. But there is as much efficacy in the manner of reproving prophaneness, as in the words. If she corrects it with moroseness, she defeats the effect of her remedy, by her unskilful manner of administering

administering it. If, on the other hand, she affects to defend the insulted cause of God, in a faint tone of voice, and studied ambiguity of phrase, or with an air of levity, and a certain expression of pleasure in her eyes, which proves she is secretly delighted with what she pretends to censure, she injures religion much more than he did who publicly profaned it; for she plainly indicates, either that she does not believe, or respect what she professes. The other attacked it as an open foe; she betrays it as a false friend. No one pays any regard to the opinion of an avowed enemy; but the desertion or treachery of a professed friend, is dangerous indeed!

It is a strange notion which prevails in the world, that religion only belongs to the old and the melancholy, and that it is not worth while to pay the least attention to it, while we are capable of attending to any thing else. They allow it to be proper enough for the clergy, whose business it is, and for the aged, who have not spirits for any business at all. But till they can prove, that none except the clergy and the aged *die*, it must be confessed, that this is most wretched reasoning.

Great injury is done to the interests of religion, by placing it in a gloomy and unamiable light. It is sometimes spoken of, as if it would actually make a handsome woman ugly, or a young one wrinkled. But can any thing be more absurd than to represent the beauty of holiness as the source of deformity?

There are few, perhaps, so entirely plunged in business, or absorbed in pleasure, as not to intend,

tend, at some future time, to set about a religious life in good earnest. But then they consider it as a kind of *dernier resort*, and think it prudent to defer flying to this disagrecable refuge, till they have no relish left for any thing else. Do they forget, that to perform this great business well requires all the strength of their youth, and all the vigour of their unimpaired capacities? To confirm this assertion, they may observe how much the slightest indisposition, even in the most active season of life, disorders every faculty, and disqualifies them for attending to the most ordinary affairs; and then let them reflect how little able they will be to transact the most important of all business, in the moment of excruciating pain, or in the day of universal debility.

When the senses are palled with excessive gratification; when the eye is tired with seeing, and the ear with hearing; when the spirits are so sunk, that the *grasshopper is become a burthen*, how shall the blunted apprehension be capable of understanding a new science, or the worn-out heart be able to relish a new pleasure?

To put off religion till we have lost all taste for amusement; to refuse listening to the "voice of the charmer," till our enfeebled organs can no longer listen to the voice of "singing men and singing women," and not to devote our days to heaven till we have "no pleasure in them ourselves," is but an ungracious offering. And it is a wretched sacrifice to the God of Heaven, to present him with the remnants of decayed appetites, and the leavings of extinguished passions.

MISCELLANEOUS
OBSERVATIONS
ON
GENIUS, TASTE, GOOD
SENSE, &c. *

GOOD *sense* is as different from *genius* as perception is from invention; yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether

* The Author begs leave to offer an apology for introducing this Essay, which, she fears, may be thought foreign to her purpose. But she hopes that her earnest desire of exciting a taste for literature in young ladies, (which encouraged her to hazard the following remarks) will not *obstruct* her general design, even if it does not actually *promote* it.

altogether opposite to *wit*, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each, where they do not exist, and the perfection of all where they do.

Good sense is so far from deserving the appellation of *common sense*, by which it is frequently called, that it is perhaps one of the rarest qualities of the human mind. If, indeed, this name is given it in respect to its peculiar suitability to the purposes of common life, there is great propriety in it. Good sense appears to differ from taste in this, that taste is an instantaneous decision of the mind, a sudden relish of what is beautiful, or disgust at what is defective, in an object, without waiting for the slower confirmation of the judgment. Good sense is perhaps that confirmation, which establishes a suddenly conceived idea, or feeling, by the powers of comparing and reflecting. They differ also in this, that taste seems to have a more immediate reference to arts, to literature, and to almost every object of the senses; while good sense rises to moral excellence, and exerts its influence on life and manners. Taste is fitted to the perception and enjoyment of whatever is beautiful in art or nature: Good sense, to the improvement of the conduct, and the regulation of the heart.

Yet the term good sense, is used indiscriminately to express either a finished taste for letters, or an invariable prudence in the affairs of life. It is sometimes applied to the most moderate abilities, in which case, the expression is certainly

too strong; and at others to the most shining, when it is as much too weak and inadequate. A sensible man is the usual, but unappropriated phrase, for every degree in the scale of understanding, from the sober mortal, who obtains it by his decent demeanor and solid dullness, to him whose talents qualify him to rank with a Bacon, a Harris, or a Johnson.

Genius is the power of invention and imitation. It is an incommunicable faculty: no art or skill of the possessor can bestow the smallest portion of it on another: no pains or labour can reach the summit of perfection, where the seeds of it are wanting in the mind, yet it is capable of infinite improvement where it actually exists, and is attended with the highest capacity of communicating instruction, as well as delight to others.

It is the peculiar property of genius to strike out great or beautiful things: it is the felicity of good sense not to do absurd ones. Genius breaks out in splendid sentiments and elevated ideas; good sense confines its more circumscribed, but perhaps more useful walk, within the limits of prudence and propriety.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

This is perhaps the finest picture of human genius that ever was drawn by a human pencil. It presents

presents a living image of a creative imagination, or a power of inventing things which have no actual existence.

With superficial judges, who, it must be confessed, make up the greater part of the mass of mankind, talents are only liked or understood to a certain degree. Lofty ideas are above the reach of ordinary apprehensions: the vulgar allow those who possess them to be in a somewhat higher state of mind than themselves; but of the vast gulf which separates them, they have not the least conception. They acknowledge a superiority, but of its extent they neither know the value, nor can conceive the reality. It is true, the mind, as well as the eye, can take in objects larger than itself; but this is only true of great minds: for a man of low capacity, who considers a consummate genius, resembles one, who seeing a column for the first time, and standing at too great a distance to take in the whole of it, concludes it to be flat. Or, like one unacquainted with the first principles of philosophy, who, finding the sensible horizon appear a plain surface, can form no idea of the spherical form of the whole, which he does not see, and laughs at the account of antipodes, which he cannot comprehend.

Whatever is excellent is also rare; what is useful is more common. How many thousands are born qualified for the coarse employments of life, for one who is capable of excelling in the fine arts! yet so it ought to be, because our natural wants are more numerous, and more importunate, than the intellectual.

Whenever

Whenever it happens that a man of distinguished talents has been drawn by mistake, or precipitated by passion, into any dangerous indiscretion; it is common for those whose coldness of temper has supplied the place, and usurped the name of prudence, to boast of their own steadier virtue, and triumph in their own superior caution; only because they have never been assailed by a temptation strong enough to surprise them into error. And with what a visible appropriation of the character to themselves, do they constantly conclude, with a cordial compliment to *common sense*! They point out the beauty and usefulness of this quality so forcibly and explicitly, that you cannot possibly mistake whose picture they are drawing with so flattering a pencil. The unhappy man whose conduct has been so feelingly arraigned, perhaps acted from good, though mistaken motives; at least, from motives of which his censurer has not capacity to judge: but the event was unfavourable, nay the action might be really wrong, and the vulgar maliciously take the opportunity of this single indiscretion, to lift themselves nearer on a level with a character, which, except in this instance, has always thrown them at the most disgraceful and mortifying distance.

The elegant Biographer of Collins, in his affecting apology for that unfortunate genius, remarks "That the gifts of imagination bring the
 "heaviest task on the vigilance of reason; and
 "to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude,
 "or invariable propriety, requires a degree of
 "firmness, and of cool attention, which does
 "not

“ not always attend the higher gifts of the mind ;
 “ yet difficult as nature herself seems to have
 “ rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is
 “ the supreme consolation of dullness, and of fol-
 “ ly to point with gothic triumph to those ex-
 “ cesses which are the overflowing of faculties
 “ they never enjoyed.”

What the greater part of the world mean by common sense, will be generally found, on a closer enquiry, to be art, fraud, or selfishness ! That sort of saving prudence which makes men extremely attentive to their own safety, or profit ; diligent in the pursuit of their own pleasures or interests ; and perfectly at their ease as to what becomes of the rest of mankind. Furies, where their own property is concerned, philosophers when nothing but the good of others is at stake, and perfectly resigned under all calamities but their own.

When we see so many accomplished wits of the present age, as remarkable for the decorum of their lives, as for the brilliancy of their writings, we may believe, that, next to principle, it is owing to their *good sense*, which regulates and chastises their imaginations. The vast conceptions which enable a true genius to ascend the sublimest heights, may be so connected with the stronger passions, as to give it a natural tendency to fly off from the strait line of regularity ; till good sense, acting on the fancy, makes it gravitate powerfully towards that virtue which is its proper centre.

Add to this, when it is considered with what imperfection the Divine Wisdom has thought fit
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to stamp every thing human, it will be found, that excellence and infirmity are so inseparably wound up in each other, that a man derives the foreness of temper, and irritability of nerve, which make him uneasy to others, and unhappy in himself, from those exquisite feelings, and that elevated pitch of thought, by which, as the apostle expresses it on a more serious occasion, he is, as it were, out of the body.

It is not astonishing, therefore, when the spirit is carried away by the magnificence of its own ideas,

Not touch'd but rapt, not weaken'd but inspir'd,

that the frail body, which is the natural victim of pain, disease, and death, should not always be able to follow the mind in its aspiring flights, but should be as imperfect as if it belonged only to an ordinary soul.

Besides, might not Providence intend to humble human pride, by presenting to our eyes so mortifying a view of the weakness and infirmity of even his best work? Perhaps man, who is already but a little lower than the angels, might, like the revolted spirits, totally have shaken off obedience and submission to his Creator, had not God wisely tempered human excellence with a certain consciousness of its own imperfection. But though this inevitable alloy of weakness may frequently be found in the best characters, yet how can that be the source of triumph and exaltation to any, which, if properly weighed, must be the deepest motive of humiliation to all? A

F

good

good-natured man will be so far from rejoicing, that he will be secretly troubled, whenever he reads that the greatest Roman moralist was tainted with avarice, and the greatest British philosopher with venality.

It is remarked by Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, that,

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

But I apprehend it does not therefore follow that to judge, is more difficult than to write. If this were the case, the critic would be superior to the poet, whereas it appears to be directly the contrary. "The critic, (says the great champion of Shakespeare), but fashions the body of a work, the poet must add the soul, which gives force and direction to its actions and gestures." It should seem that the reason why so many more judge wrong, than write ill, is because the number of readers is beyond all proportion greater than the number of writers. Every man who reads, is in some measure a critic, and, with very common abilities, may point out real faults and material errors in a very well written book; but it by no means follows that he is able to write any thing comparable to the work which he is capable of censuring. And unless the numbers of those who write, and of those who judge, were more equal, the calculation seems not to be quite fair.

A capacity for relishing works of genius is the indubitable sign of a good taste. But if a proper

per disposition and ability to enjoy the compositions of others, entitle a man to the claim of reputation, it is still a far inferior degree of merit to his who can invent and produce those compositions, the bare disquisition of which gives the critic no small share of fame.

The president of the royal academy in his admirable *Discourse on imitation*, has set the folly of depending on unassisted genius, in the clearest light; and has shewn the necessity of adding the knowledge of others, to our own native powers, in his usual striking and masterly manner. "The mind, says he, is a barren soil, is a soil soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized, and enriched with foreign matter."

Yet it has been objected that study is a great enemy to originality; but even if this were true, it would perhaps be as well that an author should give us the ideas of still better writers, mixed and assimilated with the matter in his own mind, as those crude and undigested thoughts which he values under the notion that they are original. The sweetest honey neither tastes of the rose, the honeysuckle, nor the carnation, yet it is compounded of the very essence of them all.

If in the other fine arts this accumulation of knowledge is necessary, it is indispensably so in poetry. It is a fatal rashness for any one to trust too much to their own stock of ideas. He must invigorate them by exercise, polish them by conversation, and increase them by every species of elegant and virtuous knowledge, and the mind will not fail to reproduce with interest those seeds,

which are sown in it by study and observation. Above all, let every one guard against the dangerous opinion that he knows enough: an opinion that will weaken the energy and reduce the powers of the mind, which, though once perhaps vigorous and effectual, will be sunk to a state of literary imbecility, by cherishing vain and presumptuous ideas of its own independence.

For instance, it may not be necessary that a poet should be deeply skilled in the Linnæan system; but it must be allowed that a general acquaintance with plants and flowers will furnish him with a delightful and profitable species of instruction. He is not obliged to trace Nature in all her nice and varied operations, with the minute accuracy of a Boyle, or the laborious investigation of a Newton; but his *good sense* will point out to him that no inconsiderable portion of philosophical knowledge is requisite to the completion of his literary character. The sciences are more independent, and require little or no assistance from the graces of poetry; but poetry, if she would charm and instruct, must not be so haughty; she must be contented to borrow of the sciences, many of her choicest allusions, and many of her most graceful embellishments; and does it not magnify the character of true poesy, that she includes within herself all the scattered graces of every separate art?

The rules of the great masters in criticism may not be so necessary to the forming a good taste, as the examination of those original mines from whence they drew their treasures of knowledge.

The three celebrated Essays on the art of poetry do not teach so much by their laws as by their examples; the dead letter of their rules is less instructive than the living spirit of their verse. Yet these rules are to a young poet, what the study of logarithms is to a young mathematician; they do not so much contribute to form his judgment, as afford him the satisfaction of convincing him that he is right. They do not preclude the difficulty of the operation; but at the conclusion of it, furnish him with a fuller demonstration that he has proceeded on proper principles. When he has well studied the masters in whose schools the first critics formed themselves, and fancies he has caught a spark of their divine flame, it may be a good method to try his own compositions by the test of the critic rules, so far indeed as the mechanism of poetry goes. If the examination be fair and candid, this trial, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, will detect every latent error, and bring to light every favourite failing.

Good taste always suits the measure of its admiration to the merit of the composition it examines. It accommodates its praises, or its censure, to the excellence of a work, and appropriates it to the nature of it. General applause, or indiscriminate abuse, is the sign of a vulgar understanding. There are certain blemishes which the judicious and good-natured reader will candidly overlook. But the false sublime, the tumour which is intended for greatness, and distorted figure, the puerile conceit, and the incongruous metaphor, these are defects for which scarcely any other kind of merit can atone. And yet there may be more hope of

a writer (especially if he be a young one), who is now and then guilty of some of these faults, than of one who avoids them all, not through judgment, but feebleness, and who, instead of deviating into error is continually falling short of excellence. The mere absence of error implies that moderate and inferior degree of merit with which a cold heart and a phlegmatic taste will be better satisfied than with the magnificent irregularities of exalted spirits. It stretches some minds to an uneasy extension to be obliged to attend to compositions superlatively excellent; and it contracts liberal souls to a painful narrowness to descend to books of inferior merit. A work of capital genius, to a man of an ordinary mind, is the bed of Procrustes to one of a short stature, the man is too little to fill up the space assigned him, and undergoes the torture in attempting it: and a moderate, or low production to a man of bright talents, is the punishment inflicted by Mezentius; the living spirit has too much animation to endure patiently to be in contact with a dead body.

Taste seems to be a sentiment of the soul which gives the bias to opinion, for we feel before we reflect. Without this sentiment, all knowledge, learning and opinion, would be cold, inert materials, whereas they become active principles when stirred, kindled, and inflamed by this animating quality.

There is another feeling which is called enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of sensible hearts is so strong, that it not only yields to the impulse which striking objects act on it, but such hearts help on the effect by their own sensibility. In a scene where

where Shakespeare and Garrick give perfection to each other, the feeling heart does not merely accede to the delirium they occasion: it does more, it is enamoured of it, it solicits the delusion, it sues to be deceived, and grudgingly cherishes the sacred treasure of its feelings. The poet and performer concur in carrying us

Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,

they bear us aloft in their airy course with unresisted rapidity, if they meet not with any obstruction from the coldness of our own feelings. Perhaps only a few fine spirits can enter into the detail of their writing and acting; but the multitude do not enjoy less acutely, because they are not able philosophically to analyse the sources of their joy or sorrow. If the others have the advantage of judging, these have at least the privilege of feeling: and it is not from complaisance to a few leading judges, that they burst into peals of laughter, or melt into delightful agony; their hearts decide, and that is a decision from which there lies no appeal. It must however be confessed, that the nicer separations of character, and the lighter and almost imperceptible shades which sometimes distinguish them, will not be intimately relished, unless there be a consonancy of taste as well as feeling in the spectators; though where the passions are principally concerned, the profane vulgar come in for a larger portion of the universal delight, than critics and connoisseurs are willing to allow them.

Yet

Yet enthusiasm, though the natural concomitant of genius, is no more genius itself, than drunkenness is cheerfulness; and that enthusiasm which discovers itself on occasions not worthy to excite it, is the mark of a wretched judgment and a false taste.

Nature produces innumerable objects: to imitate them, is the province of genius; to direct those imitations, is the property of judgment; to decide on their effects, is the business of taste. For taste, who sits as supreme judge on the productions of genius, is not satisfied when she merely imitates nature: she must also, says an ingenious French writer, imitate *beautiful* nature. It requires no less judgment to reject than to choose, and genius might imitate what is vulgar, under pretence that it was natural, if taste did not carefully point out those objects which are most proper for imitation. It also requires a very nice discernment to distinguish verisimilitude from truth; for there is truth in taste nearly as conclusive as demonstration in mathematics.

Genius, when in full impetuosity of its career, often touches on the very brink of error; and is, perhaps, never so near the verge of the precipice, as when indulging its sublimest flights. It is in those great, but dangerous moments, that the curb of vigilant judgment is most wanting: while safe and sober dulness observes one tedious and insipid round of tiresome uniformity, and steers equally clear of eccentricity and of beauty. Dulness has few redundancies to retrench, few luxuriancies to prune, and few irregularities to smooth. These, though errors, are the errors of genius,
for

for there is rarely redundancy without plenitude, or irregularity without greatness. The excesses of genius may easily be retrenched, but the deficiencies of dulness can never be supplied.

Those who copy from others will doubtless be less excellent than those who copy from Nature. To imitate imitators, is the way to depart too far from the great original herself. The latter copies of an engraving retain fainter traces of the subject, to which the earlier impressions bore so strong a resemblance.

It seems very extraordinary, that it should be the most difficult thing in the world to be natural; and that it should be harder to hit off the manners of real life, and to delineate such characters as we converse with every day, than to imagine such as do not exist. But caricature is much easier than an exact outline, and the colouring of fancy less difficult than that of truth.

People do not always know what taste they have, till it is awakened by some corresponding object; nay, genius itself is a fire, which in many minds would never blaze, if not kindled by some external cause.

Nature, that munificent mother, when she bestows the power of judging, accompanies it with the capacity of enjoying. The judgment, which is clear sighted, points out such objects as are calculated to inspire love, and the heart instantaneously attaches itself to whatever is lovely.

In regard to literary reputation, a great deal depends on the state of learning in the particular age or nation, in which an author lives. In a dark and ignorant period, moderate knowledge

will entitle its possessor to a considerable share of fame; whereas, to be distinguished in a polite and lettered age; requires striking parts and deep erudition.

When a nation begins to emerge from a state of mental darkness, and to strike out the first rudiments of improvement, it chalks out a few strong but incorrect sketches, gives the rude outlines of general art, and leaves the filling up to the leisure of happier days, and the refinement of more enlightened times. Their drawing is a rude *Stuzzo*, and their poetry wild minstrelsy.

Perfection of taste is a point which a nation no sooner reaches, than it overshoots; and it is more difficult to return to it, after having passed it, than it was to attain when they fell short of it. Where the arts begin to languish after having flourished, they seldom indeed fall back to their original barbarism, but a certain feebleness of exertion takes place, and it is more difficult to recover them from this dying languor to their proper strength, than it was to polish them from their former rudeness; for it is a less formidable undertaking to refine barbarity, than to stop decay: the first may be laboured into elegance, but the latter will rarely be strengthened into vigour.

Taste exerts itself at first but feebly and imperfectly: it is repressed and kept back by a crowd of the most discouraging prejudices: like an infant prince, who, though born to reign, yet holds an idle sceptre, which he has not power to use, but is obliged to see with the eyes, and hear through the ears of other men.

A WII-

A writer of correct taste will hardly ever go out of his way, even in search of embellishment: he will study to attain the best end by the most natural means; for he knows that what is not natural cannot be beautiful, and that nothing can be beautiful out of its own place; for an improper situation will convert the most striking beauty into a glaring defect. When by a well-connected chain of ideas, or a judicious succession of events, the reader is snatched to "Thebes or Athens," what can be more impertinent than for the poet to obstruct the operation of the passion he has just been kindling, by introducing a conceit which contradicts his purpose, and interrupts his business? Indeed, we cannot be transported, even in idea, to those places, if the poet does not imagine so adroitly as not to make us sensible of the journey: the instant we feel we are travelling, the writer's art fails, and the delirium is at an end.

Proserpine, says Ovid, would have been restored to her mother Ceres, had not Ascalaphus seen her stop to gather a golden apple, when the terms of her restoration were, that she should taste nothing. A story pregnant with instruction for lively writers, who by neglecting the main business, and going out of the way for false gratifications, lose sight of the end they should principally keep in view. It was this false taste that introduced the numberless *conceitti*, which disgrace the brightest of the Italian poets; and this is the reason, why the reader only feels short and interrupted snatches of delight in perusing the brilliant but unequal compositions of Ariosto, instead of that unbroken and undiminished pleasure, which he constantly receives from Vir-

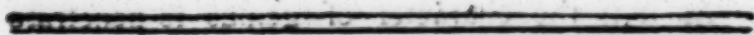
gil, from Milton, and generally from Tasso. The first mentioned Italian is the Atalanta, who will interrupt the most eager career, to pick up the glittering mischief, while the Mantuan and the British bards, like Hippomenes, press on warm in the pursuit, and unseduced by temptation.

A writer of real taste will take great pains in the perfection of his style, to make the reader believe that he took none at all. The writing which appears to be most easy, will be generally found to be least imitable. The most elegant verses are the most easily retained, they fasten themselves on the memory, without its making any effort to preserve them, and we are apt to imagine, that what is remembered with ease, was written without difficulty.

To conclude; genius is a rare and precious gem, of which few know the worth; it is fitter for the cabinet of the connoisseur, than for the commerce of mankind. Good sense is a bank-bill, convenient for change, negotiable at all times, and current in all places. It knows the value of small things, and considers that an aggregate of them makes up the sum of human affairs. It elevates common concerns into matters of importance, by performing them in the best manner, and at the most suitable season. Good sense carries with it the idea of equality, while genius is always suspected of a design to impose the burden of superiority; and respect is paid to it with that reluctance which always attends other imposts, the lower orders of mankind generally repining most at demands, by which they are least liable to be affected.

As it is the character of genius to penetrate with a lynx's beam into unfathomable abysses and uncreated worlds, and to see what is *not*, so it is the property of good sense to distinguish perfectly, and judge accurately what really *is*. Good sense has not so perceiving an eye, but it has as clear a sight : it does not penetrate so deeply, but as far as it *does* see, it discerns distinctly. Good sense is a judicious mechanic, who can produce beauty and convenience out of suitable means ; but genius (I speak with reverence of the immeasurable distance) bears some remote resemblance to the divine architect, who produced perfection of beauty without any visible materials, *who spake, and it was created ; who said, Let it be, and it was.*

O D E



O D E

T O

D R A G O N,

Mr. GARRICK'S House-dog

A T

H A M P T O N.



I.

DRAGON! since lyrics are the mode,
To thee I dedicate my Ode,
And reason good I plead:
Are those who cannot write, to blame
To dedicate their hopes of fame,
To those who cannot read?

II.

O cou'd I, like that nameless wight *,
Find the choice minute when to write,

The

* See the admirable Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

ODE TO DRAGON. III

The *molliæ tempora fandi* !
Like his, my muse should learn to whistle
A true *Héroical Epistle*,
In strains which never can die.

III.

Father of lyrics, tuneful HORACE !
Can thy great shade do nothing for us
To mend the British lyre ?
One luckless bard has broke the strings,
Seiz'd the scar'd muses, pluck'd their wings,
And put out all their fire.

IV.

DRAGON, thou tyrant of the yard,
Great namesake of that furious guard
That watch'd the fruits Hesperian !
Thy choicer treasures safely keep,
Nor snatch one moment's guilty sleep,
Fidelity's criterion.

V.

O DRAGON ! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and state,
And I will give thee mine :
I, left to think, and thou to feed !
My mind enlarg'd, thy body freed,
How blest my lot and thine !

VI.

Then shalt thou scent the rich regale
Of Turtle and diluting Ale
Nay, share the fav'ry bit ;

And

112 ODE TO DRAGON.

And see, what thou hast never seen,
For thou hast but at HAMPTON been,
A feast devoid of wit.

VII.

Oft shalt thou snuff the smoaking venison,
Devour'd, *alone*, by gorging denizen,
So fresh, thou'lt long to tear it ;
Tho' FLACCUS † tells a diff'rent tale,
Of social souls who chose it stale,
Because their *friends* should share it.

VIII.

And then on me what joys wou'd wait,
Were I the guardian of thy gate,
How useless bolt and latch !
How vain were locks, and bars how vain,
To shield from harm the household train
Whom I, from love, wou'd watch !

IX.

Not that 'twou'd crown with joy my life,
That BOWDEN, or that BOWDEN's wife,
Brought me my daily pickings :
Tho' she suspends the scales of Fate,
And deals the scanty mortal date
To Turkeys and to chickens !

Tho'

† Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant: non quia natus
illis nullus erat, sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. Hos utinam inter
Herpas natum tellus me prima tulisset. Hox, lib. ii. sat. 2,

ODE TO DRAGON.

113

X.

Tho' fir'd with innocent ambition
 BOWDEN *, great Nature's rhetorician,
 More flow'rs than BURKE produces;
 And tho' he's skill'd more roots to find,
 Than ever fill'd an Hebrew's mind,
 And better knows their uses.

XI.

I'd get my master's ways by rote,
 Ne'er wou'd I bark at ragged coat,
 Nor tear the tatter'd sinner;
 Like him, I'd love the Dog of merit,
 Carefs the cur of broken spirit,
 And give them all a dinner.

XII.

I'd copy too his blue-ey'd Wife,
 A very Pallas on my life,
 Yet I've a doubt just started—
 For what shou'd Pallas have to do
 With Venus, and her Cestus too?
 Indeed they shou'd be parted.

XIII.

Whene'er I heard the ratt'ling coach
 Proclaim their long-desir'd approach,
 How wou'd I haste to greet 'em!
 Nor ever feel I wore a chain,
 'Till, starting, I perceiv'd with pain,
 I cou'd not fly to meet 'em.

XIV.

The master loves his sylvan shades,
 Here, with the nine melodious maids,

His

* Mr. Garrick's gardener.

114 ODE TO DRAGON.

His choicest hours are spent :
Yet I shall hear some witling cry,
(Such witling from my presence fly !)

“ GARRICK will soon repent :

XV.

“ Again you'll see him, never fear ;
“ Some half a dozen times a year
“ He still will charm the age ;
“ Accustom'd long to be admir'd,
“ Of shades and streams he'll soon be tir'd,
“ And languish for the stage.”

XVI.

Peace !——To his solitude he bears,
The full-blown fame of thirty years ;
He bears a nation's praise :
He bears his lib'ral polish'd mind,
His worth, his wit, his sense refin'd ;
He bears his grove of Bays.

XVII.

When others drop the heart-felt tear,
Because this sun has left his sphere,
And set at highest noon ;
I'll drop a tear as warm, as true,
I lov'd his beams as well as you,
And mourn they're set so soon.

XVIII.

But all in vain his orb he quits,
Still there, in Memory's eye, he sits,
And will, till Time be done :
For he shall shine while Taste survives,
And he shall shine while Genius lives,
A never-setting Sun.

S I R

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE,

IN TWO PARTS.

Of them who, wrapt in Earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

LANGHORNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

SECOND PART

IN TWO PARTS

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TO
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

S I R,

IT is scarcely possible that any one should entertain a more humble opinion of the following little Production, than she who presents it to you. It is a trifle which, she confesses, has but a very slender claim to your protection; but she considers that your Name will be an ornament to her Book, as your Friendship has been an honour to its Author.

Where merit is incontestible, and characters are decided by the concurring suffrage of mankind, praise becomes almost impertinent. It is absurd to be industrious in proving truths so self-evident, that no one ever thought of controverting them.

I may be accused of advancing a startling proposition, when I declare that you are an
enemy

DEDICATION.

enemy to the muses; but if it be allowed that description and invention are the very soul of Poetry, I shall be justified by the world in general, who constantly behold you displaying talents, which cannot be described, and exhibiting excellencies which leave nothing to be imagined.

Whatever reason I may find to regret my having ventured these little Poems into the world, I shall at least have no common pleasure in recollecting one circumstance attending them, since they furnish me with an occasion of assuring you with what esteem and admiration

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

BRISTOL, Dec. }
14, 1775. }

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

P A R T I.

*O nostra Vita, ch'è sì bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel, ch'en molt'anni a grand pena s'acquista?*

PETRARCA.

THERE was a young, and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where

120 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

Where gliding *Tay* her stream sends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
Sir ELDRED's castle stood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower ;
And many a noble feat had he
Atchiev'd, in hall, and bower.

He did not think, as some have thought,
Whom honour never crown'd,
The fame a father dearly bought,
Cou'd make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a noble fire,
Who gallant deeds had done,
To deeds of hardihood should fire
A brave and gallant son.

The fairest ancestry on earth
Without desert is poor ;
And every deed of lofty worth
Is but a claim for more.

Sir ELDRED's heart was good and kind,
Alive to pity's call ;
A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind,
He lov'd, and felt for all.

When *merit* rais'd the sufferers name,
He shower'd his bounty *then* ;
And those who could not prove that claim,
He succour'd still as *men*.

But sacred truth the Muse compels,
His errors to impart ;
And yet the muse, reluctant, tells
The fault of ELDRED's heart.

The

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
 As free from guile and art,
 And mild, and soft as infant love
 The feelings of his heart;
 Yet if the passions storm'd his soul,
 By jealousy led on;
 The whirlwind rage disdain'd controul,
 And bore his virtues down.
 Not Thule's waves so wildly break
 To drown the northern shore;
 Not Etna's entrails fiercer shake,
 Or Scythia's tempests roar,
 As when in summer's sweetest day,
 To fan the fragrant morn,
 The sighing breezes softly stray
 O'er fields of ripen'd corn;
 Sudden the lightning's blast descends
 Deforms the ravag'd fields;
 At once the various ruin blends,
 And all resistless yields.
 But when, to clear his stormy breast,
 The sun of reason shone,
 And ebbing passions sunk to rest,
 And shew'd what rage had done:
 O then what anguish he betray'd!
 His shame how deep, how true!
 He view'd the waste his rage had made,
 And shudder'd at the view.
 The meek-ey'd dawn, in saffron robe,
 Proclaim'd the opening day,
 Up rose the sun to gild the globe,
 And hail the new-born May;

122 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
And glad the thick'ning grove,
And feather'd partners fondly greet
With many a song of love ;

When pious ELDRED walk'd abroad
His morning vows to pay,
And hail the universal Lord
Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
And journey'd far away ;
He lov'd to court the stranger shade,
And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood,
By circling hills embrac'd,
A little, modest mansion stood,
Built by the hand of Taste.

While many a prouder castle fell,
This, safely did endure ;
The house where guardian virtues dwell,
Is sacred, and secure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
Around the mansion stood,
Which charm'd at once the ravish'd sense,
And screen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
As pleas'd it bent to look,
And view'd its ever verdant face
Reflected in a brook.

The smallness of the stream did well
The master's fortunes shew ;
But little streams may serve to tell
From what a source they flow.

This

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER. 123

This mansion own'd an aged knight,
And such a man was he,
As heav'n just shews to human sight,
To tell what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well-fought field
Was train'd betimes to war ;
His bosom, like a well-worn shield,
Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
His reverend form did bear ;
And yet, alas ! the warrior-sage
Had drain'd the dregs of care.

And sorrow more than age can break,
And wound its hapless prey ;
'Twas sorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
And turn'd his bright locks grey.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
A young and beauteous dame ;
Sole comfort of his failing years,
And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine,
Where all the virtues meet ;
And holy Hope, and Faith divine,
Had claim'd it for their seat.

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
Of wild and rustic taste,
And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
From every ruder blast.

And not a shrub or plant was there
But did some moral yield ;
For wisdom, by a father's care,
Was found in every field.

124 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The trees, whose foliage fell away,
And with the summer died,
He thought an image of decay
Might lecture human pride.

While fair perennial greens that stood,
And brav'd the wintry blast,
As types of the fair mind he view'd
Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
Were seldom fragrant found,
But wasted soon their little powers,
Lay useless on the ground.

While the sweet-scented rose shall last,
And boast its fragrant power,
When life's imperfect day is past,
And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
Her inoffensive day,
And here she oft retir'd to read,
And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd she grac'd the woodland shades,
From courts and cities far,
The pride of Caledonian maids,
The peerless northern star.

As shines the bright and blazing star,
The glory of the night,
When sailing thro' the cloudless air,
She sheds her silver light :

So BIRTHA shone !—But when she spoke
The Muse herself was heard,
As on the ravish'd air she broke,
And thus her prayer preferr'd :

“ O blest

“ O blefs thy BIRTHA, power Supreme,
 “ In whom I live and move,
 “ And blefs me moft by bleffing him
 “ Whom more than life I love.”

She starts to hear a ftranger's voice, -
 And with a modelt grace
 She lifts her meek eye in furprize,
 And fees a ftranger face.

The ftranger loft in transport flood,
 Bereft of voice and power,
 While fhe with equal wonder view'd,
 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin blufh which fpreads her cheek,
 With nature's pureft dye,
 And all thofe dazzling beams which break,
 Like Morning, from her eye.

He view'd them all, and as he view'd
 Drank deeply of delight;
 And ftill his raptur'd eye purfued,
 And feafted on the fight.

With filent wonder long they gaz'd,
 And neither filence broke;
 At length the fmother'd paffion blaz'd,
 Enamour'd ELDRED fpoke:

“ O facred Virtue, heav'nly power!
 “ Thy wondrous force I feel;
 “ I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
 “ Yet die my love to tell.

“ My fcorn has oft the dart repell'd
 “ Which guileful beauty threw,
 “ But goodnefs heard, and grace beheld,
 “ Muft every heart fubdue.”

Quick

126 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

Quick on the ground her eyes were cast,

And now as quickly rais'd:——

Her father haply that way past,

On whom she trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH's eye his BIRTHA meets

With glances of delight;

And thus with courteous speech he greets

The young and graceful Knight:

“ O gallant youth, who'er thou art,

“ Thou art welcome to this place;

“ There's something rises at my heart

“ Which says I've seen that face.”

“ Thou gen'rous Knight,” the youth rejoin'd,

“ Tho' little known to fame,

“ I trust I bear a grateful mind——

“ SIR ELDRED is my name.

“ SIR ELDRED?—ARDOLPH loud exclaim'd,

“ Renown'd for worth and power?

“ For valour and for virtue fam'd,

“ SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER?

“ Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,

“ As thou art good to me,

“ Since to my aged eyes 'tis given

“ SIR ELDRED's son to see!”

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,

And gaz'd upon his face,

And to his aged bosom strain'd,

With many a kind embrace.

Again he view'd him o'er and o'er,

And doubted still the truth,

And ask'd what he had ask'd before,

Then thus address'd the youth:

“ Come

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER. 127

" Come now beneath my roof, I pray,
" Some needful rest to take,
" And with us many a cheerful day
" Thy friendly sojourn make."

He enter'd at the gate straightway
Some needful rest to take,
And with them many a cheerful day
Did friendly sojourn make.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

G 4

PART.

P A R T II.

ONCE—'twas upon a summer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled;
They cheated Time with cheerful talk,
When thus Sir ARDOLPH said:

“ Thy father was the firmest friend

“ That e'er my being blest;

“ And every virtue Heaven could send,

“ Fast bound him to my breast.

“ Together did we learn to bear

“ The casque and ample shield;

“ Together learn'd in many a war,

“ The deathful spear to wield”

“ To make our union still more dear,

“ We both were doom'd to prove

“ What is most sweet and most severe

“ In heart-dissolving love.

“ The daughter of a neighbouring Knight

“ Did *my* fond heart engage;

“ And ne'er did Heav'n the virtues write

“ Upon a fairer page.

“ His bosom felt an equal wound,

“ Nor sigh'd we long in vain;

“ One

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER. 129.

- “ One summer’s fun beheld us bound
“ In Hymen’s holy chain.
“ Thou wast Sir ELDRED’s only child,
“ Thy father’s darling joy ;
“ On me a lovely daughter smil’d,
“ On me a blooming boy.
“ But man has woes, has clouds of care,
“ That dim his star of life——
“ My arms receiv’d the little pair,
“ The earth’s cold breast, my wife.
“ Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,
“ Fond foolish tears will flow ;
“ One day like mine thy heart may heave,
“ And mourn its lot of woe.
“ But grant, kind Heaven ! thou ne’er may’st
“ know
“ The pangs I now impart ;
“ Nor ever feel the deadly blow
“ That rives a husband’s heart.
“ Beside the blooming banks of *Tay*,
“ My angel’s ashes sleep ;
“ And wherefore should her ARDOLPH stay,
“ Except to watch and weep ?
“ I bore my beauteous babes away
“ With many a gushing tear,
“ I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
“ And brought my darlings here.
“ I watch’d my little household cares,
“ And form’d their growing youth ;
“ And fondly train’d their infant years
“ To love and cherish truth.”

130 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

" Thy blooming BIRTHA here I see,"

Sir ELDRED strait rejoin'd ;

" But why thy son is not with thee,

" Resolve my doubting mind."

When BIRTHA did the question hear,

She sigh'd, but could not speak ;

And many a soft and silent tear

Stray'd down her damask cheek.

Then pass'd o'er good Sir ARDOLPH's face,

A cast of deadly pale ;

But soon compos'd, with manly grace

He thus renew'd his tale ;

" For him my heart too much has bled,

" For him, my darling son,

" Has sorrow prest my hoary head ;

" But Heav'n's high will be done !

" Scarce eighteen winters had revolv'd,

" To crown the circling year,

" Before my valiant boy resolv'd

" The warrior's lance to bear.

" Too high I priz'd my native land,

" Too dear his fame I held,

" T' oppose a parent's stern command,

" And keep him from the field.

" He left me—left his sister too,

" Yet tears bedew'd his face—

" What could a feeble old man do ?—

" He burst from my embrace.

" O thirst of glory, fatal fame !

" O laurels dearly bought !

" Yet sweet is death when earn'd with fame—

" So virtuous EDWY thought.

" Full

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER. 131

- " Full manfully the brave boy strove,
 " Tho' pressing ranks oppose ;
 " But weak the strongest arm must prove
 " Against an host of foes.
 " A deadly wound my son receives,
 " A spear assails his side :
 " Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
 " To tell that EDWY died.
 " His long-lov'd mother died again
 " In EDWY's parting groan ;
 " I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
 " I wept for both in one.
 " I wou'd have died—I sought to die ;
 " But Heaven restrain'd the thought,
 " And to my passion-clouded eye
 " My helpless BIRTHA brought.
 " When lo ! array'd in robes of light,
 " A nymph celestial came ;
 " She clear'd the mists that dimm'd my sight—
 " RELIGION was her name.
 " She prov'd the chastisement divine,
 " And bade me kiss the rod ;
 " She taught this rebel heart of mine
 " Submission to its God.
 " RELIGION taught me to sustain
 " What nature bade me feel ;
 " And piety reliev'd the pain
 " Which time can never heal."
 He ceas'd—with sorrow and delight
 The tale Sir ELDRED hears,
 Then weeping cries—" Thou noble Knight,
 " For thanks accept my tears.

" O AR-

132 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

" O ARDOLPH, might I dare aspire
 " To claim so bright a boon!—
 " Good old Sir ELDRED was my sire—
 " And thou hast lost a son.
 " And tho' I want a worthier plea
 " To urge so dear a cause;
 " Yet, let me to thy bosom be
 " What once thy EDWY was.
 " My trembling tongue its aid denies;
 " For thou may'st disapprove;
 " Then read it in my ardent eyes,
 " Oh! read the tale of love.
 " Thy beauteous BIRTHA!"—"Gracious Power,
 " How cou'd I e'er repine,"
 Cries ARDOLPH, "since I see this hour?
 " Yes——BIRTHA shall be thine."
 A little transient gleam of red
 Shot faintly o'er her face,
 And every trembling feature spread
 With sweet disorder'd grace.
 The tender father kindly smil'd
 With fulness of content,
 And fondly ey'd his darling child,
 Who, bashful, blush'd consent.
 O then to paint the vast delight
 That fill'd Sir ELDRED's heart,
 To tell the transports of the Knight,
 Wou'd mock the Muse's art.
 But every kind and gracious soul,
 Where gentle passions dwell,
 Will better far conceive the whole,
 Than any Muse can tell.

The

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER. 133

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
The more he priz'd the maid;
Some worth each day produc'd to view,
Some grace each hour betray'd.

The virgin too was fond to charm
The dear accomplish'd youth;
His single breast she strove to warm,
And crown'd, with love, his truth.

Unlike the dames of modern days,
Who *general* homage claim,
Who court the *universal* gaze,
And pant for *public* fame.

Then beauty but on merit smil'd,
Nor were her chaste smiles sold;
No venal father gave his child
For grandeur, or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
But ill cou'd brook delay,
And oft he press'd the maid to name
A speedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breast
'Twas all in vain to hide,
But she his eager suit repress'd
With modest, maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED press'd the day
Which was to crown his truth,
The thoughtful Sire would sigh, and say,
" O happy state of youth !

" It little recks the woes which wait
" To scare its dreams of joy,
" Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
" May all those dreams destroy.

" And

134 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

- " And tho' the flatt'rer, Hope, deceives,
 " And painted prospects shews;
 " Yet man, still cheated, still believes,
 " Till death the bright scene close.
 " So look'd my bride, so sweetly mild,
 " On me her beauty's slave;
 " But whilst she look'd and whilst she smil'd,
 " She sunk into the grave.
 " Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
 " Forgive a father's zeal;
 " Who fondly loves must greatly fear,
 " Who fears must greatly feel.
 " Once more in soft and sacred bands
 " Shall Love and Hymen meet;
 " To-morrow shall unite your hands,
 " And——be your bliss complete!"

The rising sun inflam'd the sky,
 The golden orient blush'd;
 But BIRTHA's cheeks a sweeter die,
 A brighter crimson flush'd.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments clad,
 Perform'd the mystic rite;
 Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
 To Hymen's chaste delight.

How feeble language were to speak
 Th' immeasurable joy,
 That fir'd Sir ELDRED's ardent cheek,
 And triumph'd in his eye!

Sir ARDOLPH's pleasure stood confess,
 A pleasure all his own;
 The guarded rapture of a breast
 Which many a grief had known.

'Twas

'Twas such a sober sense of joy
 As Angels well might keep ;
 A joy chafis'd by piety,
 A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
 And shun the noon-tide hour,
 The lovely bride in secret sought
 The coolness of her Bower.

Long she remain'd——th' enamour'd Knight,
 Impatient at her stay,
 And all unfit to taste delight
 When BIRTHA was away ;

Betakes him to the sacred Bower ;
 His footsteps softly move ;
 Impell'd by every tender power,
 He steals upon his love.

O, horror ! horror ! blissing sight !
 He sees his BIRTHA's charms,
 Reclin'd with melting, fond delight,
 Within a stranger's arms.

Wild phrenzy fires his frantic hand,
 Distracted at the sight.
 He flies to where the lovers stand,
 And stabs the stranger Knight.

“ Die, traitor, die, thy guilty flames
 “ Demand th' avenging steel”—
 “ It is my brother, she exclaims,
 “ 'Tis EDWY—Oh farewell !”

An aged peasant, EDWY's guide,
 The good old ARDOLPH sought ;
 He told him that his bosom's pride,
 His EDWY, he had brought.

136 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

O how the father's feelings melt!

How faint, and how revive!

Just so the Hebrew Patriarch felt,

To find his son alive.

"Let me beho'd my darling's face,

"And blefs him ere I die!"

Then with a swift and vigorous pace,

He to the Bower did hie.

O sad reverse!—Sunk on the ground

His slaughter'd son he view'd,

And dying BIRTHA close he found

In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold, speechless, senseless, ELDRED near

Gaz'd on the deed he had done;

Like the blank statue of *Despair*,

Or *Madness* grav'd in stone.

The father saw—so Jephthah stood,

So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,

When the dear, destin'd child he view'd,

His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not speak,

And on the pale corse prest

His wan, discolour'd, dying cheek,

And silent, sunk to rest.

Then BIRTHA faintly rais'd her eye,

Which long had ceas'd to stream,

On ELDRED fix'd with many a sigh

Its dim, departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death

Upon her pale face stand;

And quick and short her failing breath,

And tremulous her hand.

The

The cold, cold dews of hastening death,
 The dim, departing eye,
 The quivering hand, the short quick breath
 He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit mount in air,
 Its kindred skies to seek !
 His heart its anguish could not bear,
 And yet it wou'd not break.

The mournful Muse forbears to tell
 How wretched ELDRED died :
 She draws the Grecian * Painter's veil,
 The vast distress to hide.

— — — —
 — — — —

Yet Heaven's decrees are just, and wise,
 And man is born to bear :
 Joy is the portion of the skies,
 Beneath them, all is care.

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes having exhausted every image of grief in the by-standers, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express.—PLIN. Book XXXV.

THE
BLEEDING ROCK,
A
LEGENDARY TALE.

—The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian darts to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

MILTON.

WHERE beauteous *Belmont* rears its modest
brow
To view *Sabrina's* silver waves below,
Liv'd LINDAMIRA; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The same sweet form, the same enchanting mien,
With all that softer elegance of mind,
By genius heighten'd, and by taste refin'd.
Yet early was she doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love, subdued the fair.

Ab!

Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
 The form enchanting, or the finish'd face?
 Or what, each beauty of the heav'n-born mind,
 The soul superior, or the taste refin'd?
Beauty but serves destruction to insure,
 And *sense*, to feel the pang it cannot cure.
 Each neighb'ring youth aspir'd to gain her hand,
 And many a suitor came from many a land.
 But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aspir'd,
 And distant suitors all in vain admir'd.
 Averse to hear, yet fearful to offend,
 'The lover she refus'd she made a friend:
 Her meek rejection wore so mild a face,
 More like acceptance seem'd it, than disgrace.

Young POLYDORE, the pride of rural swains,
 Was wont to visit *Belmont's* blooming plains.
 Who has not heard how POLYDORE cou'd throw
 Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe?
 How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
 How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind?
 With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
 Breathe the soft flute, or strike the louder lyre?
 From that fam'd lyre no vulgar musick sprung,
 The Graces tun'd it, and Apollo strung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
 And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain.
 He taught what charms to rural life belong,
 The social sweetness, and the sylvan song;
 He taught, fair Wisdom in her grove to woo,
 Her joys how precious, and her wants how few!
 The savage herds in mute attention stood,
 And ravih'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood;

The

The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
 Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear.
 Till Heav'n the scene survey'd with jealous eyes,
 And Jove in envy, call'd him to the skies.

Young POLYDORE was rich in large domains,
 In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains :
 With these, he boasted each exterior charm,
 To win the prudent, and the cold to warm ;
 To act the tenderness he never felt,
 In sorrow soften and in anguish melt.
 The sigh elaborate, the fraudulent tear,
 The joy dissembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
 All these were his ; and his the treach'rous art
 That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.

To soon he heard of LINDAMIRA's fame,
 'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme ;
 Return'd the rising, and the setting sun,
 The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
 They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her
 air !

And even inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd ;
 He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd :
 But POLYDORE no real passion knew,
 Lost to all truth in feigning to be true.
 No sense of tenderness could warm a heart,
 Too proud to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold as the snows of *Rhodope* descend,
 And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend ;
 So cold the breast where *Vanity* presides,
 And mean-Self-love the bosom-feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
 Win her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.

So

So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
So oft he swore——how shou'd he *not* prevail?
Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd,
The well-imagin'd tale the nymph believ'd:
She lov'd the youth, she thought herself belov'd,
Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approv'd.
Alas! that youth, from LINDAMIRA far,
For newer conquests wages cruel war;
With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
Where injur'd LINDAMIRA never comes;
Laughs at her easy faith, insults her woe,
Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.

And now her eyes soft radiance seem'd to fail,
And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale;
The lilly there, in faded beauty, shews
It's sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
Devouring sorrow marks her for his prey,
And slow and certain mines his silent way.
Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.
“O had my heart been hard as his,” she cried,
“An hapless victim thus I had not died:
“If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
“Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.
“Then hasten, righteous Heaven! my tedious
fate,
“Shorten my woe, and end my mortal date:
“Quick let your power transform this failing
frame,
“Let me be any thing but what I am!
“And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
“Proceed, alas! from having lov'd too well;
“Grant me some form where love can have no
part,
“Nor human weakness reach my guarded heart.
“If

" If pity has not left your blest abodes,
 " Change me to flinty adamant, ye Gods;
 " To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
 " Rather than let me know the pangs I've known:
 " So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
 " Nor taunting rivals say, ' she died for love.'
 " For sure if aught can aggravate our fate,
 " 'Tis scorn, or pity from the breast we hate."
 She said,——the Gods accord the sad request;
 For when were pious pray'rs in vain address'd?

Now, strange to tell! if rural folks say true,
 To harden'd Rock the stiffening damsel grew;
 No more her shapeless features can be known,
 Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone;
 The growing Rock invades her beauteous face,
 And quickly petrifies each living grace;
 The stone her stature nor her shape retains,
 The nymph is vanish'd, but the Rock remains.
 Yet wou'd her heart its vital spirits keep,
 And scorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When babbling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
 Grief seized the soul of perjur'd POLYDORE;
 Despair and horror robb'd his soul of rest,
 And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breast.
 Then to the fatal spot in haste he hied,
 And plung'd a deadly poignard in his side:
 He bent his dying eyes upon the stone,
 And, " Take, sweet maid," he cried, " my part-
 " ing groan."

Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell,
 The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd so well;
 The guiltless steel assail'd the mortal part,
 And stabb'd the vital, vulnerable heart.

The

THE BLEEDING ROCK.

143

The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
Blends with the crimson current of his own.
And tho' revolving ages since have past,
The meeting torrents undiminish'd last;
Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
The standing wonder of the stranger swain.

Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell;
On eve of Midsummer, that foe to sleep,
What time young maids their annual vigils keep,
The † tell-tale shrub fresh gather'd to declare
The swains who false, from those who constant are:
When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard
walk

And to the wondering ear of fancy talk:
When the scar'd maid steals trembling thro' the
grove,
To kiss the tomb of him who died for love:
When, with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppress'd,

Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest;
Nay, *Grief*, short snatches of repose can take,
And nothing but *Despair* is quite awake:
Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
When all things horrible to thought appear,
Is perjur'd POLYDORE observ'd to rove
A ghastly spectre thro' the gloomy grove;
Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
Where, sadly sighing, it dissolves to air.

Still when the hours of solemn rites return,
The village train in sad procession mourn;

Pluck

† Midsummer-men consulted as oracular by village maids.

144 THE BLEEDING ROCK.

Pluck every weed which might the spot disgrace,
And plant the fairest field-flow'rs in their place.
Around no noxious plant, or floweret grows,
But the first daffodil, and earliest rose;
The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
And golden cowslips grace the vernal year:
Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
And every violet boasts a brighter blue.
Here builds the wood-lark, here the faithful dove
Laments her lost, or woos her living love.
Secure from harm is every hallow'd nest,
The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.
To guard the Rock from each malignant sprite,
A troop of guardian spirits watch by night
Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy-Land* ‡.

‡ By contraction *FAYLAND*; a hill well known in Somersetshire: not far from this is *THE BLEEDING ROCK*, from which constantly issues a crimson current.

THE

THE
SEARCH
AFTER
HAPPINESS:
A
PASTORAL DRAMA.

" To rear the tender thought,
" To teach the young idea how to shoot,
" To pour fresh instruction o'er the mind,
" To breathe th' enliv'ning Spirit, and to fix
" The gen'rous Purpose in the FEMALE breast."

THOMPSON.

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T O

MRS. G W A T K I N.

DEAR MADAM,

AS the following little poem turns chiefly on the danger of *delay*, or *error*, in the important article of *Education*, I know not to whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it, than to you, as the subject it inculcates has been one of the principal objects of your attention in your own family. Let not the name of *dedication* alarm you: I am not going to offend you by making your eulogium. Panegyric is only necessary to suspicious, or common Characters: Virtue will not accept it; modesty will not offer it.

The friendship with which you have honoured me from childhood, will, I flatter myself, induce you to pardon me for venturing without your permission, to lay before you this public testimony of my esteem, and to assure you, how much I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient,

And obliged humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

BRISTOL, }
May 10, 1773. }

H 2

P R E F A C E.

*I*T has been so hackneyed a practice for Authors to pretend, that imperfect copies of their works had crept abroad, that the writer of the following Pastoral is almost ashamed to alledge this, as the real cause of the present publication. This little poem was composed several years ago, (the Author's age eighteen) and recited at that time, and since, by a party of young Ladies, for which purpose it was originally written; by this means, some mutilated copies were circulated, unknown to the Author, through many Hands.

She is sensible it has many imperfections, but if it may be happily instrumental in promoting a regard to Religion and Virtue in the minds of young persons, and afford them an innocent, and perhaps not altogether unuseful amusement in the exercise of recitation, the end for which it was originally composed, and her utmost wish in it's publication, will be fully answered.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by a young Lady at a private
Representation.

*W*ITH trembling diffidence, with modest fear,
Before this gentle audience we appear,
Ladies ! survey us with a tender eye,
Put on good nature, and lay judgment by.
No deep laid Plot adorns our humble page,
But scenes adapted to our sex and age.
Simplicity is all our author's aim,
She does not write, nor do we speak for fame.
To make amusement and Instruction friends,
A lesson in the guise of play she sends ;
She claims no merit, but her love of truth,
No plea to favour, but her sex and youth ;
With these alone to boast, she sends me here,
To beg your kind, indulgent, partial ear.
Of critic man she cou'd not stand the test,
But you with softer gentler hearts are bless'd,
With him she dares not rest her feeble cause,
A mark too low for satire or applause.

Ladies protect her—do not be satyric,
Spare censure; she expects not panegyric.

T H E

THE
CHARACTERS
OF THE
PASTORAL.

EUPHELIA,
CLEORA,
PASTORELLA,
LAURINDA,

} Four young Ladies
of Distinction in
Search of Happi-
ness,

URANIA, An ancient Shepherdess.

SYLVIA,

ELIZA,

} Her Daughters.

FLORELLA, A young Shepherdess.

THE

THE
SEARCH
AFTER
HAPPINESS:
A PASTORAL DRAMA.

SCENE. A GROVE.

EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

CLEORA.

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades,
Ye crystal fountains, and ye silent glades!
From the gay misery of the thoughtless great,
The walks of folly, the disease of state;
From scenes, where daring guilt triumphant reigns,
It's dark suspicions, and it's hoard of pains;
Where

Where pleasure never comes without alloy,
 And art but thinly paints fallacious joy;
 Where languor loads the day, excess the night,
 And dull satiety succeeds delight;
 Where midnight vices their fell orgies keep,
 And guilty revels scare the phantom Sleep;
 Where dissipation wears the name of bliss;
 From these we fly in search of Happiness.

Euphelia. Not the tir'd Pilgrim, all his dangers past,
 When he descries the long-sought shrine at last,
 E'er felt a joy so pure, as this fair field,
 These peaceful shades, and smiling vallies yield;
 For sure these oaks, which old as time appear,
 Proclaim *Urania's* lonely dwelling near.

Pastorella. How the description with the scene
 agrees!

Here lowly thickets, there aspiring trees,
 The hazel copse excluding noon-day's beam,
 The tufted arbour, the pellucid stream;
 The blooming sweet-briar, and the hawthorn shade,
 The springing cowslips, and the daisied mead,
 The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
 Which Spring prepares, and laughing Summer yields.

Euph. Here simple nature strikes th' enraptur'd eye
 With charms, which wealth and art but ill supply;
 The genuine graces, which *without* we find,
 Display the beauty of the owner's mind.

Laurinda. These deep embow'ing shades conceal
 the cell
 Where sage *Urania* and her daughters dwell:
Florella too, if right we've heard the tale,
 With *them* resides—the lily of the vale.

Cleora. But soft, what gentle female form appears,
 Which smiles of more than mortal beauty wears?
 Is it the guardian genius of the grove?
 Or some fair Angel from the choirs above?

Enter

Enter FLORELLA, who speaks.

Whom do I see?—ye beauteous virgins say,
What chance conducts your steps this lonely way?
Do you pursue some fav'rite lambkin stray'd,
Or do yon alders court you to their shade?
Declare, fair strangers, if aright I deem,
No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.

Cle. No cooling shades allure our eager sight,
Nor lambkins lost our searching steps invite.

Flo. Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
Whose trunk the woodbine's fragrant tendrils twine.
Whose spreading height, with purple clusters crown'd,
Attracts the gaze of every nymph around?
Have these lone regions aught that charms beside?
Florella's shades, her flow'rs, her fleecy pride?

Euphe. Florella! our united thanks receive,
Sole proof of gratitude we have to give;
And since you deign to ask, O courteous fair,
The motive of our unremitting care:
Know then, 'tis *Happiness*, we would obtain,
That fairest prize our sondest wish would gain;
By Fancy's mimic pencil oft portray'd,
Still have we woo'd the visionary maid,
The lovely phantom mocks our eager eyes,
And still we chace, and still we miss the prize.

Cle. Long have we search'd throughout this bounteous isle,
With constant ardour and with ceaseless toil;
The various ways of various life we've try'd,
But Peace, sweet Peace, hath ever been deny'd,
We've sought in vain thro' ev'ry different state,
The rich, the poor, the lowly, and the great:
Doth she with Kings in palaces reside,
Or dwell obscurely, far from pomp and pride?
To learn this truth we've bid a long adieu
To all the shadows blinded men pursue.

—We seek *Urania*, her whose virtues fire
 Our virgin hearts to *be* what we *admire* :
 Fair fame hath blazon'd her accomplish'd mind,
 The lovely mansion of the graces join'd ;
 For tho' with care she shuns the public eye,
 Yet worth like *her's* unknown can never lie.

Lau. On such a fair and faultless model form'd,
 By prudence guided, and by virtue warm'd,
 Perhaps, *Florella* can direct our youth,
 And point our footsteps to the paths of truth ?

Flo. Ill would it suit my unexperienc'd age
 In such important questions to engage,
 Young as I am, unskilful to discern,
 Nor fit to teach, who yet have much to learn ;
 But would you with maturer years advise,
 And reap the counsel of the truly wise,
 The Dame you seek inhabits yonder cell,
 In *her* united worth and wisdom dwell,
 Poor, not dejected, humble, yet not mean,
 Cheerful, tho' grave, and lively, tho' serene,
 Benevolent, kind, pious, gentle, just,
 Reason her guide, and Providence her trust ;
 If Heav'n, indulgent to her little store,
 Adds to that little, but a little more,
 With pious praise her grateful heart o'erflows,
 And sweetly mitigates the sufferer's woes.
 Her labours for devotion best prepare,
 And meek devotion smooths the brow of care.

Two lovely daughters make her little state,
 The dearest blessings of propitious fate.
 Under her kind protecting wing I live :
 She gives to all—for she hath much to give,
 Since Heav'n hath bless'd her with an ample *heart*,
 That wisdom's noblest treasures can impart ;
 But, just in all it's dispensations, join'd
 A narrow fortune to a noble mind.

Pasto. Her bright perfections charm my list'ning
ear!
Elate with hope, we come to seek her here:
Then lead, Florella, to that humble shed,
Where Peace resides, from courts and cities fled.

A S O N G.

I.

O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
O hear our fond request;
Vouchsafe, reluctant Nymph, to tell
On what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,
And make us truly blest.

II.

Amidst the walks of public life,
The toils of wealth, ambition's strife,
We long have fought in vain;
The crowded city's noisy din,
And all the busy haunts of men,
Afford but care and pain.

III.

Pleas'd with the soft, the soothing pow'r
Of calm reflection's silent hour,
Sequester'd dost thou dwell?
Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,
Dost thou reside with Solitude,
Thy humble votaries tell?

IV.

O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
Let us not sue in vain;
O deign to hear our fond request,
Come take possession of our breast,
And there for ever reign.

(*They retire.*)

SCENE,

Pasto.

THE SEARCH
SCENE, the GROVE
URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

A SONG by *Sylvia*.

I.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid Queen
Of modest air, and brow serene,
'Tis thou inspir'st the Sage's themes,
The Poet's visionary dreams.

II.

Parent of virtue, nurse of Thought,
By thee were Saints and Patriarchs taught,
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair Science grew.

III.

Whate'er exalts, refines and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms,
Whate'er is perfect, fair and good,
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.

IV.

In these blest shades thou dost maintain
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign;
No turbulent desires intrude
On thy repose, sweet Solitude.

V.

With thee the charm of life shall last,
E'en when it's rosy bloom is past,
And when slow-pacing Time shall spread
It's silver blossoms o'er my head.

VI.

No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And Angels point the way to peace.

Urania.

Urania. Ye tender objects of maternal love,
 Ye dearest joys URANIA e'er can prove;
 Behold another chearful morn arise!
 Behold the Sun, all glorious mount the skies!
 Say, can you see this animating light,
 Without a fervent, pious, calm delight?
 Does not that Sun, whose all-prolific ray
 Inspires each object to be light and gay,
 Does not that vivid pow'r teach ev'ry mind,
 To be as warm, benevolent and kind,
 To burn with unremitted ardor still,
 Like *him* to execute their Maker's will?
 Then, let us, Power Supreme! thy will adore,
 Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy pow'r;
 Shalt thou these benefits *in vain* bestow?
 Shall we forget the source from whence they flow?
 Teach us thro' these to lift our hearts to Thee,
 And in the Gift the bounteous Giver see;
 To view Thee, as thou art, all good and wise,
 Nor let thy Blessings hide Thee from our eyes;
 From all obstructions clear our mental sight,
 Pour on our souls thy beatific light;
 Teach us thy wond'rous goodness to revere,
 With love to worship, and with rev'rence fear;
 In the *mild* works of thy *benignant* hand,
 As in the *thunder* of thy dread command;
 In common objects we neglect thy pow'r,
 Nor heed a miracle in ev'ry flow'r;
 Yet neither hurricanes, nor storms proclaim
 In *louder* language, thy Almighty Name.
 —Tell me, my first, my last, my darling care,
 If you this morn, have rais'd your hearts in pray'r?
 Say, did you rise from the sweet bed of rest,
 Your God unprais'd, his holy name unblest'd!

Sylv. Our minds with gratitude and reverence
 fraught
 By those pure precepts you have ever taught,

By

By your example more than precept strong,
Of pray'r and praise have tun'd our matin song.

Eliza. And now, once more, with usual joy, at-
tend,

The counsels of our fond, maternal friend.

*Enter FLORELLA, with EUPHELIA, CLEORA,
PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.*

FLORELLA, (aside to the Ladies.)

See how the goodly dame with pious art,
Makes every thing a lesson to the heart!
Observe the duteous list'ners, how they stand!
Improvement and delight go hand in hand,

Ura. But where's FLORELLA?

Flb. Here's the happy she,
Whom Heav'n most favour'd when it gave her thee.

Ura. But who are these in whose attractive mien,
So sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen?
Speak, my FLORELLA, say the cause why here
These beauteous damsels on our plains appear?

Flb. Invited hither by URANIA's fame,
To seek her friendship, to these shades they came.
Straying alone at morning's earliest dawn,
I met them wandering on the verdant lawn;
Their courteous manners soon engag'd my love,
I've brought them here your sage advice to prove.

Ur. Tell me, ye gentle nymphs, the reason tell,
Which brings such guests to grace my lonely cell;
Ask what we have to give—it is not our's,
Heaven has but lent it us to make it yours.

Cleora. Your counsel, your advice is all we ask,
And for URANIA that's no irksome task,
'Tis HAPPINESS we seek. O deign to tell,
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell?

Ur. Ah,

Ur. Ah, rather say, where you have fought this
guest,

'This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast?
Declare the various methods you've essay'd,
'To court, and win the bright celestial maid.
But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair
Her ruling passion must with truth declare.

Euph. Bred in the regal splendours of a court,
Where pleasures, dress'd in every shape, resort;
I tried the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,
Nor e'er found room for thought, or time for pray'r;
In different follies every hour I spent,
Without reflection whence could rise content?
My hours were shar'd betwixt the Park and Play,
And music serv'd to waste the tedious day;
Yet softest airs no more with joy I heard,
Soon as some sweeter warbler was prefer'd;
The dance succeeded, and succeeding tir'd,
If some more graceful dancer was admir'd;
No sounds but flattery ever sooth'd my ear,
Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear;
In drawing-rooms my dull, pale vigils spent,
With ardour fought, but found not *there* content;
The Syren mock'd me with delusive charms,
I grasp'd—the shadow fled my eager arms.
The scorpion Envy goaded still my breast,
Some newer beauty robb'd my soul of rest;
Or if my elegance of form prevail'd,
And haply her inferior graces fail'd;
Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found.
Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound:
Perhaps her gay attire exceeded mine—
When she was *finer* how could I be *fine*?

Sylv. Pardon my interruption, beauteous maid!
Can truth have prompted what you just have said!
Do you believe it possible, that *dress*
Can lessen, or advance your Happiness;

Or

Or that your robes, tho' splendid, rich and fine,
Possess intrinsic value more than mine?

Urania. So close our nature is to vice allied,
Our very comforts are the source of pride;
Too much we move by *Custom's* slavish rule,
Too often *Fashion* constitutes the fool.

Cleora. Of Happiness unfound I too complain,
Sought in a different path, but sought in vain:
I sigh'd for *fame*, I languish'd for renown,
I wou'd be prais'd, caress'd, admir'd, and known.
On daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd,
And science thro' her boundless fields explor'd:
I scorn'd the salique laws of pedant schools,
Which chain our genius down by tasteless rules:
I long'd to burst these female bonds, which held
My sex in awe, (by thirst of fame impell'd)
To boast each various faculty of mind,
Thy graces, POPE! with JOHNSON'S learning join'd:
Like SWIFT, with strongly pointed ridicule,
To brand the villain, and abash the fool:
To judge with taste, with spirit to compose,
Now mount in epic, now descend to prose;
Steal flow'rs from BURKE, at once *sublime* and *sweet*,
From MASON numbers, and from COLMAN, wit;
Thy talents, MELMOTH; HUME, thy polish'd page;
All HAMMOND'S softness, and all DRYDEN'S rage;
I pin'd for passion, sentiment and stile,
To weep with OTWAY, and with GOLDSMITH smile:
With poignant STERNE to laugh the hours away,
Or court the muse of elegy with GRAY,
With LANGHORNE, fancy's fairy fields to range,
And charm, like LANGHORNE, howsoe'er I change.

Urania. Who aims at *every* science soon will find
The field how vast, how limited the mind!

Cleora. *Abstruser* studies soon my fancy caught,
The poet in th' astronomer forgot;
The schoolmen's systems now my mind employ'd,
Their crystal Spheres, their Atoms, and their Void:

NEW -

NEWTON, and HALLEY all my soul inspir'd,
 And *numbers* less than *calculations* fir'd ;
 DESCART's, and EUCLID shar'd my varying breast,
 And plans and problems all my soul possess'd :
 Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Phœbus' ray,
 Than mark the flaming comet's devious way :
 The pale moon dancing on the silv' r stream,
 And the mild lustre of her trembling beam,
 No more could charm my philosophic pride,
 Which sought her influence on the flowing tide ;
 No more *ideal* beauties fir'd my thought,
 Which only *facts* and *demonstrations* sought ;
 " Let common eyes, I said, with transport view,
 " The earth's bright verdure, or the Heav'n's soft
 " blue,
 " False is the pleasure, the delight is vain,
 " Colours exist but in the *vulgar* brain."
 I now with LOCKE trod *metaphysic* soil,
 Now chas'd coy nature thro' the tracts of BOYLE ;
 Sigh'd for their fame, but fear'd to share their toil. }
 The laurel wreath, in fond idea twin'd,
 To grace my learned temples I design'd.

These were my notions, these my constant themes,
 My daily longings, and my nightly dreams ;
 The thirst of fame my bosom robb'd of rest,
 Too small the mansion for so great a guest.

Past. To me no joys cou'd pomp, or fame impart,
 Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.
 No prudent parent form'd my ductile youth,
 Nor pointed out the lovely paths of truth.
 Left to myself to cultivate my mind,
 Pernicious *novels* their soft entrance find :
 Their pois'nous influence led my mind astray,
 I sigh'd for something what, I cou'd not say ;
 I fancy'd virtues, which were never seen,
 And dy'd for heroes, who have never been,

I sicken'd

I sicken'd with disgust at sober sense,
 And loath'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense ;
 Contemn'd the manners of the world I saw,
 My guide was fiction, and romance my law.
 Strange images my wand'ring fancy fill,
 Each wind a zephyr, and each brook a rill ;
 I found adventures in each common tale,
 And talk'd and sigh'd to every passing gale ;
 Convers'd with echoes, woods, and shades, and bow'rs,
 Cascades, and grottoes, fields, and streams, and flow'rs.

Eliza, (to URANIA.) Preserve me from the errors
 of deceit,

And all the dangers wealth and beauty met !

Past. Reason perverted, Fancy on her throne,
 My soul to all my sex's softness prone ;
 I neither spoke, nor look'd as mortal ought,
 By sense abandon'd and by folly taught :
 A victim to imagination's sway,
 Which stole my health, and rest, and peace away.
 Professions, void of meaning, I receiv'd,
 And still I found them false—and still believ'd :
 Imagin'd all who courted me, approv'd,
 Who prais'd, esteem'd me, and who flatter'd, lov'd.
 Fondly I hop'd (now vain those hopes appear,)
 Each man was faithful and each maid sincere.
 Still, disappointment mock'd the lingering day ;
 Still, new-born wishes led my soul astray.

When in the rolling year no joy I find,
 I trust the *next*, the *next* will sure be kind ;
 The next fallacious as the *last* appears,
 And sends me on to still *remoter* years,
 They come—they promise, but forget to give ;
 I *live* not, but I still *intend* to live.

At length, deceiv'd in all my schemes of bliss,
 I join'd these *three* in search of happiness.

Eliza. Is this the world of which we want a fight ?
 Are these the beings who are call'd polite ?

Sylv.

Sy.v. If so, oh gracious Heav'n! hear SYLVIA'S
pray'r,

Preserve me still in humble virtue here!
Far from such baneful pleasures may I live,
And keep, O keep me from the taint they give!

Laurinda. 'Till now I've slept on life's tumultuous-
tide,

No principle of action for my guide;
From *ignorance* my chief misfortunes flow,
I never wish'd to learn, or car'd to know;
With ev'ry folly slow-pac'd time beguil'd,
In size a woman, but in soul a child;
In slothful ease my moments crept away,
And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day;
I liv'd extempore, as fancy fir'd,
As chance directed, or caprice inspir'd:
Too indolent to think, too weak to chuse,
Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;
I took my colouring from the world around,
The figures they, my mind the simple ground:
Fashion, with monstrous forms, the canvas stain'd,
'Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd;
My pliant soul from chance receiv'd it's bent,
And neither good perform'd, or evil meant:
From right to wrong, from *vice* to virtue thrown,
No character possessing of its own.

Tho' more to folly, than to vice inclin'd,
A drear vacuity possess'd my mind.
'Too old to be with infant sports amus'd,
Unfit for converse, and to books unus'd;
The wise avoided me, they could not hear
My senseless prattle with a patient ear,

Disgusted, restless, every plan amiss,
I come with these in search of Happiness.

Cleora. We thus united by one common fate,
Resolv'd on virtue if not yet too late,

Have

Have form'd a friendship, which thro' life shall last,
And vows, and choice, and love have bound it fast.
Each left her title and exchange'd her name,
More anxious now for virtue than for fame.

Urania. Your candor, beauteous damsels, I approve,
Your foibles pity, and your merits love.

How few, O sacred virtue! can acquire
That heart-felt transport thy pure flames inspire!
But ere I say the methods you must try
To gain the glorious prize for which you sigh,
Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd
With a plain meal, by temperance prepar'd.

Florella. No luxury our humble board attends,
But love and concord are it's smiling friends.

A S O N G,

By FLORELLA.

I.

HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd;
Let the rich, and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train.

II.

No charm in thy modest allurements they find,
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind:
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace, and serenity blest?

III.

O wou'd you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us with delight at her altar you'd bend,
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd,
You'd practise from virtue, and love them from taste.

IV.

The linnet enchants us the bushes among,
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;

We

AFTER HAPPINESS.

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We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with ecstasy hang on the ravishing notes.

V.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs.
And our food, nor disease, nor satiety brings;
Our mornings are chearful, our labours are blest,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with
rest.

VI.

From our culture yon' garden it's ornament finds,
And we carch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to some purpose we constantly try,
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.

VII.

Since such are the joys that *Simplicity* yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and
health.

(They retire into the Cottage.)

SCENE, the GROVE.

FLORELLA, EUPHELIA, CLEORA, LAURINDA,
and PASTORELLA.

A SONG, by *Florella*.

I.

While Beauty and Pleasure are now in their prime,
And Folly and Fashion expect our whole time,
Ah! let not those phantoms our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

Tho'

II.

Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us awhile,
 Yet let not their flattery our prudence beguile,
 Let us covet those charms that will never decay,
 Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

III.

"How the tints of the rose, and the jess'mine's per-
 "fume,
 "The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,
 "Tho' fair and tho' fragrant unheeded may lie,
 "For that neither is sweet when Florella is by."

IV.

I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health,
 Then, richer than Kings, and as happy as they,
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

V.

When age shall steal on me and youth is no more,
 And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
 What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I find?
 My treasure, my wealth is a sweet peace of mind.

VI.

That peace I'll preserve then, as pure, as 'twas giv'n,
 And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heav'n;
 For Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,
 And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.

VII.

And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,
 And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
 Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
 I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down and die.

Eup. Thus sweetly pass the hours of rural ease!
 Where life is bliss, and pleasures truly please!

Paso.

Paslo. With joy we view the dangers we have past,
Assur'd we've found *Felicity* at last.

Flo. Expect not *perfect Happiness* below,
Nor heav'nly plants on earth's low soil to grow.
Esteem none happy by their outward air;
All have their portion of allotted care;
Tho' prudence wears the semblance of content
When the full heart with agony is rent;
Secludes it's anguish from the public sight,
And feeds on sorrow with a sad delight:
Shuns every eye to cherish darling grief,
This fond indulgence it's supreme relief.
By love directed and in mercy meant,
Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions sent;
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that blest clime where pain shall be no more.
Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

Cle. List'ning to you my heart can never cease,
To rev'rence *Virtue*, and to sigh for peace.

Flo. Know, ev'n *Urania*, that accomplish'd Fair,
Whose goodness makes her Heav'n's peculiar care,
Full oft e'er she her present peace attain'd,
The bitter cup of woe hath deeply drain'd,
With streaming eyes hath mourn'd a husband dead,
With feeble hands hath earn'd her children bread;
In affluence born, and bred in splendid state,
Hath felt the cruellest extreme of fate;
Yet meek, resign'd and patient in distress,
She knew the hand which wounds, hath pow'r to
bless:

Instead of murmuring at his sacred will,
Grateful she bow'd for what was left her still.

He, who our frail mortality did bear,

Tho' free from *sin*, was not exempt from care;

Taught

Taught by his precepts, by his practice taught,
Her will submitted, and resign'd her thought,
Thro' Faith she look'd beyond these earthly scenes
To where no pain nor sorrow intervenes.

Enter URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

Ura. Since, gentle Nymphs, my friendship to
obtain,
You've sought this peaceful, this sequester'd plain,
My honest council with attention hear,
Tho' plain, well-meant, imperfect, yet sincere;
What from maturer years alone I've known,
What time has taught me, and experience shewn;
No polish'd phrase my artless speech will grace,
But unaffected candor fill it's place:
My lips shall flattery's smooth deceit refuse;
And truth be all the eloquence I'll use.
Know then, that life's chief happiness and woe,
From good, or evil *Education* flow,
And hence our future dispositions rise,
The vice we practice, or the good we prize.
When pliant nature any form receives,
That precept teaches, or example gives,
The yielding mind with virtue shou'd be grac'd,
For first impressions seldom are effac'd.
If ignorance then her iron sway maintain,
If prejudice preside, or passion reign,
The erring principle is rooted fast,
And fix'd the temper that thro' life may last.

Pasfo. With heart-felt penitence we now deplore
Those squander'd hours, that time can ne'er restore.

Ura. Euphelia sighs for flattery, dress, and show.
Too common sources these of female woe!
In *Beauty's* sphere pre-eminence to find,
She flights the culture of th' immortal mind;
I would not rail at beauty's charming pow'r,
I would but have her aim at something more;

Beauty

Beauty with reason needs not quite dispense,
 And coral lips may sure speak common sense;
 Beauty makes virtue lovelier still appear,
 Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!
 Confirms it's conquest o'er the willing mind,
 And those your beauties gain, your virtues bind.
 Yet would ambition's fire your bosom fill,
 It's flame repress not—be ambitious still;
 Let nobler views your best attention claim;
 The object chang'd, the passion be the same:
 Indulge the true ambition to excel
 In that best art, the art of living well.

Euph. Unhappy those to bliss who seek the way,
 In pow'r superior, or in splendor gay!
 Inform'd by thee, no more vain man shall find
 The charm of flattery taint Euphelia's mind;
 By thee instructed still my views shall rise,
 Nor stop at any mark beneath the skies.

Ura. In fair Laurinda's uninstructed mind
 The want of culture, not of sense we find;
 Be Wisdom therefore your peculiar care,
 Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair,
 Associate with the good, attend the sage,
 And meekly listen to experienc'd age.
 What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain
 Such, as the wise may want, the bad attain,
 Know, that *Religion's* sacred treasures lie
 Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye,
 For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,
 Nor limited to Science; or to Wit;
 To elevated talents not confin'd,
 But all may learn the truths for all design'd;
 She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,
 And points to mansions of eternal rest.

And when, advanc'd in years, matur'd in sense,
 Think not with farther care you may dispense;

I

'Tis

'Tis fatal to the interests of the soul
 To stop the race before we've reach'd the goal,
 For nought our higher progress can preclude
 So much as thinking we're already good ;
 Then place the standard of fair Virtue high,
 Pursue, and grasp it e'en beyond the sky.

Lau. O that important time cou'd back return
 Those mispent hours, whose loss I deeply mourn ;
 Accept, just Heav'n, my penitence sincere,
 My heart-felt anguish, and my fervent pray'r.

Ura. I pity Pastorella's hapless fate,
 By nature gentle, generous, mild, yet great ;
 One false propension all her pow'rs confin'd,
 And chain'd her finer faculties of mind ;
 Yet ev'ry virtue might have flourish'd there
 With early culture, and maternal care.

If *Good* we plant not, *Vice* will fill the mind,
 And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
 Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best ;
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise,
 Nor rests our struggling nature, 'till she dies :
 Those very passions, that our peace invade,
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made ;
 Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,
 Direct the ardor, which your breast inflames,
 To that pure region of eternal joys,
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy ;
 Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,
 Or b'ooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs ;
 Fairer, than e'er imagination drew,
 Or poet's warmest visions ever knew ;
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
 Where one unbounded Spring for ever reigns.

Paslo. I mourn the errors of my thoughtless
 youth,
 And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth.

Ura.

Ura. Learning is all the fair Cleora's aim,
 She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of Fame :
 Wou'd she the privilege of *Man* invade ?
 Science for *female* minds was never made ;
Taste, elegance, and talents, may be our's,
 But *learning* suits not our less vigorous powers :
 Learning but roughens, polish'd taste refines,
 DACIER less lovely, than SEVIGNE shines ;
 Know, fair Aspirer, cou'd you ever hope
 To speak like STONHOUSE, or to write like POPE,
 To join like FERNEY's, or like HAGLEY's Sage,
 Th' Historic, Ethic, and Poetic page,
 With all the powers of Wit and Judgment fraught,
 The flow of stile, and the sublime of thought ;
 Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,
 Graces peculiar to the *sex* design'd,
 Good-nature, patience, sweetness void of art,
 If these embellish'd not your virgin heart,
 You might be *dazzling*, but not truly *bright*,
 A pompous glare, but not an useful light,
 A *Meteor*, not a star you would appear,
 For *Woman* shines but in her *proper* sphere.

Accomplishments by Heaven were first design'd
 Less to adorn, than to amend the mind ;
 Each shou'd contribute to the general end,
 And all to virtue, as their centre, tend ;
 Th' acquirements, which our best esteem invite,
 Shou'd not project, but soften, mix, unite ;
 In glaring light not strongly be display'd,
 But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

Cle. Confus'd with shame to thy reproofs I bend,
 Thou best adviser, and thou truest friend !
 From thee I'll learn to judge, and act aright,
Humility with *Know'edge* to unite,
 The *finish'd* character must *both* combine,
 The *perfect Woman* must in either shine.

Ura. Florella shines adorn'd with every grace,
 Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face:
 Above the wretched, and below the great,
 Kind Heaven has fix'd her in a middle state;
 From rich, and poor, at equal distance thrown,
 The smile invidious, and th' insulting frown;
 The *Dæmon Fashion*: ver warp'd her soul,
 Her passions move at *Reason's* wise controul,
 Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,
 For what she dares to *be*, she dares *appear*;
 Unlectur'd in dissimulation's school,
 To smile by precept, and to blush by rule,
 Reason in *her* to pure religion tends,
 Subservient only to the noblest ends;
 True piety's the magnet of her soul,
 Which upward points, immortal bliss the pole.

She smooths the path of my declining years,
 Augments my comforts, and divides my cares.

Pasto. O sacred friendship, O exalted state!
 The choicest bounty of indulgent fate!

Ura. Wou'd you, ye fair, the bright example give,
 Fir'd with ambition, men like you wou'd live,
 Wou'd chuse for merit, and esteem for sense,
 And taste the solid transports these dispense,
 No longer wou'd disdain the virtuous wife,
 Nor the dear blessings of domestic life;
 Bar, shunning each delusive path of sin,
 All joy without, all sweet content within,
 Wou'd rouse at virtue's, and at honor's voice,
 And love from *reason*, whom they lik'd from choice:
 Then marriage wou'd with peace go hand in hand,
 And Concord's temple close to Hymen's stand.

How blest, would each to Reason's voice submit,
 Nor *Man* affect controul, nor *Woman*, wit.
 Harmonious union must for ever cease,
 If once Contention breaks the band of peace:

Abhor

Abhor beginnings — always dread the worst,
 Admit a doubt, and you're compleatly curst.
 Nor vice alone, e'en foibles may destroy
 Domestic peace, and taint the nuptial joy.

Let Woman then her *real* good discern,
 And her *true* interests of Urania learn;
 Her lowest name, the tyrant of an hour,
 And her best empire negligence of power:
 By yielding she obtains the noblest sway,
 And reigns securely when she seems t' obey.

Euphe. With double grace she pleads Discretion's
 cause,
 Who from her life her virtuous lesson draws.

Ura. As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
 Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
 Nor courts the Sun, nor seeks the glare of light,
 Shou'd some rude hand prophanelly dare intrude,
 And bear its beauties from its native wood,
 Expos'd abroad its languid colours fly,
 Its form decays and all its odors die.
 So *Woman*, born to dignify retreat,
 Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
 'To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm,
 Fearful of Fame, unwilling to be known,
 Shou'd seek but Heaven's applauses, and her own;
 No censures dread, but those, which crimes impart,
 The censures of a self-condemning heart,
 With Angel kindness should behold distress,
 And meekly pity where she can't redress;
 Like beaming Mercy wipe affliction's tear,
 But to *herself* not *Justice* so severe;
 Her passions all corrected, or subdu'd,
 But one — the virtuous thirst of doing good,
 This great ambition still she calls her own,
 This best ambition makes her breast its throne.

Cle. Let's join to bless that pow'r, who brought us here,
 Adore his goodness and his will revere,
 Assur'd, that *Peace* exists but in the *mind*,
 And *Piety* alone that *Peace* can find.

Ura. In it's true light this transient life regard,
 A state of trial only, not reward;
 Tho' rough the passage, peaceful is the port,
 The bliss is perfect, the probation short.
 Of human wit beware the fatal pride,
 An useful Follower, but a dangerous Guide,
 On holy Faith's aspiring pinions rise,
 Assert your birth-right, and assume the skies.

Fountain of Being,—teach us to devote
 To thee each purpose, action, word, and thought;
 Thy grace our hope, thy love our only boast,
 Be all distinctions in the *Christian* lost;
 Be this, in ev'ry state, our wish alone,
Almighty, wise, and good, Thy Will be done.

ODE TO CHARITY.

I.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
 Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the skies!
 From the pure fountain of eternal light,
 Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
 The Beatific Vision shines,
 And Angel with Archangel joins
 In choral songs to sing his praise,
 PARENT OF LIFE, ANCIENT OF DAYS,
 Who *was* ere Time existed, and *shall be*
 Thro' the wide round of vast Eternity,
 Oh come, thy warm benevolence impart,
 Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

O THOU,

II.

O THOU, enthron'd in realms above,
Bright effluence of that boundless love
Whence joy and peace in streams unfullied flow,
Oh! deign to make thy lov'd abode below:
Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue
Than Saint conceiv'd, or Seraph sung,
And tho' my glowing fancy caught
Whatever Art, or Nature taught,
Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!
An empty shadow Science wou'd be found.
My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound.

III.

Tho' my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thy aid ev'n this wou'd nought avail,
For Tongues shall cease, and Prophecies shall fail:
Come then, thou sweet celestial guest,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
And Hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for Heav'n, and point the way
Where Perfect Happiness her sway maintains,
For there the God of Peace for ever, ever reigns.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by two young LADIES.

Enter FIRST LADY.

LADIES! to night our unexperienc'd train
Your favour courted :—Did we court in vain?
Like *Hamlet's Ghost* just rising from the dead,
“ With all our imperfections on our head,”
Unlectur'd in the deep theatric art,
To rouse the feelings of the pitying heart,
Unus'd to acting, and untaught to feign
The fancied pleasure and the mimic pain,
You'll wonder how we ventur'd into view,
And to say truth—I wonder at it too;
Yet think not fill'd with insolence we come,
Conscious demerit still would keep us dumb.—

Enter SECOND LADY.

Child! we must quit these visionary scenes,
And end our follies when we end our teens,
These bagatelles we must relinquish now,
And good *matronic Gentlemen* grow :
Fancy no more on airy wings shall rise,
We now must scold the maids, and make the pies ;
Verse is a folly—we must get above it,
And yet I know not how it is—I love it.

Tho'

E P I L O G U E.

Tho' shou'd we still the rhyming trade pursue,
 The men will shun us,—and the women too :
 The men, poor souls ! of scholars are afraid,
 We shou'd not, did they govern, learn to read,
 At least, in no abstruser volume look,
 Than the learn'd records——of a Cookery book ;
 The ladies too, their well-meant censure give,
 “ What !—does she write ? A flattern, as I live.—
 “ I wish she'd leave her books, and mend her cloaths,
 “ I thank my stars I know not verse from prose ;
 “ How well so'er these learned ladies write,
 “ They seldom act the virtues they recite ;
 “ No useful qualities adorn their lives,
 “ They make sad Mothers, and still sadder Wives.”

FIRST LADY.

I grant this satire just, in former days,
 When *Sappho's* and *Corinna's* tun'd their lays ;
 But in our chaster Times 'tis no offence,
 When female virtue joins with female sense ;
 When moral *Carter* breathes the strain divine,
 And *Akin's* life flows faultless, as her line ;
 When all-accomplish'd *Montague* can spread
 Fresh-gather'd laurels round her *Shakespear's* head ;
 When wit, and worth in polish'd *Brookes* unite,
 And fair *Macaulay* claims a *Livy's* right.

Thus far, to clear her from the sin of rhyme,
 Our author bade me trespass on your time,
 To shew, that if she dares aspire to letters,
 She only sins in common with her betters ;
 She bids me add—'cho' Learning's cause I plead,
 One virtuous sentiment, one generous deed
 Affords more genuine transport to the heart,
 Than genius, wit, or science can impart ;
 For these shall flourish, fearless of decay,
 When wit shall fail, and science fade away.

INSCRIPTION

In a beautiful Retreat called FAIRY BOWER.



AIRY spirits, you, who love,
Cooling bower, or shady grove,
Streams, that murmur, as they flow,
Zephyrs bland, that softly blow,

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn Nightingale,
Hither, airy spirits come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noon-tide shade,
Hither Sylphs, and Fairies, fly,
Unobserv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander every night
By the moon-beam's glimmering light,
And again at early day
Brush the Silver dews away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow,
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs :

Where

Where the largest acorn lies,
Precious in a Fairy's eyes ;
Sylphs, tho' unconfin'd to place,
Love to fill an acorn's space.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird, or the thrush,
Great *his* joy, who first *espies*,
Greater his, who *saves* the prize.

Come, and watch the hallow'd bow'r,
Chase the insect from the flower ;
Little offices, like these,
Gentle souls, and Fairies please.

Mortals ! form'd of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away,
Or, if you shou'd dare appear
See, that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, Fashion's fool,
Mad Ambition's restless tool,
Slave of passion, slave of power,
Fly, ah ! fly this tranquil bower.

Son of avarice, soul of frost,
Wretch, of Heaven abhorr'd the most,
Learn to pity others wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye, unconscious of a tear
When Affliction's train appear,
Heart, that never heav'd a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heaven,
Giving freely what was given,
Who, like Providence, dispense
Blessings of benevolence ;

You,

You, who wipe the tearful eye,
You, who stop the rising sigh,
You, who well have understood
The luxury of doing good ;

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my power to you ;
You the mossy banks may press,
You, each guardian Fay shall bless.

A P R O.

A PROLOGUE

TO HAMLET,

Spoken by the late Mr. POWELL, on his Benefit-Night, at the THEATRE at *Jacob's-Well*, near *Bristol*, in 1765.

WHEN genius flourish'd, and when Shakespear wrote,

When *Plays* nor wanted wit, nor *Prologues* thought ;
Phœbus, to crown a merit so confess'd,
Decreed this boon to make his darling bless'd ;
Two beauteous daughters of immortal Jove,
(Enchanting virgins, form'd alone for love,)
He brought, and both beside the Poet plac'd,
Who *each* admir'd, and *each* by turns embrac'd ;
He knew not which to leave, nor which to chuse,
This was the comic, that the tragic Muse ;
Now, blithe *Thalia*, buxom, debonair,
Seem'd all his wish, ambition, pride and care ;
'Then, sweet *Melpomene* his soul possess'd,
She was the gentlest, softest, loveliest, best ;
To strains harmonious each attunes her lyre,
With solemn sweetness, or with living fire ;
Perplex'd—the charm'd, divided Poet stood,
Transported, lost,—alternately subdu'd,
Phœbus the wav'ring of his soul deserv'd,
And pass'd his leave to make *each* fair his bride,

The

The God—strange sentence! tho' t'was given on high,
 For this one time allow'd *Polygamy*;
 Th' enraptur'd bard unites each jarring wife,
 And, wondrous tale! adores them both for life.

To-night, for *your* applause, *my* dearest fame,
 I bring an offspring of the *tragic* Dame;
 No thundering hero angry Jove defies,
 Nor impious lover storms against the skies,
 To draw the gen'rous, sympathetic tear,
 The *filial virtues* shall to-night appear;
 A flame so holy, and so chaste a zeal,
 As Heav'n might look on, or as Saints might feel:
 Beauties on beauties strike the dazzled eyes,
 New beauties still on former beauties rise:
 Oh nature! whence this pow'rful, magic sway,
 That from our bosoms steals our souls away?

If, to draw characters most justly bright,
 To contrast light with shade, and shade with light,
 To trace up passions to their inmost source,
 And greatly paint them with uncommon force,
 If these, obedient still to nature's laws,
 Excite our wonder, and exact applause,
 Be these, immortal Shakespeare! ever thine;
 To feel, to praise, and to adore them, *mine*:
 Engrave thy genuine feelings on this breast,
 Be all my bosom with thy stamp impress'd!

Pardon this tribute *—Nature will have way,
 To Shakespeare *Nature* must her tribute pay.
 Nor think presumption claims too large a part,
 If I aspire to boast a grateful heart:
 Oh gratitude! thou deity confess'd,
 Thou angel passion in a human breast,
 Forgive, if dearer to my soul than fame,
 I steal one ray of thy celestial flame,
 With honest transport bring the spark divine,
 And offer it, as incense, at this shrine. †

A PRO-

* Weeps.

† To the audience.

A P R O L O G U E,
To the Tragedy of
K I N G L E A R;

Spoken at the Theatre in *King-street, Bristol*, by
the late Mr. POWELL, to introduce Mrs.
POWELL, who appeared in the Part of COR-
DELIA.

W I T H grateful joy, with honest pride elate,
See, a Triumvir * of our little state:

In ancient *Rome*, by custom, 'twas decreed,
That civic crowns shou'd be the victor's meed;
Let victors wear the gift of public laws,

—*My noblest civic crown is your applause!*

Thou, at whose shrine we nightly sacrifice,
Thou God of pathos, soul of Shakespeare, rise!
Teach me thy melting, thy persuasive art,
To wake the tenderest feelings of the heart.

Blush not, ye good, ye grave to shed a tear,
It falls from *virtue* if it falls for Lear:
No wild, licentious picture shall excite
The kindly dew-drops of your eyes to-night:
By no false colouring drawn, no lawless plan,
'Tis not the King demands them,—'tis the Man.

Let meaner bards, uncertain of success,
Cloath their thin thoughts in all the pomp of dress:
When mighty Kings appear, let meaner bards
Place royalty in trapping, state and guards;
Our Shakespeare scorns such pa'try, futile arts,
He, whilst he charms you, meliorates your hearts:

Roufes

* The Theatre was conducted by three Managers, of which
Mr. Powell was one.

Rouses each nobler feeling of the mind,
His volume *nature*, and his theme *mankind* ;
For this, eternal honours grace his name,
And never-dying laurels crown his fame !

The hoary monarch of to-night aspires
To kindle *pity's* lamp at *nature's* fires,
Weakness and passion, tenderness and rage,
The fire of youth, the frowardness of age,
With filial cruelty's acutest sting,
Rend the sad bosom of a wretched King :
Unworthy, 'till by crushing woes distress'd,
Greatest when fall'n, and noblest when oppress'd.

Now let me, trembling, lift an anxious eye,
And touch each chord of soft humanity ;
Let me, in each kind face, read sweet applause,
Whilst I presume to plead a *woman's* cause ;
To-night—the *second* æra of my life,
I venture here my *pupil*, more—my *wife* !
Imagine all her doubts, and all her fears,
Her soft alarms, her apprehensive tears ;
No sanguine hope her aching bosom fires,
No fancied fame her timid soul inspires ;
Indulge her with the sunshine of *your* praise,
A frown wou'd kill her, as a smile cou'd raise :
The *tearful* blossom, will, with joy, expand,
If kindly nurtur'd by your fost'ring hand.
Come then, Cordelia, come ! for sages tell
'Tis worthy praise but to *endeavour* well ;
Thus, hand in hand, to the same point we'll tend,
Nature our *means*, morality our *end*.

If modest hope be crown'd, if sweet success,
Her humble wish, her gising efforts bless :
She'll think 'twas *here* her trembling steps first mov'd,
And be more grateful, as she's more approv'd ;
You she'll esteem her friends, her fame, her fate,
And from this hour her future fortunes date ;
Then smile, propitious smile, and make for life
Oze grateful *Husband*, and one happy *Wife*.

T H E
INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

A
T R A G E D Y.



The Man resolv'd, and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just.

Horace, Book III. Ode 3.

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TO THE
Honourable Mrs. BOSCAWEN.

M A D A M,

IT seems somewhat extraordinary, that altho' with persons of merit, no virtue stands in higher estimation than the love of truth; yet the surest means to offend them in addresses of this nature, is a strict adherence to it; and it will be a singular circumstance to see a Dedication without praise, to a Lady possessed of every quality and accomplishment, which can justly intitle her to it.

I am, MADAM, with great Respect,

Your obedient,

And most humble Servant

BRISTOL,
March 1, 1774.

H. M O R E.

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

AMONG the great names, which have done honor to antiquity in general, that of *Marcus Attilius Regulus* has, by the general consent of all ages, been considered as one of the most respectable, since he not only sacrificed his labours, his liberty, and his life for the good of his country, but by a greatness of soul, almost peculiar to himself, contrived to make his very misfortunes contribute to that glorious end.

After the Romans had met with various successes in the first Punic war, under the command of Regulus, victory at length declared for the opposite party, the Roman army was totally overthrown, and Regulus himself taken prisoner, by *Xantippus*, a Lacedæmonian General in the service of the Carthaginians: the victorious enemy exulting in so important a conquest, kept him many years in close imprisonment, and loaded him with the most cruel indignities. They thought it was now in their power to make their own terms with Rome, and determined to send Regulus thither, with their Ambassador, to negotiate a peace, or at least, an exchange of captives, thinking he would gladly persuade his countrymen to discontinue a war, which necessarily prolonged his captivity. They previously exacted from him an oath to return should his embassy prove unsuccessful; at the same time giving him to understand, that he must expect to suffer a cruel death if he failed in it; this they artfully intimated as the strongest motive for him to leave no means unattempted to accomplish their purpose.

At the unexpected arrival of this venerable hero, the Romans express'd the wildest transports of joy,
and

A R G U M E N T.

and would have submitted to almost any conditions to procure his enlargement; but, Regulus so far from availing himself of his influence with the Senate to obtain any personal advantages, employed it to induce them to reject proposals so evidently tending to dishonour their country, declaring his fixed resolution to return to bondage, and death, rather than violate his oath.

He at last extorted from them their consent; and departed amidst the tears of his family, the importunities of his friends, the applauses of the Senate, and the tumultuous opposition of the people; and as a great poet of his own nation beautifully observes, “ he embarked for Carthage as calm and unconcerned, “ as if, on finishing the tedious law-suits of his clients, “ he was retiring to *Venasian* fields, or the sweet “ country of *Tarentum*.” §

§ HOR. Book III. Ode 5.

† In the above, and many other important particulars, the author has paid the strictest regard to historical truth: In some less essential points, where she thought it would rather obstruct than advance her purpose, she has ventured to deviate from it; particularly, in fixing the return of Regulus to Rome, posterior to the death of his wife Martia. In *this*, and in the *general* conduct of the story, she has followed the Italian poet Metastasio in his Opera of *three* acts: of which she has given a *free* translation, and made such *additions*, as were necessary to form it into a tragedy of *five* acts.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

REGULUS.

PUBLIUS, his Son.

MANLIUS, the Consul.

LICINIUS, a Tribune.

HAMILCAR, the Carthaginian Ambassador.

W O M E N.

ATTILIA, Daughter of Regulus.

BARCE, a Carthaginian Captive.

Guards, Lictors, People, &c.

SCENE, *near the Gates of* R O M E.

T H E
INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Hall in the Consul's Palace.*

Enter LICINIUS, ATTILIA, Lictors and People.

LICINIUS.

AH, my Attilia, do I find thee here?
Is this a place for Regulus's daughter?
Just Gods! must that incomparable maid
Associate here with Lictors and Plebeians?
Attilia. Yes, on this threshold patiently I wait
The Consul's coming; I would make him blush
To see me here his suitor. O Licinius,
This is no time for form, and cold decorum;
Five lagging years have crept their tedious round
And Regulus, alas! is still a slave;
A wretched slave, unpitied, and forgotten;
No other tribute paid his memory,
Than the sad tears of his unhappy child;
If she be silent, who will speak for Regulus?

Licinius.

Licinius. Let not her sorrows make my fair unjust.
 Is there in Rome a heart so dead to virtue
 That does not beat in Regulus's cause?
 That wearies not the Gods for his return?
 That does not think all subjugated Afric,
 A slender, unimportant acquisition,
 If, in return, for all this added empire,
 The freedom of thy father be the purchase?
 These are Rome's feelings, for my lov'd Attilia,
 It were superfluous to declare my own.
 If thy Licinius were to weigh his merit,
 That he's thy father were sufficient glory.
 He was my leader, train'd me up to arms,
 And if I boast some sparks of Roman honor,
 I owe them to his precepts and his virtues.

Atti. And yet I have not ought observ'd, Licinius—

Lici. Ah! spare me thy reproaches—what could I
 When but a private Citizen perform?
 'Tis not the lust of power, or pride of rank,
 Has made me seek the dignity of Tribune;
 No, my Attilia, but I fondly hop'd
 'Twou'd strengthen and inforce the just request,
 Which as a private man I vainly made;
 But now, the people's representative,
 I shall demand, Attilia, to be heard.

Atti. Ah! let us not too hastily apply
 This dang'rous remedy; I would not rouse
 Fresh tumults 'twixt the people and the Senate:
 Each views with jealousy the idol, power,
 Which, each possessing, would alike abuse.
 Whatever wish'd-for boon the one demands,
 The other thro' reluctant pride denies.
 Might I advise you, try a gentler method;
 I know that every moment Rome expects
 Th' Ambassador of Carthage, and I've heard
 The Conscript Fathers are already met
 To give him audience in Bellona's temple.

There

There might the Consul at my suit, Licinius,
Propose the ransom of my captive father.

Lic. Ah! think, Attilia, who that Consul is,
Manlius, thy sa her's rival, and his foe :
His ancient rival, and his foe profess'd :
To hope in him, my fair, were fond delusion.

Atti. Yet, tho' his rival, Manlius is a Roman :
Nor will he think of private enmities,
Weigh'd in the balance with the good of Rome.
Let me at least make trial of his honour.

Lic. Be it so, my fair, but elsewhere make thy
suit,

Let not the Consul meet Attilia here,
Confounded with the refuse of the people.

Atti. Yes, I will see him here, e'en here, Licinius.
Let Manlius blush, not me : Here will I speak,
Here shall he answer me.

Lic. Behold he comes.

Atti. Do thou retire.

Lic. O bless me with a look,
One parting look at least.

Atti. Know, my Licinius,
That at this moment I am all the daughter,
The filial feelings now possess my soul,
And other passions find no entrance there.

Lic. O sweet, yet powerful influence of virtue,
That charms tho' cruel, tho' unkind subdues,
And what was love exalts to admiration !
Yes, 'tis the privilege of souls like thine
To conquer most when least they aim at conquest.
Yet, ah ! vouchsafe, thou noblest among women,
Sometimes to think with pity on Licinius,
Nor fear to rob thy father of his due ;
For surely Virtue, and the Gods, approve
Unwearied constancy, and spotless love.

Exit Licinius.

Enter MANLIUS.

Atti. Ah ! Manlius stay, a moment stay, and
hear me.

K

Manlius.

194 The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

Manlius. I did not think to meet thee here, Attilia,
Here, in a place so little worthy of thee.

Atti. It were unworthy, did Attilia boast
A godlike father free from cruel bondage;
But for the daughter of a slave to Carthage,
It surely is most fitting.

Manlius. Say, Attilia,
What is the purpose of thy coming hither?

Atti. What is the purpose, patience, patience,
Heaven!

Tell me, how long, to Rome's eternal shame,
To fill with horror all the wond'ring world,
My father still must groan in Punic chains,
And waste the tedious hours in sad captivity?
Days follow days, and years to years succeed,
And Rome forgets her hero is a slave.
Has he, alas! deserv'd to be forgotten?
What is his crime! is it to have prefer'd
His country's profit to his children's good?
Is it th' unshaken firmness of his soul,
Just, uncorrupt, invariably good?
Perhaps his poverty has been his fault,
Poor in the highest dignities of Rome;
Illustrious error, glorious poverty!

Man. But know, Attilia—

Atti. Yet awhile attend.

And can ungrateful Rome so soon forget?
Can those who breathe the air he breath'd forget
The great, the godlike virtues of my father?
There's not a part of Rome but speaks his praise.
The streets—thro' them the hero pass'd triumphant;
The drum—there the Legislator plann'd
The wisest, wholesomest, and purest laws;
The Senate-house—there spoke the patriot Roman,
There oft' his voice secur'd the public safety:
The wisdom of his councils match'd his valor.
Enter the Temples—mount the Capitol—
And tell me, Manlius, to what hand but his

They

The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE. 195

They owe their trophies, and their ornaments,
 Their foreign banners, and their boasted ensigns,
 Tarentine, Punic, and Sicilian spoils?
 Nay ev'n those Lictors, who precede thy steps,
 This Consul's purple, which invests thy limbs,
 All, all were Regulus's, were my father's.
 And yet this hero, this exalted patriot,
 This man of virtue, this immortal Roman,
 In base requital for his services,
 Is left to linger out a life in chains,
 No honors paid him but a daughter's tears.
 O Rome! O Regulus! O thankless Citizens!

Man. Just are thy tears:—Thy father well deserves them;

But know thy censure is unjust, Attilia.
 The fate of Regulus is felt by all:
 We know and mourn the cruel woes he suffers
 From barbarous Carthage.

Atti. Manlius you mistake,
 Alas! it is not Carthage, which is barbarous;
 'Tis Rome, ungrate ul Rome is the Barbarian;
 Carthage but punishes a foe profess'd,
 But Rome betrays her hero, and her father;
 Carthage remembers how he slew her sons,
 But Rome forgets the blood he lost for her;
 Carthage revenges an acknowledg'd foe,
 But Rome with basest perfidy rewards
 The glorious hand, that bound her brow with
 laurels

Which now is the barbarian, Rome, or Carthage?

Man. What can be done?

Atti. Need I instruct you what?
 Convene the Senate; let them strait propose
 A ransom, or exchange for Regulus,
 To Afric's Ambassador. Do this,
 And Heav'n's best blessings crown your days with
 peace

Man. Thou speakest like a daughter, I, Attilia,
 Must as a Consul act; I must consult

196. The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

The good of Rome, her glory, her renown.
Would it not tarnish her unspotted fame,
To sue to Carthage on the terms thou wishest?

Atti. Ah! rather own thou art still my father's foe.

Man. Is it my fault, Attilia, if thy father
By Carthaginian power was overcome?

Atti. B'fore that sat I period oft' he taught you—

Man. Farewell! 'ere this the Senate is assembled—
My presence is requir'd—Speak to the fathers,
And try to soften their austerity,
My rigor they may render vain, for know,
I am Rome's Consul not her King, Attilia.

Exit Manlius with the Li'ors, &c.

Atti. alone. This flattering hope, alas! has prov'd
abortive.

One Consul is our foe, the other, absent.

What shall the sad Attilia next attempt?

Shall I then try for popular assistance?

Ah! my unhappy father, on what hazards,
What strange vicissitudes, what various turns,
Thy life, thy liberty, thy all depends!

Enter BARCE, in haste.

Ah my Attilia!

Atti. Whence this eager haste?

Barce. Th' Ambassador of Carthage is arriv'd.

Atti. And why does that excite such wondrous
transport?

Bar. I bring another cause of greater still.

Atti. Name it my Barce.

Bar. Regulus comes with him.

Atti. My father! can it be?

Bar. Thy father—Regulus.

Atti. Thou art deceiv'd, or thou deceiv'st thy
friend.

Bar. Indeed I saw him not, but every tongue
Speaks the glad tidings.

Enter PUBLIUS:

Atti. See where Publius comes.

Publius

The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE. 197

Publius. My sister, I'm transported ! Oh Attilia,
He's here, our father —Regulus is come !

Atti. I thank you, Gods : O my full heart ! where
is he !

Hasten my brother, lead, O lead me to him.

Pub. It is too soon, restrain thy fond impatience.
With Africa's Ambassador he waits,
Until th' assembled senate give him audience.

Atti. Where was he, Publius, when thou saw'st
him first ?

Pub. You know, in quality of Roman Quæstor,
My duty 'tis to find a fit abode
For all Ambassadors of foreign states,
Hearing the Carthaginian was arriv'd,
I hasten'd to the port, when, O just Gods !
No foreigner, no foe, no African
Salutes my eye, but Regulus —my father !

Atti. Oh mighty joy ! too exquisite delight !
What said the hero ? tell me, tell me all,
And ease my anxious breast.

Pub. ————E'er I arriv'd,
My father stood already on the shore,
Fixing his eyes with anxious eagerness,
As straining to descry the Capitol.
I saw, and flew with transport to embrace him,
Pronounc'd with wildest joy the name of father—
With reverence seiz'd his venerable hand,
And wou'd have kiss'd it ; when the awful hero
With that stern grandeur which made Carthage
tremble,
Drew back—stood all collected in himself,
And said austerely, know, thou rash young man,
That slaves in Rome have not the rights of fathers.
Then ask'd, if yet the senate was assembled,
And where ; which having heard, without indulging
The fond effusions of his soul, or mine,
He suddenly retir'd. I flew with speed
To find the Consul, but as yet, success
Attends not my pursuit. Direct me to him.

198 The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

Bar. Publius you'll find him in Bellona's temple.

Atti. Then Regulus returns to Rome a slave!

Pub. Yes, but be comforted, I know he brings
Proposals for a peace; his will's his fate.

Atti. Rome may perhaps refuse to treat of peace.

Pub. Did'st thou behold the universal joy
At his return, thou would'st not doubt, my sister.
There's not a man you meet but wild with transport
Proclaims aloud that Regulus is come!
The streets are fill'd with thronging multitudes,
Pressing with eager gaze to catch a look.
The happy man who can descry him first
Points him to his next neighbour, he to his,
Then what a thunder of applause goes round;
What music to the ear of filial love!

Attilia! there was not a Roman eye
But shed pure tears of exquisite delight.
Judge of my feelings by thy own, my sister,
By the large measure of thy fond affection.

Atti. Where is Licinius? find him out, my
brother,

My joy is incomplete till he partakes it.
When doubts, and fears have rent my anxious heart,
In all my woes he kindly bore a part:
Felt all my sorrows with a soul sincere,
Sigh'd as I sigh'd, and number'd tear for tear;
Now favouring Heav'n my ardent vows has blest,
He shall divide the transports of my breast,

Exit Attilia.

Pub. Barce, adieu!

Bar. Publius, a moment hear me.

Know'st thou the name of Africa's Ambassador?

Pub. — Hamilcar.

Bar. Son of Hanno?

Pub. Yes! the same.

Bar. Ah me! my lover.—How shall I support it!
[*Aside.*]

Pub.

The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE. 199

Pub. Ah charming maid! the blood forsakes thy cheek,

Is he the rival of thy Publius? speak,

And tell me all the rigor of my fate.

Bar. Hear me, my lord. Since I have been thy slave,

Thy goodness, and the friendship of Attilia,

Have soften'd all the horrors of my fate.

'Till now I have not felt the weight of bondage.

'Till now—ah Publius!—think me not ungrateful,

I would not wrong thee—I will be sincere—

I will expose the weakness of my soul.

Know then my lord—how shall I tell thee all?

Pub. Stop, cruel maid, nor wound thy Publius more,

I dread the fatal frankness of thy words;

Spare me the pain of knowing I am hated;

And if thy heart's devoted to another,

Yet do not tell it me; in tender pity

Do not, my fair, dissolve the fond illusion,

The dear delightful visions I have form'd,

Of future joy, and fond exhaustless love. *Exit.*

Bar. (alone.) And shall I see him then, see my Hamilcar,

Pride of my soul, and lord of all my wishes?

The only man in all our burning Afric,

Who ever taught my bosom how to love!

Down, foolish heart! be calm, my busy thoughts;

If at his name I feel these strange emotions,

How shall I see, how meet my conqueror?

O let not those presume to talk of joy

Who ne'er have felt the pangs of deep distress.

Such tender transport those alone can prove,

Who long, like me, have known disastrous Love;

The tears that fell, the sighs that once were paid,

Like grateful incense on his altar laid,

The lambent flame now brighten, not destroy:

And woes remember'd turn to present joy.

END of the First ACT.

A C T II.

Scene the inside of the Temp'e of Bellona, Seats for the Senators and Ambassadors, Lictors guarding the Entrance.

MANLIUS, PUBLIUS, and Senators.

MANLIUS.

LET Regulus be sent for to our presence,
And with him the Ambassador of Carthage.
Is it then true the foe would treat of peace?

Publius. They wish at least our captives were exchanged,

And send my father to declare their purpose:
If he obtain it, well: if not, then Regulus
Returns to meet the vengeance of the foe,
And pay for your refusal with his blood:
He ratified this treaty with his oath,
And, ere he quitted Carthage, heard, unmov'd,
The fatal preparations for his death,
Should he return. O Romans, O my countrymen,
Can you resign your Hero to their rage?
Say, can you give up Regulus to Carthage?

Manlius. Peace, Publius, peace, for see thy father comes.

Enter HAMILCAR and REGULUS.

Hamilcar. Why dost thou stop? dost thou not know
this Temple?

I thought these walls had nothing new to Regulus.

Regulus. Hamilcar! I was thinking what I was
When last I saw them, and what now I am.

Hamilcar. [To the Consul.] Carthage by me to
Rome her greeting sends,
And wearied out at length with bloody war,
If Rome inclines to peace she offers it.

Man.

The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE. 201

Man. We will at leisure answer thee. Be seated,
Come Regulus, resume thine ancient place,

Regulus. [Pointing to the Senators.] Who then are
these?

Manlius. The Senators of Rome.

Regulus. And who art thou?

Manlius. Her Consul, Regulus.
Hast thou so soon forgotten Manlius?

Regulus. And shall a slave then have a place in
Rome,
Among her Consuls and her Senators?

Manlius. Yes?—For her Heroes, Rome forgets
her Laws;

Softens their harsh austerity for thee,
To whom she owes her conquest, and her triumphs.

Reg. Rome may forget, but Regulus remembers.

Man. Was ever man so obstinately good? [Aside.]

Pub. [Rising.] Fathers! your pardon. I can sit
no longer, [To the Senators.]

Reg. Publius, what dost thou mean?

Pub. To do my duty:

Where Regulus must stand, shall Publius sit?

Reg. Alas, O Rome, how are thy manners chang'd!
When last I left thee, ere I sail'd for Afric,
It was a crime to think of private duties
When public cares requir'd attention.—Sit,

[To Publius.]

And learn to occupy thy place with honour.

Pub. Forgive me, Sir, if I refuse obedience:
My heart o'erflows with duty to my father,

Reg. Publius, alas! that duty's at an end,
Thy father died when he became a slave.

Man. Now urge thy suit, Hamilcar, we attend!

Ham. Afric hath chosen Regulus her messenger,
In him, both Carthage and Hamilcar speak

Manlius to Regulus. We are prepar'd to hear thee.

Hamilcar to Regulus. Ere thou speakest,
Maturely weigh what thou hast sworn to do,
Should Rome refuse to treat with us of peace.

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Reg. What I have sworn I will fulfil, Hamilcar.
Be satisfied.

Pub. Ye guardian Gods of Rome,
Inspire his soul with eloquence!

Reg. Carthage by me this embassy has sent;
If Rome will leave her undisturb'd possession
Of all she now enjoys, she offers peace;
But if you rather wish protracted war,
Her next proposal is, exchange of captives; ———
If you demand advice of Regulus,
Reject them both ———

Ham. What dost thou mean?

Pub. My father!

Man. Exalted fortitude! I'm lost in wonder.

(*Aside.*)

Reg. Romans! I will not idly spend my breath.
To shew the dire effects of such a peace.
The foes who beg it, shew their dread of war.

Man. But the exchange of prisoners thou proposest?

Reg. That artful scheme conceals some Punic
fraud.

Ham. Roman, beware! hast thou so soon forgot-
ten?

Reg. I will fulfil the treaty I have sworn to.

Pub. All will be ruin'd.

Reg. Conscrip't fathers! hear me. —

Tho' this exchange teems with a thousand ills,
Yet 'tis th' example which alarms me most.
This treaty fix'd, Rome's honor is no more,
Her fame, her valor, military pride,
Her glory, virtue, fortitude, all lost,
Should her degenerate sons, for recompence,
Be promis'd live, and liberty inglorious.
What honest captive of them all wou'd wish
With shame to enter her imperial gates,
The servile scourge of slavery on his back?
None, none, my friends, would wish a fate so vile,
But those base cowards who resign'd their arms,
Undrain'd

Unstain'd with hostile blood, and poorly sued,
Thro' ignominious fear of death, for bondage;
The scorn, the laughter of th' insulting foe.
O shame! shame! shame! eternal infamy!

Man. However hurtful the exchange may be,
'The life, and liberty of Regulus,
More than compensate for it.

Reg. Thou art mistaken, ———
This Regulus is but a mortal man,
Yielding apace to all th' infirmities
Of weak, decaying nature. ——— I am old,
Nor can my future, feeble services
Assist my country much; but know, the young,
Feroious heroes you'd restore to Carthage,
In lieu of this old man, are her chief bulwarks.
In youth, with well-strung sinews this bold arm
Fought for my country—fought and conquer'd for her:
Now, weak, and nerveless, let the foe possess it:
Let Carthage have the poor, the wretched triumph
To close these failing eyes;—but, O my Countrymen!
Check their vain hopes, and shew aspiring Afric
That heroes are the common growth of Rome.

Man. U equal'd fortitude!

Pub. O fatal virtue!

Ham. What do I hear? this constancy confounds
me.

Manlius to the Senators.

Let honor be the spring of all our actions,
Not interest, Fathers. Honor disallows
Ingratitude to his exalted patriot

Reg. If Rome would thank me, I will teach her
how.

— Know, Fathers, that these savage Africans
Thought me so base, so very low of soul,
That the poor wretched privilege of breathing,
Would force me to betray my country to them.
Have these barbarians any tortures, think you,
To match the cruelty of such suspicions?
Revenge me, Fathers! and I'm still a Roman.

Arm,

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Arm, arm yourselves, prepare your Citizens,
Rush eager onwards to the gates of Carthage,
Snatch the imprison'd Eagles from their Fanes,
Dye every Roman sword in Punic blood —
And do such deeds — that when I shall return,
(As I have sworn, and am resolv'd to do)
I may behold, with exquisite delight,
The terrors of your rage in the dire visages
Of my astonish'd executioners.

Ham. Surprise has chill'd my blood ! I'm lost in wonder.

Pub. Does no one answer ? must my father perish ?

Man. Romans, we must defer th' important question,

Maturest councils must determine on it.

Rest we awhile : — Nature requires some pause
From high-raisd admiration. Thou, Hamilcar,
Shalt shortly know our final resolution.

Mean time, we go to supplicate the Gods.

Reg. Have you a doubt remaining ? Manlius speak.

Man. Yes, Regulus, I think the danger less
To lose th' advantage thy advice suggests,
Than would accrue to Rome in losing thee,
Whose wisdom might direct, and valour guard her ;
A thirst for glory thou would'st rush on death,
And for thy country's sake would'st greatly perish.
Too vast a sacrifice thy zeal requires,
For Rome must bleed when Regulus expires.

Exeunt Consul and Senators.

Manent REGULUS, PUBLIUS, HAMILCAR, *to them*

Enter ATTILIA, and LICINIUS.

Ham. Does Regulus fulfil his promise thus ?

Reg. I've promis'd to return, and I will do it.

Attilia. My Father ! think a moment.

Licinius. Ah ! my friend !

Licinius and Attilia. O by this hand we beg. — — —
Reg.

Reg. Away, no more.

Thanks to Rome's guardian Gods I'm yet a slave!

At. Was the exchange refus'd? Oh ease my fears.

Reg. *Publius*! conduct *Hamilcar*, and myself
To the abode thou hast for each provided.

Pub. And will my father then no more enjoy
The smiling blessings of his cheerful home?

Reg. Dost thou not know the laws of Rome forbid
A foe's Ambassador within her gates?

Pub. This rigid law does not extend to thee.

Reg. Yes; did it not alike extend to all,
'Twere tyranny, not law.

At. Then, O my father,
Allow thy daughter to partake thy fare!

Reg. *Attilia*! no The present exigence
Demands far other thoughts, than the soft cares,
The fond effusions, the delightful weakness,
The dear affections 'twixt the child and parent.

At. How is my father chang'd from what I've
known him!

Reg. The fate of *Regulus* is chang'd, not *Regulus*.
I am the same in laurels as in chains!

'Tis the same virtue which informs my mind,
Unalter'd still, tho' circumstances change;
It struggles with, and conquers adverse fortune.
The native, free born vigor of my mind
Soars above slavery. — — My soul's invincible.

Exeunt Reg. & Pub.

ATTILIA, HAMILCAR going, Enter BARCE.

Barce. Ah! my *Hamilcar*.

Ham. Ah! my long-lost *Barce*:
Again I lose thee, *Regulus* rejects
Th' exchange of prisoners *Africa* proposes.

Attilia and *Barce* Ah! cruel fate.

Ham. Farewell! my all of joy—
My heart's too full ——— Oh I have much to say!

Barce. Yet you unkindly leave me, and say nothing.
Ham.

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Ham. Ah ! didst thou love, as thy Hamilcar loves,
Words were superfluous ; in my eyes, my Barce,
Thou'dst read the tender eloquence of love,
Th' uncounterfeited language of my heart.
A single look betrays the soul's soft feelings,
And shews imperfect speech of little worth.
If but a sigh escape my gentle Barce,
I catch it's meaning, and am bless'd indeed !

Exit Hamilcar.

Attilia. My father then conspires his own destruction.

Is it not so ?

Barce. Indeed I fear it much ;
But as the Senate has not yet resolv'd,
There is at least some room for hope, *Attilia.*
Hasten, my friend, lose not a single moment,
And, ere the conscript Fathers are assembled,
Try all thy powers of winning eloquence,
Each gentle art of feminine persuasion,
The love of kindred, and the faith of friends,
To bend the rigid Romans to thy purpose.

Attilia. Yes, Barce, I will go, I will exert
My little pow'r, tho' hopeless of success.
Undone *Attilia* ! in a moment fall'n
From the high pinnacle of flattering hope,
Down the vast precipice of sad despair.
So some tir'd mariner the coast espies,
And his lov'd home explores with straining eyes ;
Prepares with joy to quit the treacherous deep,
Hush'd every wave. and every wind asleep ;
But ere he lands upon the well-known shore,
Wild storms arise, and furious billows roar,
Tear the fond wretch from all his hopes away,
And drive his shatter'd bark again to sea.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

*Scene a Portico of a Palace without the Gates of Rome,
the Abode of the Carthaginian Ambassador.*

Enter REGULUS and PUBLIUS meeting.

Reg. Ah! Publius here, at such a time as this!
Know'st thou th' important question that the Senate
This very hour debate?—Thy country's glory,
Thy father's honour, and the public good?
And lingerest here?

Pub. They're not yet met.

Reg. Away—
Support my counsel in th' assembled Senate,
Confirm their wav'ring virtue by thy courage,
And Regulus shall glory in his boy.

Pub. Ah! spare thy son the most ungrateful task.
What!—supplicate the ruin of my father?

Reg. The good of Rome can never hurt her sons.

Pub. In pity to thy children, spare thyself.

Reg. Dost thou then think that mine's a frantic
brav'ry.

That Regulus wou'd rashly seek his fate?
Publius! how little dost thou know thy sire!
Misjudging youth! learn, that like other men,
I shun the evil, and I seek the good,
But that I find in guilt, and this in virtue.
Were it not guilt, guilt of the blackest dye,
Even to think of freedom at th' expence
Of my dear, bleeding country? therefore life
And liberty wou' be my heaviest evils;
But to preserve that country, to restore her,
To heal her wound, th' at the price of life
Is virtue—therefore servitude, and death,
Are Regulus's good—his wish—his choice.

Pub. Yet sure our country——

Reg. Is a whole, my Publius.

Of which we all are parts, nor should a citizen

Regard

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Regard his interests as distinct from her's ;
 No hopes, or fears, shou'd touch his patriot soul,
 But what affect her honor, or her shame.
 Ev'n when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
 'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's ;
 He only pays her back a debt he owes.
 To her he's bound for birth, and education :
 Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
 And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
 She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,
 His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays ;
 And like a tender, and indulgent mother,
 Loads him with comforts, and wou'd make his state
 As blest, as nature, and the Gods design'd it.
 Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
 And let th' unworthy wretch, who will not bear
 His portion of the public burthen, lose
 Th' advantages it yields ;—let him retire
 From the dear blessings of a social life,
 Renounce the civiliz'd abodes of man,
 And with associate brutes a shelter seek
 In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
 And with their shaggy tenants share the spoil ;
 Or if the savage hunters miss their prey,
 From scatter'd acorns pick a scanty meal ;—
 Far from the sweet civilities of life ;
 There let him live, and vaunt his wretched freedom.

Pub. With reverence and astonishment I hear thee !
 Thy words, my father, have convinc'd my reason,
 But cannot touch my heart—nature denies
 Obedience so repugnant to her feelings.
 Alas ! can I forget I am a son ?

Reg. A poor excuse, unworthy of a Roman !
 Brutus, Virginius, Manlius—they were fathers.

Pub. 'Tis true, they were ; but this heroic greatness,
 This glorious elevation of the soul,

Hath

Hath been confin'd to fathers.—Rome 'till now
Boast not a son of such surpassing virtue,
Who, spurning all the ties of blood and nature,
Hath labor'd to procure his father's death.

Reg. Then be the first to give the great example—
Go, hasten, be thyself that son, my Publius.—

Pub. My father! ah!

Reg. Publius, no more, be gone—
Attend the Senate—let me know my fate,
'Twill be more glorious if announc'd by thee.

Pub. Too much, too much thy rigid virtue claims
From thy unhappy son. Oh nature, nature!

Reg. Publius! am I a stranger, or thy father?
If thou regard'st me as an alien here,
Learn to prefer to mine the good of Rome;
If as a father—reverence my commands.

Pub. Ah! could'st thou look into my inmost soul,
And see how warm it burns with love, and duty,
Thou wou'd'st abate the rigor of thy words.

Reg. Could I explore the secrets of thy breast,
The virtue I wou'd wish thou'd flourish there
Were fortitude, not weak, complaining love.

Pub. If thou requir'st the blood of wretched
Publius,
I'll shed it all, and grieve to do so little;
But when thou dost injoin the harsher task
Of lab'ring to procure his father's death,
Forgive thy son—he has not so much virtue.

Exit Publius.

Manet REGULUS.

Th' important hour approaches, and my soul
Loses her wonted calmness, lest the Senate
Should doubt what answer to return to Carthage.

O ye protecting deities of Rome!
Ye guardian Gods, look down propitious on her,
Inspire her Senate with your sacred wisdom,
And call up all that's Roman in their souls!

Enter

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Enter MANLIUS, speaking.

See that the liſters wait, and guard the entrance—
Take care that none intrude.

Reg. Ah! Manlius here?
What can this mean?

Man. Where, where is Regulus?
The great, the god-like, the invincible?
Oh let me ſtrain the hero to my breaſt.—

Reg. (avoiding him.) Manlius, ſtand off, remember I'm a ſlave!
And thou Rome's Conſul.—

Man. I am ſomething more:
I am a man enamour'd of thy virtues;
Thy fortitude and courage have ſubdu'd me.
I was thy rival—I am now thy friend,
Allow me that diſtinction, dearer far
Than all the honors Rome can give without it.

Reg. This is the temper ſtill of noble minds.
And theſe the bleſſings of an humble fortune.
Had I not been a ſlave, I ne'er had gain'd
The treaſure of thy friendſhip.

Man — I confeſs,
Thy grandeur caſt a veil before my eyes,
Which thy reverse of fortune has remov'd.
Oft have I ſeen thee on the day of triumph,
A conqueror of nations enter Rome,
Now, thou haſt conquer'd fortune, and thyſelf.
Thy laurels o't have mov'd my ſoul to envy,
Thy chains awaken my reſpect, and reverence;
Then Regulus appear'd a hero to me,
He riſes now a God.

Rg Manlius, enough.
Ceate thy applauſe, for praiſes ſuch as thine
Might tempt the moſt ſevere and cautious virtue.
Bleſſ'd be the Gods, who gild my latter days
With the bright glory of the Conſul's friendſhip!

Man. Forbid it Jove! ſaid'ſt thou thy latter days?
May gracious Heav'n to a far diſtant hour

Protract

Protract thy valued life. Be it my care
To crown the hope of thy admiring country,
By giving back her long-lost hero to her.
I will exert my power to bring about
Th' exchange of captives Africa proposes.

Reg. Manlius, and is it thus, is this the way
Thou dost begin to give me proofs of friendship?
Ah! if thy love be so destructive to me,
Tell me, alas! what wou'd thy hatred be?
Shall I then lose the merit of my sufferings,
Be thus defrauded of the benefit
I vainly hop'd from all my years of bondage?
I did not come to shew my chains to Rome,
To move my country to a weak compassion;
I came to save her honor, to preserve her
From tarnishing her glory, by accepting
Proposals so injurious to her fame.
O Manlius! either give me proofs more worthy
A Roman's friendship, or renew thy hate.

Man. Dost thou not know, that this exchange
refus'd,
Inevitable death must be thy fate?

Reg. And has the name of death such terror in it
To strike with dread the mighty soul of Manlius?
'Tis not to-day I learn that I am mortal.
The foe can only take from Regulus
What wearied nature would have shortly yielded;
It will be now a voluntary gift,
'Twou'd then become a necessary tribute.
Yes, Manlius, tell the world that as I liv'd
For Rome alone, when I cou'd live no longer,
'Twas my last care how, dying to assist,
To save that country I had liv'd to serve.

Man. O worth unparallel'd! thrice happy Rome!
Unequall'd in the heroes thou producest!
Hast thou then sworn, thou awfully-good man!
Never to bless the Consul with thy friendship?

Reg. If thou wilt love me, love me like a Roman,
These are the terms on which I take thy friendship.

We

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We both must make a sacrifice to Rome,
I of my life, and thou of Regulus :
One must resign his being, or his friend.
It is but just, that what procures our country
Such real blessings, such substantial good,
Shou'd cost thee something—I shall lose but little.
Go then, my friend ! but promise, ere thou goest,
With all the Consular Authority,
Thou wilt support my counsel in the Senate.
If thou art willing to accept these terms,
With transport I embrace thy proffer'd friendship.

Man. (after a pause) Yes, I do promise.

Reg. Bounteous Gods, I thank you !
Ye never gave, in all your round of blessing,
A gift so greatly welcome to my soul,
As Manlius' friendship on the terms of honor !

Man. Immortal powers ! why am not I a slave ?

Reg. My friend ! there's not a moment to be lost ;
Ere this perhaps the Senate is assembled,
To thee, and to thy virtues, I commit
The dignity of Rome—my peace and honor.

Man. Illustrious man, farewell !

Reg. Farewell, my friend !

Man. O what a flame thou hast kindled in my soul !
It raises me to something more than man,
Glow's in each vein, and trembles in each nerve.
My blood is fir'd with virtue, and with Rome,
And every pulse beats an alarm to glory.
Who wou'd not spurn the sceptre of a King
As an unworthy bauble, when compar'd
With chains like thine ? Thou man of every virtue
Farewell ! may all the Gods protect, and bless thee !

Exit Manlius.

Enter LICINIUS.

Reg. Now I begin to live : Propitious Heaven
Inclines to favour me. — Licinius here ?

Lici. With joy, my honor'd friend, I seek thy
presence.

Reg.

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Reg. And why with joy?

Lici. Because my heart once more
Beats high with flattering hope. In thy great cause
I have been labouring.

Reg. Say'st thou in my cause?

Lici. In thine, and Rome's. Does it excite thy
wonder?

Could'st thou then think so poorly of Licinius,
That base ingratitude cou'd find a place
Within his bosom?—that he cou'd forget
Thy thousand acts of friendship to his youth,
Forget it too at that important moment
When most he might assist thee?—Regulus,
Thou wast my leader, general, father,—all.
Didst thou not teach me early how to tread
The noble path of virtue and of glory;
Point out the way, and shew me how to love it?
—Ev'n from my infant years.—

Reg. But say, Licinius,
What hast thou done to serve me?

Lici. I have defended
Thy liberty and life!

Reg. Ah! speak—explain—

Lici. Just as the fathers were about to meet,
I hasten'd to the temple—at the entrance
Their passage I retarded, by the force
Of strong intreaty; then address'd myself
To each successively, from each obtain'd
A declaration, that their utmost power
Should be exerted for thy life, and freedom.

Reg. Great Gods! what do I hear? Licinius too?

Lici. Not he alone, no, 'twere indeed unjust,
To rob the fair Attilia of her claim
To filial merit.—What I cou'd, I did.
But she—thy charming daughter—Heav'n and earth,
What did she not to save her father?

Reg. ——— Who?

Lici. Attilia, thy belov'd—thy age's darling!
Was ever father bless'd with such a child?

Gods!

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Gods ! how her looks took captive all who saw her !
 How did her soothing eloquence subdue
 The stoutest hearts of Rome ! How did she rouse
 Contending passions in the breasts of all !
 How sweetly temper dignity with grief !
 With what a soft, inimitable grace,
 She prais'd, reproach'd, intreated, flatter'd, sooth'd !

Reg. What said the Senators ?

Lici. What could they say !

Who could resist the lovely conqueror ?
 See where she comes—Hope dances in her eyes,
 And lights up all her beauties into smiles.

Enter ATTILIA.

Atti. Once more, my dearest father—

Reg. — Ah, presume not

To call me by that name. 'Till now, Attilia,
 I did not number thee among my foes.

Atti. What do I hear ? thy foe ? my father's foe ?

Reg. His worst of foes—the murd'rer of his
 glory

Atti. Ah ! is it then a proof of enmity

To wish thee all the good the Gods can give thee,
 To yield my life, if needful for thy service ?

Reg. Thou rash, imprudent girl ? thou little
 know'st

The dignity and weight of public cares.
 Who made a weak, and inexperience'd woman
 The Arbiter of Regulus's fate ?

Lici. For pity's sake, my Lord !

Reg. Peace, peace, young man.

Her silence better than thy language pleads.
 That bears at least the semblance of repentance.
 Immortal powers !—a daughter, and a Roman !

Atti. Because I am a daughter, I presum'd.—

Lici. Because I am a Roman, I aspir'd
 To oppose th' inhuman rigor of thy fate.

Reg.

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Reg. Peace, peace, Licinius. He can ne'er be call'd

A Roman who can live with infamy;
Or how can she be Regulus's daughter
Whose coward mind wants fortitude and honor?
Unhappy children! now you make me feel
The burthen of my chains: your feeble souls
Have made me know I am indeed a slave.

Exit Regulus.

Atti. Tell me, Licinius, and oh! tell me truly,
If thou believ'st, in all the round of time,
There ever breath'd a maid so truly wretched?
To weep, to mourn, a father's cruel fate—
To love him with soul-tending tenderness—
To know no peace by day, or rest by night—
To bear a bleeding heart in this poor bosom,
Which aches, and trembles but to think he suffers:
This is my crime—in any other child
'T would be a merit.

Lici. Oh! my best Attilia,
Do not repent thee of the pious deed:
It was a virtuous error That in us
Is a just duty, which the god-like soul
Of Regulus would think a shameful weakness.
If the contempt of life in him be virtue,
It were in us a crime to let him perish.
Perhaps at last he may consent to live:
He then will thank us for our cares to save him;
Let not his anger fright thee Tho' our love
Offend him now, yet, when his mighty soul
Is reconcil'd to life, he will not chide us.
The sick man loaths, and with reluctance takes
The remedy by which his health's restor'd

Atti. Licinius! his reproaches wound my soul.
I cannot live and bear his indignation

Lici. Wou'd my Attilia rather lose her father
Than by offending him, preserve his life?

Atti. Ah! no. If he but live I am contented.

Lici.

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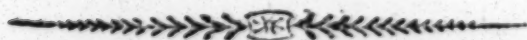
Lici. Yes, he shall live, and we again be blest'd :
Then dry thy tears, and let those lovely orbs
Beam with their wonted lustre on Licinius,
Who lives but in the sun-shine of thy smiles.

Exit Licinius.

Atti. (alone.) O fortune, fortune, thou capricious
Goddeſs !

Thy frowns and favours have alike no bounds :
Unjust, or prodigal in each extreme.
When thou wou'd'st humble human vanity,
By singling out a wretch to bear thy wrath,
Thou crushest him with anguish to excess :
If thou wou'd'st bleſs, thou mak'st the happiness
Too poignant for his giddy ſenſe to bear —
Immortal Gods, who rule the ſates of men,
Pr ſerve my father ! bleſs him, bleſs him, Heav'n !
If your avenging thunder-bolts muſt fall,
Strike here—this boſom will invite the blow,
And thank you for it : But in mercy ſpare,
Oh ! ſpare his ſacred, venerable head :
Reſpect in him an image of yourſelves ;
And leave a world, who wants it, an example
Of courage, wiſdom, conſtancy and truth.
Yet if, eternal powers who rule this ball !
You have decreed that Regulus muſt fall ;
Teach me to yield to your divine command,
And meek'y bow to your correcting hand ;
Contented to reſign, or pleas'd receive,
What wiſdom may with-hold, or mercy give.

END of the Third ACT.



A C T IV.

Scene, a Gallery in the Ambaſſador's Palace.

Regulus. (alone) Be calm, my ſoul, what ſtrange
emotions ſhake thee ?
Emotions thou haſt never felt till now.

Thou

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Thou hast defied the dangers of the deep,
Th' impetuous hurricane, the thunder's roar,
And all the terrors of the burning South;
Yet, now thou tremblest, fearful and dismay'd,
With anxious expectation of thy fate. ———
Yes—thou hast amplest reason for thy fears;
For till this hour, so pregnant with events,
Thy fame and glory never were alarm'd.

Soft—let me think—what is this thing call'd glory?
'Tis the soul's tyrant, that shou'd be dethron'd,
And learn subjection like her other passions!
Ah! no! 'Tis false: This is the coward's plea;
The specious language of refining vice.
That man was born in vain, whose pow'r of serving
Is circumscrib'd within the wretched bounds
Of self—a narrow miserable sphere!
Glory exalts, enlarges, dignifies,
Absorbs the selfish in the social feelings,
And teaches virtue how to charm mankind. ———
It is this principle, this spark of deity,
Rescues debased humanity from guilt,
And elevates it by her strong excitements. ———
It takes off sensibility from pain,
From peril, fear; plucks out the sting from death;
Changes ferocious into gentle manners;
And teaches men to imitate the Gods.
It shews—but see, alas! where Publius comes.
Ah! he advances with a down-cast eye,
And step irresolute. ———

Enter PUBLIUS.

Reg. My Publius, welcome!
What tidings dost thou bring? what says the Senate?
Is yet my fate determin'd? quickly tell me. ———

Pub. I cannot speak, and yet, alas! I must.

Reg. Tell me the whole. ———

Pub. Wou'd I were rather dumb!

Reg. Publius, no more delay:—I charge thee
speak.

L

Pub

Thou

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Pub. The Senate has decreed you shall depart.

Reg. Blest spirit of Rome! thou hast at last prevail'd—

I thank the Gods, I have not liv'd in vain!
Where is Hamilcar?—find him—let us go,
For Regulus has nought to do in Rome;
I have accomplish'd her important work,
And must depart.

Pub. Ah my unhappy father!

Reg. Unhappy, Publius, didst thou say unhappy?
Can the distinguish'd man deserve that name
Who to his latest breath, can serve his country?

Pub. Like thee, my father, I adore my country,
Yet weep with anguish o'er thy cruel chains.

Reg. Dost thou not know that life's a slavery?
The body is the chain that binds the soul;
A yoke that every mortal must endure.
Wou'dst thou lament—lament the general fate,
The chain that nature gives, entail'd on all,
Not these I wear.

Pub. Forgive, forgive my sorrows:
I know, alas! too well these fell barbarians
Intend thee instant death.

Reg. So shall my life
And servitude together have an end.—

Publius, farewell! nay do not follow me.—

Pub. Alas! my father, if thou ever lov'd'st me,
Refuse me not the mournful consolation,
To pay the last sad offices of duty
If e'er can shew thee.—

Reg. No!—Thou can'st fulfil
Thy duty to thy father, in a way
More grateful to him: I must strait embark.
Be it mean while thy pious care to keep
The poor Attilia from a sight, I fear,
Would rend her gentle heart—Her tears, my son,
Would dim the glories of thy father's triumph.
Her sinking spirits are subdu'd by grief,

And

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And shou'd her sorrows pass the bounds of reason,
 Publius have pity on her tender age,
 Compassionate the weakness of her sex;
 We must not hope to find, in her soft soul,
 The strong exertion of a manly courage —
 Support her fainting spirit, and instruct her,
 By thy example, how a Roman ought
 To bear misfortune. O indulge her weakness!
 And be to her the father she will lose.
 I leave my daughter to thee—I do more —
 I leave to thee the conduct of—thyself,
 —Ah Publius! I perceive thy courage fails—
 I see the quivering lip, the starting tear;—
 That lip, that tear calls down my mounting soul.
 Resume thyself—Oh! do not blast my hope!
 Yes—I'm compos'd—thou wilt not mock my age—
 Thou art—thou art a Roman—and my son.

Exit.

Pub. And is he gone?—now be thyself, my soul—
 Hard is the conflict, but the triumph glorious.
 Yes.—I must conquer these too tender feelings,
 The blood that fills these veins demands it of me,
 My Father's great example too requires it.
 Forgive me, Rome, and glory, if I yielded
 To nature's strong attack:—I must subdue it.
 Now, Regulus, I feel I am thy son.

Enter ATTILIA and BARCE.

Atti. My brother, I'm distracted, wild with fear—
 Tell me, O tell me what I dread to know.
 Is it then true?—I cannot speak—my father!

Bar. May we believe the fatal news?

Pub. —Yes, Barce.

It is determin'd. Regulus must go.

Atti. Immortal Powers!—What say'st thou?

Bar. —Can it be?

Thou can'st not mean it.

Atti. Then you've all betray'd me.

Pub. Thy grief avails not.

L 2

Enter

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Enter HAMILCAR and LICINIUS.

Bar. Pity us, Hamilcar!

Atti. Oh, help, Licinius, help the lost Attilia!

Ham. My Barce! there's no hope.

Lici. Ah! my fair mourner,

All's lost.

Atti. What all, Licinius, saidst thou all?
Not one poor glimpse of comfort left behind?
Tell me at least where Regulus is gone:
The daughter shall partake the father's chains,
And share the woes she knew not to prevent.

[Going.]

Pub. What wou'd thy wild despair? Attilia, stay,
Thou must not follow; this excess of grief
Wou'd much offend him.

Atti. Dost thou hope to stop me?

Pub. I hope thou wilt resume thy better self,
And recollect thy father will not bear—

Atti. I only recollect I am a daughter,
A poor, defenceless, helpless, wretched daughter!
Away——and let me follow.

Pub. No, my sister.

Atti. Detain me not—Ah! while thou hold'st me
here,

He goes, and I shall never see him more.

Bar. My friend, be comforted, he cannot go
Whilst here Hamilcar stays.

Atti. O Barce, Barce!

Who will advise, who comfort, who assist me?
Hamilcar, pity me.—Thou wilt not answer?

Ham. Rage and astonishment divide my soul.

Atti. Licinius, wilt thou not relieve my sorrows?

Lici. Yes, at my life's expence, my heart's best
treasure,

Would'st thou instruct me how.

Atti. My brother too——

Ah! look with mercy on thy sister's woes!

Pub.

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Pub. I will at least instruct thee how to bear them.
My sister—yield thee to thy adverse fate;
Think of thy father, think of Regulus;
Has he not taught thee how to brave misfortune?
'Tis but by following his illustrious steps
Thou e'er canst merit to be call'd his daughter.

Att. And is it thus thou dost advise thy sister?
Are these, ye Gods, the feelings of a son?
Indifference here becomes impiety—
Thy savage heart ne'er felt the dear delights
Of filial tenderness—the thousand joys
That flow from blessing, and from being bless'd?
No—didst thou love thy father as I love him,
Our kindred souls wou'd be in unison;
And all my sighs be echoed back by thine.
Thou wou'd'st—alas!—I know not what I say.—
Forgive me, Publius,—but indeed, my brother,
I do not understand this cruel coldness.

Ham. Thou may'st not—but I understand it well.
His mighty soul, full as to thee it seems
Of Rome, and glory—is enamour'd—caught—
Enraptur'd with the beauties of fair Barce.—
She stays behind if Regulus departs.
Behold the cause of all the well-seign'd virtue
Of this mock patriot—curst dissimulation!

Pub. And canst thou entertain such vile suspicions?
Gods! what an outrage to a son like me!

Ham. Yes, Roman! now I see thee as thou art,
Thy naked soul divested of its veil,
Its specious colouring, its dissembled virtues:
Thou hast plotted with the Senate to prevent
Th' exchange of captives. All thy subtle arts,
Thy smooth inventions have been set to work—
The base refinements of your polish'd land.

Pub. In truth the doubt is worthy of an African.

[Contemptuously]

Ham. I know———

Pub. Peace, Carthaginian, peace, and hear me.

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Dost thou not know, that on the very man
Thou hast insulted Barce's fate depends?

Ham. Too well I know, the cruel chance of war
Gave her, a blooming captive, to thy mother;
Who, dying, left the beauteous prize to thee.

Pub. Now, see the use a Roman makes of power.
Heav'n is my witness how I lov'd the maid!
O she was dearer to my soul than light!
Dear as the vital stream that feeds my heart!
But know my honor's dearer still than her.
I do not even hope thou wilt believe me;
Thy brutal soul, as savage as thy clime,
Can never taste those elegant delights,
Those pure refinements, love and glory yield:
'Tis not to thee I stoop for vindication,
Alike to me thy friendship or thy hate;
But to remove from others a pretence
For branding Publius with the name of villain,
That they may see no sentiment but honor
Informs this bosom——Barce, thou art free.
Thou hast my leave with him to quit this shore.——
Now learn, Barbarian, how a Roman loves!

Exit.

Barce. He cannot mean it?

Ham. Oh exalted virtue!

Which challenges esteem tho' from a foe.

[Looking after Publius.]

Attilia. Ah! cruel Publius, wilt thou leave me
thus?

Thus leave thy sister?

Barce. Didst thou hear, Hamilcar?

Oh! didst thou hear the god-like youth resign me?

[HAMILCAR and LICINIUS seem lost in thought.]

Attilia to Licinius. Wilt thou not speak to me?

Barce. My lov'd Hamilcar

Ungrateful! not one word, one smile, one look.

Ham. Farewell, I will return,

Licinius. Farewell, my love! *[To Attilia.]*

Barce.

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Barce. Hamilcar, where——

Attilia. Alas! where art thou going?

[*To Licinius.*]

Licinius. If possible, to save the life of Regulus.

Attilia. But by what means!—Ah! how canst thou effect it?

Licinius. Since the disease so desperate is become,
We must apply a desperate remedy.

Hamilcar, after a long pause. Yes——I will mortify
this generous foe;

I'll be reveng'd upon this stubborn Roman;
Not by defiance bold, or feats of arms,
But by a means more sure to work it's end;
By emulating his exalted worth,
And shewing him a virtue like his own;
Such a refin'd revenge as noble minds
Alone can practise, and alone can feel.

Atti. If thou wilt go, Licinius, let Attilia
At least go with thee.

Lici. No, my gentle love,
Too much I prize thy safety and thy peace.
Let me intreat thee stay with Barce here.

Bar. I go with my Hamilcar.

Ham. Barce, no;
I do conjure thee by our former loves,
Thou wilt not follow me!

Atti. Then, ere ye go,
Explain the latent purpose of your souls.

Lici. Soon shalt thou know it all——Farewell!
Farewell!

Let us keep Regulus in Rome, or die.

[*To Hamilcar as he goes out.*]

Ham. Yes—These smooth, polish'd Romans shall
confess

The soil of Afric too produces heroes.
What, tho' our pride perhaps be less than their's,
Our virtue may be equal: They shall own
The path of honor's not unknown to Carthage,

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Nor, as they arrogantly think, confin'd
To their proud Capitol :— Yes—They shall learn
The Gods look down on other climes than their's.

Exit.

Atti. What, gone, both gone? What can I think
or do?

Licinius leaves me, led by love and virtue,
To rouse the citizens to war and tumult,
Which may, alas! be fatal to himself,
May injure Rome, and yet not benefit
My father. Ah! my Barce, I am lost
In a wild labyrinth of doubt and fear.
Protecting Deities! preserve them both!

Bar. Nor is thy Barce more at ease, my friend;
I dread the fierceness of Hamilcar's courage;
Rous'd by the grandeur of thy brother's deed,
And stung by his reproaches, his great soul
Will scorn to be outdone by him in glory.
Who, who can tell what perils he may run,
To what alarming accidents expose
A life, to Barce dearer than her own?

Atti. Ah me! what dangers may attend them
both,
I tremble but to think!—My brother too!

Bar. Come, let us rise to courage and to life,
Forget the weakness of our helpless sex,
And mount above these coward woman's fears.
Hope dawns upon my mind—my prospect clears,
And every cloud now brightens into day.

Atti. How different are our souls! Thy sanguine
temper
Flush'd with the native vigor of thy soil,
Supports thy spirits; while the sad Attilia,
Sinking with more than all her sex's fears,
Sees not a beam of hope; or, if she sees it,
'Tis not the bright, warm splendor of the sun;
It is a sickly and uncertain glimmer,
A feeble ray, which, like a languid glare

Of

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Of instantaneous light'ning, passes by.
It shews, but not diminishes the danger,
And leaves my poor benighted soul, as dark
As it had never shone.

Bar. Come, let us go.
Yes, joys unlook'd for now shall gild thy days,
And brighter suns reflect propitious rays.

Exeunt.

SCENE, a Hall looking towards the Garden.

Enter Regulus speaking to one of Hamilear's Attendants.

Where's your Ambassador? where is Hamilear?
Ere this he doubtless knows the Senate's will.
Go seek him out—Tell him we must depart—
Rome has no hope for him, or wish for me.
Longer delay were criminal in both.

Enter MANLIUS.

Reg. He comes. The Consul comes! my noble
friend!

O let me str in thee to this grateful heart,
And thank thee for the vast, vast debt I owe thee!
But for thy friendship I had been a wretch—
Had been compell'd to shameful liberty.
'To thee I owe the glory of these chains,
My faith inviolate, my fame preserv'd,
My honour, virtue, glory, bondage,—all!

Man. But we shall lose thee, so it is decreed —
Thou must depart?

Reg. Because I must depart
You will not lose me; I were lost indeed!
Did I remain in Rome.

Man. Ah! Regulus,
Why, why so late do I begin to love thee?
Alas! why have the adverse fates decreed,
I ne'er must give thee other proofs of friendship,
Than those, so fatal and so full of woe.

Reg. Thou hast perform'd the duties of a friend:
Of a just, faithful, true and noble friend:

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Yet, generôus as thou art, if thou constrain me
To sink beneath a weight of obligation,
I cou'd—yes, Manlius—I cou'd ask still more.

Man. Explain thyself.

Reg. I think I have fulfill'd
The various duties of a citizen ;
Nor have I aught beside 'o do for Rome.
Now, nothing for the public good remains,
Manlius ! I recollect I am a father !
My Publius ! my Attilia ! ah ! my friend,
They are—(forgive the weakness of a parent)
To my fond heart, dear as the drops that warm it.
Next to my country they're my all of life ;
And, if a weak old man be not deceiv'd,
They will not shame that country—Yes, my friend,
Young as they are, I think I can perceive
The love of virtue blazes in their souls.
As yet these tender plants are immature,
And ask the fostering hand of cultivation ;
Heav'n, in its wisdom, would not let their father
Accomplish this great work—To thee, my friend,
The tender parent delegates the trust :
Do not refuse a poor man's legacy ;
I do bequeath my orphans to thy love—
If thou wilt kindly take them to thy bosom,
Their loss will be repaid with usury.
O let the father owe his glory to thee,
The children their protection !

Man.——— *Regulus,*
With grateful joy I do accept the trust :
Oh ! I will shield, with jealous tenderness,
The precious blossoms from a blasting world.
In me thy children shall possess a father,
Tho' not as worthy, yet as fond as thee.
The pride be mine to fill their youthful breasts
With every virtue—'twill not cost me much :
I shall have nought to teach, nor they to learn,
But the great history of their god-like sire.

Reg.

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Reg. I will not hurt the grandeur of thy virtue,
By paying thee so poor a thing as thanks.
Now, all is over, and I bless the Gods,
I've nothing more to do.

Enter PUBLIUS, in haste.

O Regulus!

Reg. Say what has happened?

Pub. Rome is in a tumult—

There's scarce a citizen but runs to arms—

They will not let thee go.

Reg. Is't possible?

Can Rome so far forget her dignity

As to desire this infamous exchange?

I blush to think it?

Pub. Ah! not so, my father.

Rome cares not for the peace, nor for th' exchange;

She only wills that Regulus shall stay.

Reg. How, stay? my oath—my faith—my honor!
—ah

Do they forget?

Pub. No: Every man exclaims

That neither faith, nor honor, shou'd be kept

With Carthaginian perfidy and fraud.

Reg. Gods! Gods! on what vile principles they
reason!

Can guilt in Carthage palliate guilt in Rome,

Or vice in one absolve it in another?

Ah! who hereafter shall be criminal,

If precedents are us'd to justify

The blackest crimes.

Pub. Th' infatuated people

Have call'd the Augurs to the sacred fane,

There to determine this momentous point.

Reg. I have no need of Oracles, my son,

Honor's the Oracle of honest men.

I gave my promise, which I will observe

With most religious strictness Rome, 'tis true,

Had power to chuse the peace, or change of slaves:

But

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But whether Regulus return, or not,
Is his concern, not the concern of Rome.
That was a public, this a private care.
Publius! thy father is not what he was;
I am the slave of Carthage, nor has Rome
Power to dispose of captives not her own.
Guards! let us to the port.—Farewell, my friend.

Man. Let me intreat thee stay; for shou'd'st
thou go

To stem this tumult of the populace,
They will by force detain thee: then, alas!
Both Regulus and Rome must break their faith.

Reg. What! must I then remain?

Man. No, Regulus,
I will not check thy great career of glory;
Thou shalt depart; mean-while, I go to calm
This wild tumultuous uproar of the people.
The Consular authority shall still them.

Reg. Thy virtue is my safeguard—but—

Man. Enough.——

I know thy honor, and trust thou to mine.
I am a Roman, and I feel some sparks
Of Regulus's virtue in my breast.
Tho' fate denies me thy illustrious chains,
I will at least endeavour to deserve them.

Exit.

Reg. How is my country alter'd! how, alas,
Is the great spirit of old Rome extinct!
Restraint and force must now be put to use
To make her virtuous. She must be compell'd
To faith and honor—Ah! what, Publius here?
And dost thou leave so tamely to my friend,
The honor to assist me? Go, my boy,
'Twill make me more in love with chains and death,
To owe them to a son.

Pub. I go, my father—
I will, I will obey thee.

Reg. Do not sigh—
It will impede the progress of thy glory.

Pub.

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Pub. Yes, I will own the pangs of death itself
 Wou'd be less cruel than these agonies :
 Yet do not frown austere on thy son :
 His anguish is his virtue : It to conquer
 The feelings of my soul were easy to me,
 'Twou'd be no merit. Do not then defraud
 The sacrifice I make thee of its glory.

Exeunt severally.

MANLIUS, ATTILIA.

Atti. (Speaking as she enters.) Where is the Consul?—where, oh ! where is Manlius ?
 I come to breathe the voice of mourning to him,
 To supplicate his mercy, to conjure him
 To whisper peace to my afflicted bosom,
 And heal the anguish of a wounded spirit.

Man. What would the daughter of my noble friend ?

Atti. If ever pity's sweet emotions touch'd thee,
 If ever gentle love assail'd thy breast,—
 If ever virtuous friendship fir'd thy soul ;
 By the dear names of husband, and of parent—
 By all the soft, yet powerful ties of nature ;—
 If e'er thy lisping infants charm'd thine ear,
 And waken'd all the father in thy soul,
 If e'er thou hop'd to have thy later days
 Blest by their love, and sweeten'd by their duty—
 Oh ! hear a kneeling, weeping, wretched daughter,
 Who begs, intreats, implores a father's life—
 Nor her's alone—but Rome's—his country's father.—

Man. Rise, gentle maid—nay, I conjure thee rise.
 Oh ! spare this soft, subduing eloquence !
 Nay, rise, I shall forget I am a Roman—
 Forget the mighty debt I owe my country—
 Forget the fame and glory of thy father.
 I must conceal this weakness.

Turns from her.

Atti. (rises eagerly.) Ah ! you weep !
 Indulge, indulge, my Lord, the virtuous softness :

Was

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Was ever sight so graceful, so becoming,
As Pity's tear upon the Hero's cheek?

Man. No more—I must not hear thee.

Going.

Atti. How! not hear me?

You must—you shall—nay, nay return my Lord—
Oh! fly not from me—look upon my woes,
And imitate the mercy of the Gods:

'Tis not their thunder that excites our reverence,

'Tis their mild mercy, and forgiving love.

'Twill add a brighter lustre to thy laurels,

When men shall say, and proudly point Thee out,

“Behold the Consul!—He who sav'd his friend.”

Oh! what a tide of joy will overwhelm thee?

Who will not envy thee thy glorious feelings?

Man. 'Thy father scorns his liberty and life,
Nor will accept of either, at th' expence
Of honour, virtue, glory, faith and Rome.

Atti. Think you behold the god-like Regulus

The prey of unrelenting savage foes,

Ingenious only in contriving ill:———

Eager to glut their hunger of revenge,

They'll plot such new, such dire, unheard-of tor-
tures——

Such dreadful, and such complicated vengeance,

As ev'n the Punic annals have not known;

And, as they heap fresh torments on his head,

With horrid exultation they'll applaud

Their curs'd, pernicious genius for destruction.

—Ah! Manlius—now methinks I see my father—

My faithful fancy full of his idea

Presents him to me—mangled, gash'd, and torn—

Stretch'd on the rack in writhing agony—

The torturing pincers tear his quivering flesh,

And the dire murderers view the gaping wounds

With smiles malignant, and with fiend-like rapture—

His groans their music, and his pangs their sport;—

And if they lend some interval of ease,

Some dear-bought intermission, meant to make

The following pang more exquisitely felt,

Th'

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Th' insulting executioners exclaim,

"Now, Roman! feel the vengeance thou hast,
scorn'd!"

Man. Repress thy sorrows—

Atti. Ah!—repress my sorrows?—

And can the friend of Regulus advise
His hapless daughter not to mourn his fate?
How cold, alas! is friendship when compar'd
To ties of blood—to nature's powerful impulse;
Yes—she asserts her empire in my soul,
'Tis nature pleads—she will—she must be heard;
With warm, resistless eloquence she pleads.—
Ah thou art soften'd!—see—the Consul yields—
The feelings triumph—tenderness prevails—
The Roman is subdued—the daughter conquers!

(Catching hold of his Robe.)

Man. Ah! hold me not—I must not, cannot stay,
The softness of thy sorrow is contagious;
I too may feel when I should only reason.
I dare not hear thee—Regulus and Rome,
The Patriot and the Friend—all, all forbid it.

(Breaks from her and exit.)

Manet ATTILIA.

Oh feeble grasp!—and is he gone, quite gone?
Hold, hold thy empire, reason, firmly hold it,
Or rather quit at once thy feeble throne,
Since thou but serv'st to shew me what I've lost,
To heighten all the horrors that await me;
To summon up a wild, distracted croud
Of fatal images, to shake my soul,
To scare sweet peace, and banish hope itself.
Farewell! delusive dreams of joy, farewell!
Come, fell Despair! thou pale-ey'd spectre, come,
For thou shalt be Attilia's inmate now,
And thou shalt grow, and twine about her heart,
And she shall be so much enamour'd of thee,

The

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The pageant Pleasure ne'er shall interpose
Her gaudy presence to divide you more.

(Stands in an Attitude of silent Grief.)

Enter LICINIUS.

At length I've found thee—ah my charming maid !
How have I sought thee out with anxious fondness !
Alas ! she hears me not.—My best Attilia !
Ah ! grief oppresses every gentle sense.
Still, still she hears not—'tis Licinius speaks,
He comes to sooth the anguish of thy spirit,
And hush thy tender sorrows into peace.

Atti. Who's he that dares assume the voice of love,
And comes unbidden to these dreary haunts ;
Steals on the sacred treasury of woe,
And breaks the league Despair and I have made.

Lici. 'Tis one who comes the messenger of Heaven,
To talk of peace, of comfort and of joy.

Atti. Didst thou not mock me with the sound of
joy ?

Thou little know'st the anguish of my soul,
If thou believ'st I ever can again,
So long the wretched sport of angry fortune,
Admit delusive Hope to my sad bosom.
No—I abjure the flatterer and her train.
Let those, who ne'er have been like me deceiv'd,
Embrace the fair-fantastic sycophant——
For I, alas ! am wedded to despair,
And will not hear the sound of comfort more.

Lici. Cease, cease, my love, this tender voice of
woe,

Tho' softer than the dying Cygner's plaint :
She ever chaunts her most melodious strain
When death and sorrow harmonize her note.

Atti. Yes—I will listen now with fond delight ;
For death and sorrow are my darling themes.
Well !—what hast thou to say of death and sorrow ?
Believe me, thou wilt find me apt to listen,

And,

And, if my tongue be slow to answer thee,
Instead of words I'll give thee sighs and tears.

Lici. I come to dry thy tears, not make them
flow,

The Gods once more propitious smile upon us,
Joy shall again await each happy morn,
And ever-new delight shall crown the day!
Yes, Regulus shall live. —

Ati. Ah me! what say'st thou?

Alas! I'm but a poor, weak, trembling woman—
I cannot bear these wild extremes of fate—
Then mock me not—I think thou art Licinius,
The generous lover, and the faithful friend!
I think thou would'st not sport with my afflictions.

Lici. Mock thy afflictions? — May eternal Jove,
And every power at whose dread shrine we worship,
Blast all the hopes my fond ideas form
Of tender transport in Antilia's love
If I deceive thee! Yes, my beauteous mourner,
Thy father yet shall live—shall live to bless thee—
Shall live to give thee to Licinius' arms.
Oh! we will smooth his downward path of life,
By our kind cares and unremitting love;
And after a long length of virtuous years,
At the last verge of honourable age,
When nature's glimmering lamp goes gently out,
We'll close, together close his eyes in peace—
Together drop the sweetly-painful tear—
Then copy out his virtues in our lives.

Ati. And shall we be so blest? is't possible?
Forgive me, my Licinius, if I doubt thee.
Fate never gave such exquisite delight,
As flattering hope hath imagin'd to thy soul.
But how? — Explain this bounty of the Gods.

Lici. Thou know'st what influence the name of
Tribune
Gives it's possessor o'er the people's minds:
That power I have exerted, nor in vain;

All

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All are prepar'd to second my designs :
The plot is ripe,—there's not a man but swears
To keep thy god-like father here in Rome—
To save his life at hazard of his own.

Atti. By what gradation does my joy ascend !
I thought that if my father had been sav'd
By any means, I had been rich in bliss :
But that he lives, and lives preserv'd by thee,
Is such a prodigality of fate,
I cannot bear my joy with moderation :
Heaven should have dealt it with a scantier hand,
And not have shower'd such plenteous blessings on
me ;

They are too great, too flattering to be real ;
'Tis some delightful vision, which enchants,
And cheats my senses weaken'd by misfortune.

Lici. Ador'd Attilia ! now you overpay
A life of love, an age of expectation ;
We'll seek thy father, and mean-while, my fair,
Compose and calm thy agitated soul,
And hush it's sweet emotions ere thou see'st him.
Pleasure itself is painful in excess ;
For joys, like sorrows, in extreme, oppress :
The Gods themselves our pious cares approve,
And to reward our virtue crown our love.

END of the Fourth ACT.

A C T V.

An Apartment in the Ambassador's Palace. Guards and other Attendants seen at a Distance.

Hamilcar. Where is this wond'rous man, this
matchless hero,
This arbiter of kingdoms and of kings,
This Delegate of Heaven, this Roman God?
I long to shew his soaring mind an equal,
And bring it to the standard of humanity.
What pride, what glory will it be to fix
An obligation on his stubborn soul!
Oh! to constrain a foe to be oblig'd!
The very thought exalts me e'en to rapture.

Enter REGULUS, and Guards!

Ham. Well, Regulus!—At last—

Reg. I know it all;
I know the motive of thy just complaint.—
Be not alarm'd at this licentious uproar
Of the mad populace. I will depart—
Fear not—I will not stay in Rome alive.

Ham. What dost thou mean by uproar and alarms?
Hamilcar does not come to vent complaints;
He rather comes to prove, that Afric too
Produces heroes, and that Tiber's banks
May find a rival on the Punic coast.

Reg. Be it so.—'Tis not a time for vain debate:
Collect thy people—Let us strait depart.

Ham. Lend me thy hearing first.

Reg. O patience, patience!

Ham. Is it esteem'd a glory to be grateful?

Reg. The time has been when 'twas a duty only,
But 'tis a duty now so little practis'd,
That to perform it is become a glory.

Ham. If to fulfil it shou'd expose to danger?

Reg.

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Reg. It rises then to an illustrious virtue.

Ham. Then grant this merit to an African.
Give me a patient hearing——Thy great son,
As delicate in honor as in love,
Hath nobly given my Barce to my arms;
And yet, I know he doats upon the maid.
I come to emulate the generous deed;
He gave me back my love, and in return
I will restore his father.

Reg. Ah! what say'st thou?
Wilt thou preserve me then?

Ham. I will.

Reg. But how?

Ham. By leaving thee at liberty to fly.

Reg.——Ah!

Ham. I will dismiss my guards on some pretence,
Mean-while do thou escape, and lie conceal'd:
I will affect a rage I shall not feel,
Unmoor my ships, and sail for Africa.

R.g. Abhor'd Barbarian!

Ham. Well, what dost thou say!
Art thou not much surpris'd?

Reg. I am indeed.

Ham. Thou could'st not then have hop'd it?

Reg. No! I could not.

Ham. And yet I'm not a Roman.

Reg. I perceive it.

Ham. You may retire. (*A loud to the Guards.*)

Reg. No!—Stay, I charge you stay.

Ham. And wherefore stay?

Reg. I thank thee for thy offer,
But I shall go with thee.

Ham. 'Tis well, proud man!
Thou dost despise me then?

Reg. No——but I pity thee.

Ham. Why pity me?

R.g. Because thy poor, dark soul
Hath never felt the piercing ray of virtue.

Know.

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Know, African! the scheme thou dost propose
Would injure me, thy country, and thyself.

Ham. Thou dost mistake.

Reg. Who was it gave thee power
To rule the destiny of Regulus?

Am I a slave to Carthage, or to thee?

Ham. What does it signify from whom, proud
Roman

Thou dost receive this benefit?

Reg. A benefit?

O savage ignorance! is it a benefit
To lie, elope, deceive, and be a villain?

Ham. What not when life itself, when all's at
stake?

Know't thou my countrymen prepare thee tortures,
That shock imagination but to think of?

Thou wilt be mangled, butcher'd, rack'd, impal'd.—
Does not thy nature shrink?

Reg. (*smiling at his Threats.*) Hamilcar! no.

Dost thou not know the Roman genius better?

We live on honor — 'tis our food, our all,

The motive, and the measure of our deeds!

We look on death as on a common object;

The tongue nor falters, nor the cheek turns pale,

Nor the calm eye betrays a single terror;

We court, and we embrace him undismay'd;

We smile at tortures if they lead to glory,

And only cowardice and guilt alarm us.

Ham. Fine sophistry! the valor of the tongue,

The heart disclaims it; leave this pomp of words,

And cease dissembling with a friend like me.

I know that life is dear to all who live,

That death is dreadful,—yes, and must be fear'd,

E'en by the frozen Apathists of Rome.

Reg. Did I fear death when on Bagra'da's banks,

I fac'd and slew the formidable serpent.

That made your boldest Africans recoil.

And shrink with horror, tho' the monster liv'd

A native

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A native inmate of their own parch'd deserts?
Did I fear death before the gates of Adis?
Ask Bostar, or let Asdrubal declare.

Ham. Or shall I rather of Xantippus ask,
Who dar'd to undeceive deluded Rome,
And prove this vaunter not invincible?
'Tis even said, in Africa I mean,
He made a prisoner of this Demi-god.—
Did we not triumph then?

Reg. Vain boaster, no!
No Carthaginian conquer'd Regulus;
Xantippus was a Greek—a brave one too!
Yet what distinction did your Afric make
Between the man who serv'd her, and her foe;
I was the object of her open hate:
He, of her secret, dark malignity.
He durst not trust the nation he had sav'd;
He knew, and therefore fear'd you.—Yes, he knew
Where once you were oblig'd, you ne'er forgave;
Cou'd you forgive at all, you'd rather pardon
The man who hated, than the man who serv'd you.
Xantippus found his ruin ere it reach'd him,
Lurking behind your honors and rewards,
In your feign'd courtesies, and treacherous fawnings.
When vice intends to strike a master stroke,
It's veil is smiles, it's language protestations,
The Spartan's merit threaten'd, but his service
Compell'd his ruin.—Both you could not pardon.

Ham. Come, come, I know full well—

Reg. Barbarian! peace.
I've heard too much—Go, call thy followers:
Prepare thy ships, and learn to do thy duty.
Ham. Yes—shew thyself intrepid, and insult me;
Call mine the blindness of barbarian friendship;
On Tiber's banks I hear thee, and am calm:
But know, thou scornful Roman! that too soon
In Carthage thou may'st fear and feel my vengeance:
Thy cold, obdurate pride shall there confess,
Tho' Rome may talk—'tis Africa can punish.

Exit.

Reg.

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Reg. Farewell! I've not a thought to waste on thee.

Where is the Consul? why does Publius stay?

Alas! I fear—but see Attilia comes!—

Enter ATTILIA.

Reg. What brings thee here, my child? what eager joy
Transports thee thus?

Atti. I cannot speak—my father!
Joy choaks my utterance—Rome, dear grateful Rome
(Oh! may her cup with blessings overflow)
Gives up our common destiny to thee;
Faithful and constant to th' advice thou gav'st her,
She will not hear of peace, or change of slaves,
But she insists—reward and bless her, Gods!—
That thou shalt here remain.

Reg. What! with shame——

At. Oh! no—the sacred senate hath consider'd
That, when to Carthage thou did'st pledge thy faith,
Thou wast a slave, and in captivity
Thou could'st not bind thyself in covenant.

Reg. He, who can die, is always free, my child!
Learn farther, he who owns another's strength
Confesses his own weakness.—Let them know,
I swore I wou'd return because I chose it,
And will return, because I swore to do it.

Enter PUBLIUS.

Pub. Vain is that hope, my father.

Reg. Who shall stop me?

Pub. All Rome.—The citizens are up in arms:
In vain wou'd reason stop the growing torrent;
In vain wou'd'st thou attempt to reach the port,
The way is barr'd by thronging multitudes:
The other streets of Rome are all deserted.

Reg. Where, where is Manlius?

Pub. He is still thy friend;

His

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His single voice opposes a whole people ;
This moment threatens and the next intreats,
But all in vain, none hear him, none obey.
The general fury rises ev'n to madness,
The axes tremble in the Lictors hands,
Who pale and spiritless want power to use them—
And one wild scene of anarchy prevails,

Reg. Farewell! my daughter. Publius, follow me.

Exit Publius.

At. Ah! where? I tremble.—(Detaining *Reg.*)

Reg. To assist my friend——

T' upbraid my hapless country with her crime——
To keep the glory of these chains to *Regulus*——
To go, my child, or perish in th' attempt.

At. Ah no! have mercy. Oh!

Reg. *Attilia*! hold;

I have been patient with thee; have indulg'd
Too much the fond affections of thy soul;
I've spar'd thy gentle sex, and tender age.
It is enough; thy grief would now offend
Thy father's honor; do not let thy tears
Conspire with Rome to rob me of my triumph.

At. Alas! it wounds my soul.

Reg. I know it does.

I know 'twill grieve thy gentle heart to lose me;
But think, thou mak'st the sacrifice to Rome,
And all is well again.

At. Alas! my father.

In aught beside——

Reg. What would'st thou do, my child?
Canst thou direct the destiny of Rome,
And boldly plead amid th' assembled senate?
Canst thou, forgetting all thy sex's softness,
Fiercely engage in hardy deeds of arms?
Canst thou encounter labour, toil and famine,
Fatigue and hardships, watchings, cold and heat?
Canst thou attempt to serve thy country thus?
Thou canst not:—but thou may'st sustain my loss
Without these agonizing pangs of grief,

And

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And set a bright example of submission,
Worthy a Roman's daughter.

At. Yet such fortitude ———

Reg. Is a most painful virtue ;—but Attilia
Is Regulus's daughter, and must have it.

At. I will intreat the Gods to give it me.

Ah ! thou art offended ! I have lost thy love.

Reg. Is this concern a mark that thou hast lost it ?
I cannot, cannot spurn my weeping child.

Receive this proof of my paternal fondness ;—
Thou lovest Licinius—He too loves my daughter.
I give thee to his wishes, I do more,

I give thee to his virtues—Yes, Attilia,
The noble youth deserves this dearest pledge
Thy father's friendship ever can bestow.

At. My lord ! my father ! wilt thou, canst thou
leave me ?

The tender father will not quit his child !

Reg. I am, I am thy father ! as a proof,
I leave thee my example how to suffer.
My child ! I have a heart within this bosom ;
That heart has passions—they require subjection.
Passion—which is thy tyrant—is my slave.

At. Ah ! slay my father. Ah !

Reg. Farewell ! farewell !

Exit.

At. And is he gone ? then hope is at end ;
I'll find at least some comfort in despair.
Yes, Regulus ! I feel thy spirit here,
Thy mighty spirit struggling in this breast.
And it shall conquer all these coward feelings,
It shall subdue the woman in my soul ;
A Roman virgin should be something more—
Should dare above her sex's narrow limits—
And I will dare—and mis'ry shall assist me—
My father ! now I am indeed thy daughter !
The hero shall no more disdain his child ;
Attilia shall not be the only branch
That yields dishonor to the parent tree.

M

Enter

And

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Enter B A R C E.

Attilia! is it true that Regulus,
In spite of Senate, people, augurs, friends
And Children, will depart?

At. Yes, it is true.

Barce. Oh! what romantic madness!

At. You forget—

Barce. the deeds of heroes claim respect.

Barce. And does Attilia then applaud the deed?

At. Thy friend adores the virtues of her father!

Barce. Dost thou approve a virtue which must lead
To chains, to tortures, and to certain death?

At. Barce! those chains, those tortures, and that death
Will be his triumph.

Barce. Thou art pleas'd, Attilia,
By heaven thou dost exult in his destruction!

At. Ah pitying powers!

[Weeps.]

Barce. I do not comprehend thee.

At. No Barce, I believe it.—Why how should'st
thou?

If I mistake not, thou wast born in Carthage,
In a barbarian land, where never child
Was taught to triumph in a father's chains.

Barce. Yet thou dost weep—thy eyes at least are
honest,

For they refuse to share thy tongue's deceit;
They speak the genuine language of affliction,
And tell the sorrows that oppress thy soul.

At. Grief, that dissolves in tears, relieves the heart.—
When congregated vapours melt in rain,
The sky is calm'd, and all's serene again.

Exit.

Barce. Why—what a strange, fantastic land is this!
This love of glory's the disease of Rome;
It makes her mad, it is a wild delirium,
An universal and contagious frenzy;
It preys on all, it spares nor sex nor age;
The Consul envies Regulus his chains—
He, not less mad, contemns his life and freedom—

The

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The daughter glories in the father's ruin—
And Publius, more distracted than the rest,
Resigns the object that his soul adores,
For this vain phantom, for this empty glory.
This may be virtue; but I thank the Gods,
The soul of Barce's not a Roman soul.

Exit.

Scene within sight of the Tiber, ships ready for the embarkation of Regulus and the Ambassador, Tribune and people stopping up the passage, Consul and Licors endeavouring to clear it.

MANLIUS and LICINIUS advance.

Lici. Rome will not suffer Regulus to go.

Man. I thought the Consul and the Senators
Had been a part of Rome,

Lici. I grant they are—
But still the people are the greater part.

Man. The greater, nor the wiser.

Lici. The less cruel.—
Full of esteem and gratitude to Regulus,
We wou'd preserve his life.

Man. And we his honor.

Lici. His honor? ———

Man. Yes. Time presses. Words are vain.
Make way there—clear the passage.

Lici. On your lives.
Stir not a man.

Man. I do command you, go.

Lici. And I forbid it.

Man. Clear the way, my friends.
How dares Licinius thus oppose the Consul!

Lici. How dar'st thou, Manlius, thus oppose the
Tribune!

Man. I'll shew thee what I dare, imprudent
boy! ———

Licors, force thro' the passage.

Lici. Romans guard it.

Man. Gods! is my power then resisted with arms?
Thou dost affront the Majesty of Rome.

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Lici. The Majesty of Rome is in the people ;
Thou dost insult it by opposing them.

People. Let noble Regulus remain in Rome.

Man. My friends, let me explain this treacherous
schemer.

People. We will not hear thee! — Regulus shall
stay.

Man. What none obey me?

People. Regulus shall stay.

Man. Romans, attend — — —

People. Let Regulus remain.

Enter REGULUS, *followed by* PUBLIUS, ATTILIA,
HAMILCAR, BARCE, &c.

Reg. Let Regulus remain? What do I hear?
Is't possible the wish should come from you?
Can Romans give, or Regulus accept,
A life of infamy, reproach and shame?
Where is the ancient virtue of my country?
Rise, rise, ye mighty spirits of old Rome!
I do invoke you from your silent tombs;
Fabricius, Cocles, and Camillus, rise,
And shew your sons what their great fathers were.
My countrymen, what crime have I committed?
Alas! how has the wretched Regulus
Deserv'd your hatred?

Lici. Hatred? ah! my friend,
It is our love would break these cruel chains.

Reg. If you deprive me of my chains, I'm nothing;
They are my honors, riches, titles;—all!
They'll shame my enemies, and grace my country,
Convey her glory to remotest climes,
Beyond her provinces and conquer'd realms,
Where her victorious eagles never flew;
Nor shall she blush hereafter if she find
Recorded with her worthiest Citizens
The name of Regulus, the Captive Regulus.
My countrymen! what, think you, kept in awe

The

The Volsci, Sabines, Æqui and Hernici ?
 The arms of Rome alone ? no, 'twas her virtue ;
 That sole surviving Good, which men may keep
 Tho' fate and warring worlds combine against them :
 This still is mine—and I'll preserve it, Romans !
 The wealth of Plutus shall not bribe it from me !
 If you, alas ! require this sacrifice,
 Carthage herself was less my foe than Rome ;
 She took my freedom—she could take no more ;
 But Rome, to crown her work, wou'd take my honor—
 My friends ! if you deprive me of my chains,
 I am no more than any other slave :
 Yes, Regulus becomes a common captive,
 A wretched, lying, perjur'd fugitive !
 But if, to grace my bonds, you leave my honor,
 I shall be still a Roman, tho' a slave.

Lici. What faith should be observ'd with savages ?
 What promise should be kept which bonds extort ?

Reg. Unworthy subterfuge ! ah ! let us leave,
 To the wild Arab and the faithless Moor,
 These wretched maxims of deceit and fraud :
 Examples ne'er can justify the coward :
 The brave man never seeks a vindication,
 Save from his own just bosom and the Gods ;
 From principle, not precedent he acts :
 As that arraigns him, or as that acquits,
 He stands, or falls ; condemn'd or justify'd.

Lici. Rome is no more if Regulus departs.

Reg. Let Rome remember Regulus must die !
 Nor wou'd the moment of my death be distant,
 If nature's work had been reserv'd for nature :
 What Carthage means to do, she wou'd have done,
 As speedily perhaps, at least as surely.
 My wearied life has almost reach'd it's goal ;
 The once-warm current stagnates in these veins,
 Or thro' it's icy channels slowly creeps :
 View the weak arm, and the pale, furrow'd cheek,
 The slacken'd sinew, and the dim, sunk eye,
 And tell me then I must not think of dying !

246 The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE.

How can I serve you else? My feeble limbs
 Wou'd totter now beneath the armour's weight,
 The burthen of that body it once shielded.
 You see, my friends, you see, my countrymen,
 I can no longer shew myself a Roman,
 Except by dying like one.—Gracious Heaven
 Has pointed out a glorious way to crown
 A life of virtue with a death of honor.
 Oh! do not frustrate then the will of Jove,
 And load my latest hours with infamy.
 Come, come, I know my noble Romans better;
 I see your souls, I read repentance in them;
 You all applaud me—nay, you wish my chains:
 'Twas nothing but excess of love misled you,
 And, as you're Romans, you will conquer that.
 Yes!—I perceive your weakness is subdu'd.—
 Seize, seize the moment of returning virtue;
 Throw to the ground, my sons, those hostile arms;
 Retard no longer Regulus's triumph:
 I do request it of you as a friend,
 Exhort you to your duty, as a patriot,
 And, were I still your Gen'ral, would command you.
Lici. Lay down your arms—let Regulus depart.
 [*To the People, who clear the Way, and quit their Arms.*]
Reg. Gods! Gods! I thank you—you indeed are
 righteous.
Pub. See every man disarm'd. Oh, Rome! oh,
 father!
Arti. Hold, hold my heart Alas! they all obey.
Reg. The way is clear. Hamilcar, I attend thee.
Ham. Why I begin to envy this old man! (*Aside*).
Min. Not the proud Victor on the day of triumph,
 Warm from the slaughter of dispeopled realms,
 Tho' conquer'd princes grace his chariot wheels,
 Tho' tributary monarchs wait his nod,
 And vanquish'd nations bend the knee before him,
 E'er shone with half the lustre that surrounds
 This voluntary sacrifice for Rome!
 Who loves his country will obey her laws;
 Who most obeys them is the truest Patriot.

Reg.

The INFLEXIBLE CAPTIVE. 247

R.g. Be our last parting worthy of ourselves.
Farewell! my friends.—I bless the Gods who
rule us,

Since I must leave you, that I leave you Romans.
Preserve, preserve the mighty name untainted,
And you shall be the rulers of the globe,
The arbiters of earth; the farthest east,
Beyond where Ganges rolls his rapid flood,
Shall proudly emulate the Roman name. (Kneels.)
Ye Gods, the guardians of this glorious people,
Ye Goddesses, who watch Æneas' race,
This land of heroes I commit to you;
This ground, these walls, this people be your care!
Oh! bless them, bless them with a liberal hand!
Let fortitude and valor, truth and justice,
For ever flourish and increase among them:
And if some baneful planet threat the Capitol
With it's malignant influence, oh! avert it.—
Be Regulus the victim of your wrath.—
On this white head be all your vengeance pour'd,
But spare, oh! spare, and bless immortal Rome!
Ah! tears? my Romans weep! Farewell! farewell!

*Atilia struggles to get to Regulus, is prevented—she
faints—he fixes his Eyes steadily on her for some
time, and then departs to the ships.*

MANLIUS, looking after him.

Farewell! farewell! thou glory of mankind!
Protector, father, saviour of thy country!
Thro' Regulus the Roman name shall live,
Triumph o'er future time, and mock oblivion.—
Farewell! thou pride of this immortal coast!
'Tis Rome alone a Regulus can boast.

E N D.

CHIT 1200

P E R C Y,

A
T R A G E D Y.

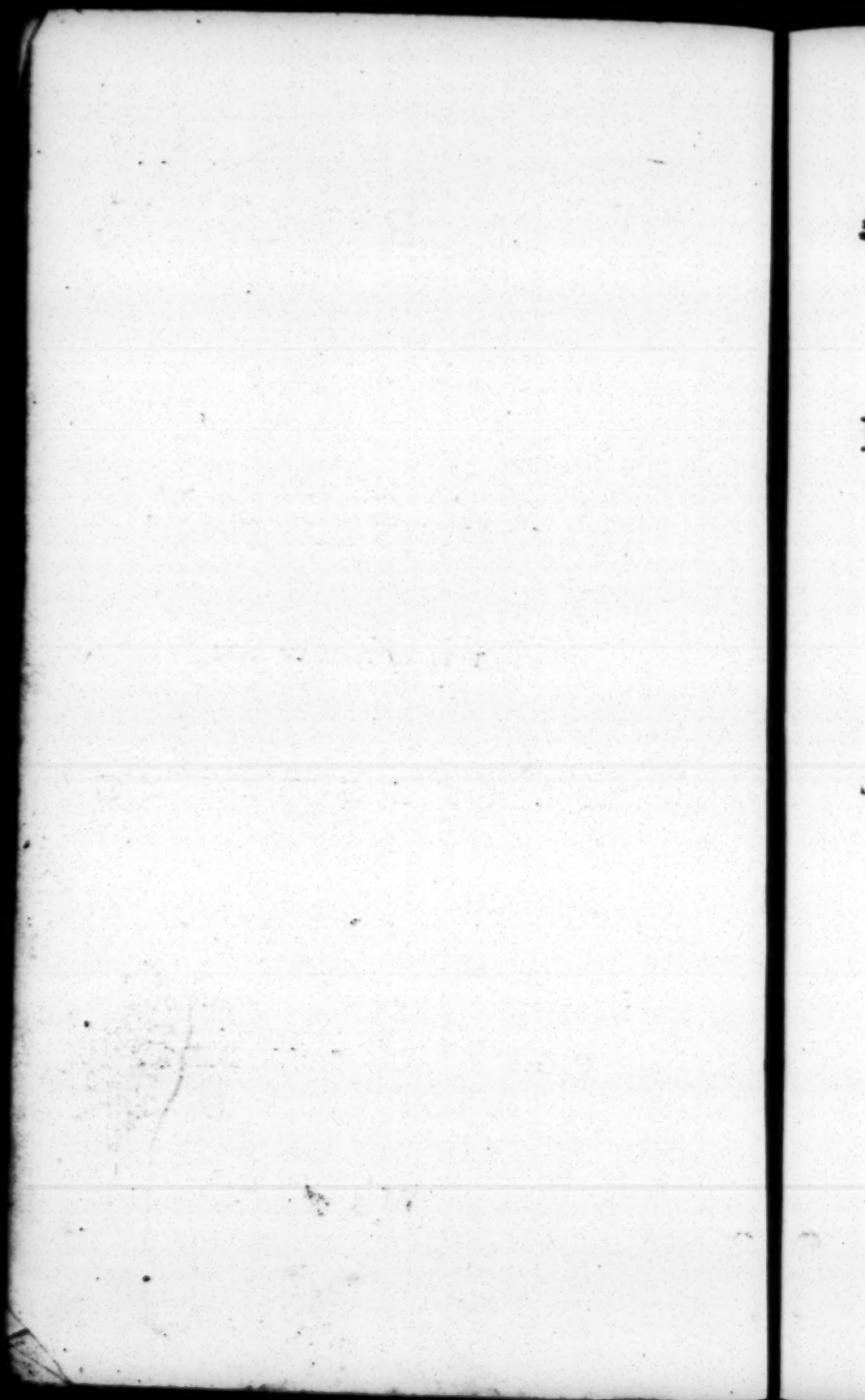
AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L.

I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

M 5



F O
E A R L P E R C Y:

This T R A G E D Y,

A S

A S M A L L T R I B U T E

To His Illustrious CHARACTER: Is very re-
spectfully inscribed,

By His LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PERCY,	{ Earl of Northumberland. }	Mr. Lewis.
Earl DOUGLAS,		Mr. Wroughton.
Earl RABY, Elwina's Father,		Mr. Aickin.
EDRIC, Friend to Douglas,		Mr. Whiffeld.
HARCOURT, Friend to Percy,		Mr. Robson.
Sir HUBERT, a Knight,		Mr. Hull.

W O M E N.

ELWINA,	Mrs. Barry.
BIRTHA,	Mrs. Jackson.

KNIGHTS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE, RABY CASTLE, in *Durham*.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

T H O' I'm a *female*, and the rule is ever,
For us, in Epilogue, to beg your favour.
Yet now I take the lead—and leaving art
And envy to the men—with a warm heart,
A *woman* here I come—to take a *woman's part*. }
No little jealousies my mind perplex,
I come, the *friend* and *champion* of my sex;
I'll prove, ye fair, that let us have our swing,
We can, as well as men, do any thing;
Nay, better too, perhaps—for now and then,
These times produce some bungling among men,
In spite of lordly wits—with force and ease,
Can't we write plays, or damn 'em, if we please?
The men, who grant not much, allow us charms—
Are eyes, shapes, dimples, then, our only arms?
To rule this man our sex dame Nature teaches;
Mount the high horse we can, and make long }
speeches;
Nay, and with dignity, some wear the breeches; }
And why not wear 'em?—We shall have your votes,
While some of t' other sex wear petticoats.
Did not a *Lady Knight*, late *Chevalier*,
A brave, smart soldier to your eyes appear?
Hey! presto! pass! his *sword* becomes a *fan*,
A comely *woman* rising from the *man*.

The

P R O L O G U E.

The French their Amazonian maid invite—
 She goes—alike well skill'd to talk or write,
 Dance, ride, negotiate, scold, coquet, or fight.
 If she should set her heart upon a rover,
 And he prove false, she'd kick her faithless lover.
 The *Greeks* and *Romans* own our boundless claim—
 The *Muses*, *Graces*, *Virtues*, *Fortune*, *Fame*,
Wisdom, and *Nature* too, they *woman* call;
 With this sweet *flattery*—yet they mix some gall—
 'Twill out—the *Furies* too are *females* all.
 The pow'rs of *Riches*, *Physic*, *War*, and *Wine*,
Sleep, *Death*, and *Devils* too—are *masculine*.
 Are we unfit to rule?—a poor suggestion!
Austria and *Russia* answer well that question.
 If joy from sense and matchless grace arise,
 With your own treasure, *Britons*, bless your eyes.
 If such there are—sure, in an humbler way,
 The sex, without much guilt, may write a play:
 That they've done nobler things, there's no denial;
 With all your judgment, then, prepare for trial—
 Summon your critic pow'rs, your manhood summon,
 A brave man will *protect*, not *hurt* a *woman*;
 Let us wish modestly to share with men,
 If not the *force*, the *feather* of the *pen*.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. LEE LEWIS.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air
Announce the man of fashion, and no play'r ;
Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,
Yet have I rush'd thro' heroes, kings, and queens ;
Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,
To drive these ballad-heroes from the stage—

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn,

“ Earl Percy took his way ;

“ The child may rue, that is unborn,

“ The hunting of that day.”

A pretty basis, truly, for a modern play !
What ! shall a scribbling, senseless woman dare
To your refinements offer such *coarse* fare ?
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with passion,
Ready for love or glory, death to dash on,
Fit company for modern still-life men of fashion ?
Such madness will our hearts but slightly graze,
We've no such frantic nobles now a-days
Heart-strings, like fiddle-strings, vibrate no tone,
Unless they're run'd in perfect unison ;
And youths of yore, with ours can ne'er agree—
They're in too *sharp*, ours in too *flat* a key.
Could we believe old stories, those strange fellows
Married for *love*—could of their wives be jealous—
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse.

Most .

E P I L O G U E.

Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one mind,
 One bed too—so preposterously kind—
 From such barbarity (thank Heav'n) we're much
 refin'd. }
 Old songs their happiness at home record,
 From home they sep'rate carriages abhorr'd—
 One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind my
 lord. }
 'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asunder—
 Now tack'd so slightly, *not* to snap's the wonder.
 Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide,
 They mix'd their love with monumental pride,
 For, cut in stone, they still lie side by side. }
 But why these Gothic ancestors produce?
 Why scour their rusty armours? What's the use?
 'Twould not your optics much regale,
 To see us beaux bend under coats of mail;
 Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,
 Good Heav'n! how much court-plaster we should
 use; }
 We wear no armour now—but on our shoes.
 Let not with barbarism true taste be blended,
 Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended,
 Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended. }

PERCY,

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

•• The French Drama, founded on the famous old Story
 of *Ramond de Coucy*, suggested to the Author some Circumstances
 in the former Part of this Tragedy.

P E R C Y,

A T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Gothic Hall.*

Enter EDRIC *and* BIRTHA.

B I R T H A.

WHAT may this mean? Earl Doug'as has injoin'd
thee

To meet him here in private?

Edric. Yes, my sister,

And this injunction I have oft receiv'd;

But when he comes, big with some painful secret,

He starts, looks wild, then drops ambiguous hints,

Frowns, hesitates, turns pale, and says 'twas nothing;

Then feigns to smile, and by his anxious care

To prove himself at ease, betrays his pain.

Birtha. Since my short sojourn here, I've mark'd
this Earl,

And tho' the ties of blood unite us closely,

I shudder at his haughtiness of temper,

Which not his gentle wife, the bright Elwina,

Can charm to rest. Ill are these spirits pair'd,

His is the seat of frenzy, her's of softness,

His

His love is transport, her's is trembling duty,
 Rage in his soul is as the whirlwind fierce,
 While her's ne'er felt the pow'r of that rude passion.

Edric. Perhaps the mighty soul of Douglas mourns,
 Because inglorious love detains him here,
 While our bold knights, beneath the Christian stand-
 ard,

Press to the bulwarks of Jerusalem.

Birtha. Tho' every various charm adorns Elwina,
 And tho' the noble Douglas doats to madness,
 Yet some dark mystery involves their fate :
 The canker grief devours Elwina's bloom,
 And on her brow meek resignation sits,
 Hopeless, yet uncomplaining.

Edric. 'Tis most strange.

Birtha. Once, not long since, she thought herself
 alone ;

'Twas then the pent-up anguish burst its bounds ;
 With broken voice, clasp'd hands, and streaming eyes,
 She call'd upon her father, call'd him cruel,
 And said her duty claim'd far other recompence.

Edric. Perhaps the absence of the good Lord Raby,
 Who, at her nuptials, quitted this fair castle,
 Resigning it to her, may thus ass't her.

Hast thou e'er question'd her, good Birtha ?

Birtha. Often ;

But hitherto in vain, and yet she shews me
 Th' endearing kindness of a sister's love ;
 But if I speak of Douglas——

Edric. See ! he comes.

It wou'd offend him should he find you here.

Enter DOUGLAS.

How ! Edric and his sister in close conference ?
 Do they not seem alarm'd at my approach ?
 And see how suddenly they part ! Now, Edric,

[*Exit Birtha.*]

Was

Was this well done? or was it like a friend,
 When I desir'd to meet thee here alone,
 With all the warmth of trusting confidence,
 To lay my bosom naked to thy view,
 And shew thee all its weakness, was it well
 To call thy sister here, to let her witness
 Thy friend's infirmity?—perhaps to tell her——

Edric. My Lord, I nothing know; I came to learn.

Douglas. Nay then thou dost suspect there's something wrong!

Edric. If we were bred from infancy together,
 If I partook in all thy youthful griefs,
 And every joy thou knew'st was doubly mine;
 Then tell me all the secret of thy soul:

“Or have these few short months of separation,

“The only absence we have ever known,

“Have these so rent the bands of love asunder,

“That Douglas should distrust his Edric's truth?”

Douglas. My friend, I know thee faithful as thou'rt
 brave,

And I will trust thee—but not now, good Edric,
 'Tis past, 'tis gone, it is not worth the telling,
 'Twas wrong to cherish what disturb'd my peace;
 I'll think of it no more.

Edric. Transporting news!

I fear'd some hidden trouble vex'd your quiet.

In secret I have watch'd———

Douglas. Ha! watch'd in secret?

A spy? employ'd, perhaps, to note my actions?

What have I said? Forgive me, thou art noble:

Yet do not press me to disclose my grief,

For when thou know'st it, I perhaps shall hate thee

As much, my Edric, as I hate myself

For my suspicions, I am ill at ease.

Edric. How will the fair Elwina grieve to hear it!

Douglas. Hold, Edric, hold—thou hast touch'd the
 fatal string

That wakes me into madness. Hear me then,

But let the deadly secret be secur'd.

With

With bars of adamant in thy close breast.
 Think of the curse which waits on broken oaths;
 A knight is bound by more than vulgar ties,
 And perjury in thee were doubly damn'd,
 Well then, the king of England——

Edric. Is expected
 From distant Palestine.

Douglas. Forbid it, heaven,
 For with him comes——

Edric. Ah! who?

Douglas. Peace, peace,
 For see Elwina's here. Retire, my Edric;
 When next we meet thou shalt know all. Farewel.

[*Exit Edric.*]

Now to conceal with care my bosom's anguish,
 And let her beauty chase away my sorrows!
 Yes, I wou'd meet her with a face of smiles—
 But 'twill not be.

Enter ELWINA.

Elwina. Alas, 'tis ever thus!
 Thus ever clouded in his angry brow. (*Afide.*)

Douglas. I were too blest, Elwina, cou'd I hope
 You met me here by choice, or that your bosom
 Shar'd the warm transports mine must ever feel
 At your approach.

Elwina. My lord, if I intrude,
 The cause which brings me claims at least forgiveness:
 I fear you are not well, and come unbidden,
 Except by faithful duty, to enquire,
 If haply in my power, my little power,
 I have the means to minister relief
 To your affliction?

Douglas. What unwonted goodness!
 O! were blest above the lot of man,
 If tenderness, not duty, brought Elwina;
 Cold ceremonies, and unfeeling duty,
 That wretched substitute for love: But know,
 The heart demands a heart; nor will be paid

With

With less than what it gives. E'en now, Elwina,
 The glistening tear stands trembling in your eyes,
 Which cast their mournful sweetness on the ground,
 As if they fear'd to raise their beams to mine,
 And read the language of reproachful love.

Elwina. My lord, I hop'd the thousand daily proofs
 Of my obedience ———

Douglas. Heart rending word! obedience! what's
 obedience?

'Tis fear, 'tis hate, 'tis terror, 'tis aversion,
 'Tis the cold debt of ostentatious duty,
 Paid with insulting caution, to remind me
 How much you tremble to offend a tyrant
 So terrible as Douglas ——" O Elwina ———

" While duty measures the regard it owes,
 " With scrupulous precision, and nice justice,
 " Love never reasons, but profusely gives,
 " Gives like a thoughtless prodigal its all,
 " And trembles then, lest it has done too little."

Elwina. Indeed I'm most unhappy that my cares,
 And my solicitude to please, offend.

Douglas. True tenderness is less solicitous,
 Less prudent and more fond; th' enamour'd heart
 Conscious it loves, and blest in being lov'd,
 Reposes on the object it adores,
 And trusts the passion it inspires and feels. —
 Thou hast not learnt how terrible it is
 To feed a hopeless flame. — But hear, Elwina,
 Thou most obdurate hear me. — —

Elwina. Say, my lord,
 For your own lips shall vindicate my fame,
 Since at the altar I became your wife;
 Can malice charge me with an act, a word,
 I ought to blush at? Have I not still liv'd
 As open to the eye of observation,
 As fearless innocence shou'd ever live?
 I call attesting angels to be witness,
 If in my open deed, or secret thought,

My

My conduct, or my heart, they've ought discern'd
Which did not emulate their purity.

Douglas. This vindication ere you were accus'd,
" This warm defence, repelling all attacks
" Ere they are made, and construing casual words
" To formal accusations, trust me, Madam,"
Shews rather an alarm'd and vigilant spirit,
For ever on the watch to guard its secret,
Than the sweet calm of fearless innocence.
Who talk'd of guilt? Who testified suspicion?

Elwina. Learn, Sir, that virtue, while 'tis free
from blame,
Is modest, lowly, meek, and unassuming;
Not apt, like fearful vice, to shield its weakness,
Beneath the studied pomp of boasted phrase,
Which swells to hide the poverty it shelters;
But when this virtue feels itself suspected,
Insulted, fet at nought, its whiteness stain'd,
It then grows proud, forgets its humble worth,
And rates itself above its real value.

Douglas. I did not mean to chide! But think, O
think,
What pangs must rend this fearful, doating heart,
To see you sink impatient of the grave,
To feel, distracting thought, to feel you hate me!

Elwina. What if the slender thread by which I
hold

This poor precarious being soon must break;
Is it Elwina's crime, or heav'n's decree?
Yet shall I meet, I trust, the king of terrors,
Submissive and resign'd, without one pang,
One fond regret at leaving this gay world.

Douglas. Yes, Madam, there is one, one man ador'd,
For whom your sighs will heave, your tears will flow,
For whom this hated world will still be dear,
For whom you still wou'd live ———

Elwina. Hold, hold, my lord,
What may this mean?

Douglas.

Douglas. Ah! I have gone too far,
What have I said?—Your father, sure, your father,
The good Lord Raby may at least expect
One tender sigh.

Elwina. Alas, my lord, I thought
The precious incense of a daughter's sighs
Might rise to Heav'n, and not offend its ruler.

Douglas. 'Tis true; yet Raby is no more belov'd
Since he bestow'd his daughter's hand on Douglas:
That was a crime the dutiful Elwina
Can never pardon; and believe me, Madam,
My love's so nice, so delicate my honour,
I am ashamed to owe my happiness
To ties which make you wretched. *(Exit Douglas.)*

Elwina. Ah! how's this?
Tho' I have ever found him fierce and rash,
Full of obscure surmises, and dark hints,
Till now he never ventur'd to accuse me.
Yet there is one, one man belov'd, ador'd,
For whom your tears will flow—these were his
words—

And then the wretched subterfuge of Raby—
How poor th' evasion!—But my Birtha comes.

Enter BIRTHA.

Birtha. Crossing the Portico I met Lord Douglas,
Disorder'd were his looks, his eyes shot fire;
He call'd upon your name with such distraction,
I fear'd some sudden evil had befall'n you.

Elwina. Not sudden; no; long has the storm
been gathering,
Which threatens speedily to burst in ruin,
On this devoted head

Birtha. I ne'er beheld
Your gentle soul so ruffled, yet I've mark'd you;
While others thought you happiest of the happy,
Blest with whate'er the world calls great, or good,
With all that nature, all that fortune gives,
I've mark'd you bending with a weight of sorrow.

Elwina.

Elwina. O I will tell thee all ! thou cou'dst not find

An hour, a moment in Elwina's life,
When her full heart so long'd to ease its burthen,
And pour its sorrows in thy friendly bosom :
Hear then with pity, hear my tale of woe.
And, O forgive, kind nature, filial piety,
If my presumptuous lips arraign a father !
Yes, Birtha, that belov'd, that cruel father,
Has doom'd me to a life of hopeless anguish,
To die of grief ere half my days are number'd,
Doom'd me to give my trembling hand to Douglas,
'Twas all I had to give, my heart was—Percy's.

Birtha. What do I hear ?

Elwina. My mis'ry, not my crime.
Long since the battle 'twixt the rival houses,
Of Douglas and of Percy, for whose hate
This mighty globe's too small a Theatre,
One summer's morn' my father chas'd the Deer
On Cheviot Hills, Northumbria's fair domain.—

Birtha. On that fam'd spot where first the feuds
commenc'd
Between the Earls ?

Elwina. The same. During the chase,
Some of my father's knights receiv'd an insult
From the Lord Percy's herdsmen, churlish foresters,
Unworthy of the gentle blood they serv'd,
My father, proud and jealous of his honour,
(Thou know'st the fiery temper of our Barons)
Swore that Northumberland had been concern'd
In this rude outrage, nor wou'd hear of peace,
Or reconciliation which the Percy offer'd ;
But bade me hate, renounce, and banish him.
O ! 'twas a task too hard for all my duty,
I strove, and wept, I strove—but still I lov'd.

Birtha. Indeed 'twas most unjust ; but say what follow'd ?

Elwina. Why shou'd I dwell on the disastrous tale ?
Forbid to see me, Percy soon embark'd,

With

With our great king against the Saracen.
 Soon as the jarring kingdoms were at peace,
 Earl Douglas, whom till then I ne'er had seen,
 Came to this castle; 'twas my hapless fate
 To please him.—Birtha! thou canst tell what
 follow'd:

But who shall tell the agonies I felt?
 My barbarous father forc'd me to dissolve
 The tender vows himself had bid me form——
 He dragg'd me trembling, dying, to the altar,
 I sigh'd, I struggled, fainted, and—complied.

Birtha. Did Douglas know a marriage had been
 once

Propos'd 'twixt you and Percy?

Elwina. If he did,

He thought, like you, it was a match of policy,
 Nor knew our love surpass'd our father's prudence.

Birtha. Should he now find he was the instrument
 Of the Lord Raby's vengeance?

Elwina. 'Twere most dreadful!

My father lock'd this motive in his breast,
 And feign'd to have forgot the Chace of Cheviot.
 Some moons have now completed their slow course
 Since my sad marriage.—Percy still is absent.

Birtha. Nor will return before his sov'reign comes.

Elwina. Talk not of his return! this coward
 heart

Can know no thought of peace but in his absence.
 How, Douglas here again? some fresh alarm!

Enter DOUGLAS, agitated, with letters in his hand.

Douglas. Madam, your pardon——

Elwina. What disturbs my lord?

Douglas. Nothing.—Disturb? I ne'er was more at
 ease.

These letters from your father give us notice
 He will be here to-night—He further adds
 The king's each hour expected.

N

Elwina.

Elwina. How ? the king ?
Said you the king ?

Douglas. And 'tis Lord Raby's pleasure
That you among the foremost bid him welcome.
You must attend the court.

Elwina. Must I, my lord ?

Douglas. Now to observe how she receives the
news ! *(Aside.)*

Elwina. I must not—cannot—By the tender love
You have so oft profess'd for poor *Elwina*,
Indulge this one request—O let me stay !

Douglas. Enchanting sounds ! she does not wish to
go. *(Aside.)*

Elwina. The bustling world, the pomp which
waits on greatness,

Ill suits my humble, unambitious soul ;—
Then leave me here, to tread the safer path
Of private life, here, where my peaceful course
Shall be as silent as the shades around me ;
Nor shall one vagrant wish be e'er allow'd
To stray beyond the bounds of Raby Castle.

Douglas. O music to my ears ! *(Aside.)* Can you
resolve

To hide those wondrous beauties in the shade,
Which rival kings wou'd cheaply buy with empire ?
Can you renounce the pleasures of a court,
Whose roofs resound with minstrelsy and mirth ?

Elwina. My lord, retirement is a wife's best duty,
And virtue's safest station is retreat.

Douglas. My soul's in transports ! *(Aside.)*—But
can you forego
What wins the soul of woman—admiration ?
A world, where charms inferior far to your's,
Only presume to shine when you are absent ?

Will you not long to meet the public gaze ?
Long to eclipse the fair, and charm the brave ?

Elwina. These are delights in which the mind
partakes not.

Douglas.

Douglas. I'll try her farther. (*Aside.*)
 (*Takes her hand, and looks stedfastly at her as he speaks.*)

—— But reflect once more ;
 When you shall hear that England's gallant peers,
 Fresh from the fields of war, and gay with glory,
 All vain with conquest, and elate with fame,
 When you shall hear these princely youths contend,
 In many a tournament for beauty's prize ;
 When you shall hear of revelry, and masking,
 Of mimic combats, and of festive halls,
 Of lances shiver'd in the cause of love,
 Will you not then repent, then wish your fate,
 Your happier fate had till that hour reserv'd you
 For some plum'd conqueror ?

Elwina. My fate, my lord,
 Is now bound up with your's.

Douglas. Here let me kneel —
 Yes, I will kneel, and gaze, and weep, and wonder ;
 Thou paragon of goodness !—pardon, pardon,
 (*Kisses her hand.*)

I am convinc'd—I can no longer doubt,
 Nor talk, nor hear, nor reason, nor reflect.
 —I must retire, and give a loose to joy.

(*Exit Douglas.*)

Birtha. The king returns.

Elwina. And with him Percy comes !

Birtha. You needs must go.

Elwina. Shall I solicit ruin,
 And pull destruction on me ere its time ?
 I, who have held it criminal to name him ?
 I will not go — I disobey thee, Douglas,
 But disobey thee to preserve thy honour.

END of the First ACT.

N 2

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Hall.*

DOUGLAS, (*speaking as he enters.*) See that the
 traitor instantly be seiz'd,
 And strictly watch'd: let none have access to him.
 O jealousy, thou aggregate of woes!
 Were there no hell, thy torments wou'd create one.
 But yet she may be guiltless—may? she must.
 How beautiful she look'd! pernicious beauty!
 Yet innocent, as bright, seem'd the sweet blush
 That mantled on her cheek. But not for me,
 But not for me those breathing roses blow!
 And then she wept—what! can I bear her tears?
 Well—let her weep—her tears are for another?
 O did they fall for me, to dry their streams,
 I'd drain the choicest blood that feeds this heart,
 Nor think the drops I shed were half so precious.
 (*He stands in a musing posture.*)

Enter Lord R A B Y.

Raby. Sure I mistake—Am I in Raby Castle?
 Impossible! that was the seat of smiles;
 And Cheerfulness, and Joy, were household gods.
 I us'd to scatter pleasures when I came,
 And every servant shar'd his lord's delight.
 But now Suspicion and Distrust dwell here,
 And Discontent maintains a sullen sway.
 Where is the smile unfeign'd, the jovial welcome,
 Which cheer'd the sad, beguil'd the pilgrim's pain,
 And made dependency forget its bonds?
 Where is the ancient, hospitable hall,
 Whose vaulted roof once rung with harmless mirth?
 Where every passing stranger was a guest,
 And every guest a friend. I fear me much,
 If once our nobles scorn their rural seats,

Their

Their rural greatness, and their vassal's love,
Freedom, and English grandeur are no more.

Douglas. (advancing) My lord, you are welcome.

Raby. Sir, I trust I am;

But yet, methinks, I shall not feel I'm welcome,
"Till my Elwina bless me with her smiles;
She was not wont with ling'ring step to meet me,
Or greet my coming with a cold embrace;
Now, I extend my longing arms in vain,
My child, my darling, does not come to fill them.
O they were happy days when she wou'd fly
To meet me from the camp, or from the chace,
And with her fondness overpay my toils!
How eager wou'd her tender hands unbrace
The ponderous armour from my war-worn limbs,
And pluck the helmet which oppos'd her kisses!

Douglas. O sweet delights that never must be
mine!

Raby. What do I hear?

Douglas. Nothing: enquire no farther.

Raby. My lord, if you respect an old man's peace,
If e'er you doated on my much lov'd child,
As 'tis most sure you made me think you did,
Then, by the pangs which you may one day feel,
When you, like me, shall be a fond, fond father,
And tremble for the treasure of your age,
Tell me, what this alarming silence means?
You sigh, yet do not speak, nay more, you hear not?
Your lab'ring soul turns inward on itself,
As there were nothing but your own sad thoughts
Deserv'd regard. Does my child live?

Douglas. ———— She does.

Raby. To bless her father!

Douglas. And to curse her husband!

Raby. Ah! have a care, my lord, I'm not so old—

Douglas. Nor I so base that I should tamely bear it,
Nor am I so inur'd to infamy,
That I can say without a burning blush,
She lives to be my curse.

Ra'y. How's this ?

Douglas.—— I thought

The lily op'ning to the Heav'ns soft dews,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so chaste.

Raby. Has she prov'd otherwise ! I'll not believe it.
Who has traduc'd my sweet, my innocent child ?

Yet she's too good to 'scape calumnious tongues.

I know that slander loves a lofty mark :

It saw her soar a flight above her fellows,

And hurl'd its arrow to her glorious height,

To reach her heart, and bring her to the ground.

Douglas. Had the rash tongue of slander so
presum'd,

My vengeance had not been of that slow sort,

To need a prompter ; nor should any arm,

No, not a father's, dare dispute with mine,

The privilege to die in her defence.

None dares accuse Elwina, but——

Raby.—— But who ?

Douglas. But Douglas.

Raby. (*puts his hand to his sword.*) You ?—O spare
my age's weakness !

You do not know what it is to be a father,

You do not know, or you would pity me ;

The thousand tender throbs, the nameless feelings,

The dread to ask, and yet the wish to know,

When we adore and fear ; but wherefore fear ?

Does not the blood of Raby fill her veins ?

Douglas. Percy !—know'st thou that name ?

Raby. How ? what of Percy ?

Douglas. He loves Elwina, and my curses on him,
He is belov'd again.

Raby. I'm on the rack !

Douglas. Not the two Theban brothers bore each
other

Such deep, such deadly hate, as I and Percy.

Raby. But tell me of my child.

Douglas. (*not minding him.*) As I and Percy !

When

When at the marriage rites, O rites accur'd !
 I seiz'd her trembling hand, she started back,
 Cold horror thrill'd her veins, her tears flow'd fast.
 Fool that I was, I thought 'twas maiden fear,
 Dull, doating ignorance ! beneath those terrors,
 Hatred for me, and love for Percy lurk'd.

Raby. What proof of guilt is this ?

Douglas. E'er since our marriage

Our days have still been cold and joyless all ;
 " Painful restraint, and hatred ill disguis'd,
 " Her sole return for all my waste of fondness."
 This very morn I told her 'twas your will
 She should repair to court ; with all those graces
 Which first subdued my soul, and still enslave it,
 She begged to stay behind in Raby Castle,
 For courts, and cities had no charms for her.
 Curse my blind love ! I was again ensnar'd,
 And doated on the sweetness which deceiv'd me.
 Just at the hour she thought I shou'd be absent,
 (For chance cou'd ne'er have tim'd their guilt so
 well,)

Arriv'd young Harcourt, one of Percy's knights,
 Strictly enjoin'd to speak to none but her,
 I seiz'd the miscreant ; hitherto he's silent,
 But tortures soon shall force him to confess.

Raby. Percy is absent—They have never met.

Douglas. At what a feeble hold you grasp for
 succour !

Will it content me that her person's pure ?
 No, if her alien heart doats on another,
 She is unchaste were not that other Percy.
 Let vulgar spirits basely wait for proof,
 She loves another—'tis enough for Douglas.

Raby. Be patient.

Douglas. Be a tame convenient husband ?
 And meanly wait for circumstantial guilt ?
 No—I am nice as the first Cæsar was,
 And start at bare suspicion.

(going)

Raby, (holding him.) Douglas, hear me;
Thou hast nam'd a Roman husband; if she's false,
I mean to prove myself a Roman father.

(Exit Douglas.)

This marriage was my work, and thus I'm punish'd!

Enter ELWINA.

Elwina. Where is my father? let me fly to meet
him,
O let me clasp his venerable knees,
And die of joy in his belov'd embrace.

Raby, (avoiding her embrace.) Elwina!

Elwina. And is that all? so cold?

Raby, (sternly.) Elwina!

Elwina. Then I'm undone indeed! How stern his
looks!

I will not be repuls'd, I am your child,
The child of that dear mother you ador'd;
You shall not throw me off, I will grow here,
And, like the patriarch, wrestle for a blessing.

Raby, (holding her from him.) Before I take thee
in these aged arms,

Press thee with transport to this beating heart,
And give a loose to all a parent's fondness,
Answer, and see thou answer me as truly
As if the dread enquiry came from Heav'n:—
Does no interior sense of guilt confound thee?
Canst thou lay all thy naked soul before me?
Can thy unconscious eye encounter mine?
Canst thou endure the probe, and never shrink?
Can thy firm hand meet mine and never tremble?
Art thou prepar'd to meet the rigid judge?
Or to embrace the fond, the melting father?

Elwina. Mysterious Heav'n! to what am I
reserv'd?

Raby. Shou'd some rash man, regardless of thy
fame,
And in defiance of thy marriage vows,

Presume

Presume to plead a guilty passion for thee,
What wou'dst thou do?

Elwina. What honor bids me do.

Raby. Come to my arms! *(they embrace.)*

Elwina. My father!

Raby. Yes, Elwina,
Thou art my child—thy mother's perfect image.

Elwina. Forgive these tears of mingled joy and
doubt;

For why that question? who should seek to please
The desolate Elwina?

Raby. But if any

Should so presume, canst thou resolve to hate him,
Whate'er his name, whate'er his pride of blood,
Whate'er his former arrogant pretensions?

Elwina. ——— Ha!

Raby. Dost thou falter? Have a care, Elwina.

Elwina. Sir, do not fear me; am I not your
daughter?

Raby. Thou hast a higher claim upon thy honor;
'Thou art Earl Douglas' Wife.

Elwina *(weeps.)* I am indeed!

Raby. Unhappy Douglas!

Elwina. Has he then complain'd?

Has he presum'd to sully my white fame?

Raby. He knows that Percy —

Elwina. Was my destin'd husband;

By your own promise, by a father's promise,
And by a tie more strong, more sacred still,
Mine, by the fast firm bond of mutual love.

Raby. Now, by my fears, thy husband told me
truth.

Elwina. If he has told thee that thy only child
Was forc'd, a helpless victim to the altar,
Torn from his arms, who had her virgin heart,
And forc'd to make false vows to one she hated,
Then, I confess, that he has told thee truth.

Raby. Her words are barbed arrows in my heart.
But 'tis too late. (*aside.*) Thou hast appointed
Harcourt

To see thee here by stealth in Douglas' absence.

Elwina. No, by my life, nor knew I till this moment
'That Harcourt was return'd. Was it for this
I taught my heart to struggle with its feelings?
Was it for this I bore my wrongs in silence?
When the fond ties of early love were broken,
Did my weak soul break out in fond complaints?
Did I reproach thee? Did I call thee cruel?
No—I endur'd it all; and weary'd heaven
To bless the father who destroy'd my peace.

Enter MESSENGER.

My lord, a knight, Sir Hubert as I think,
But newly landed from the holy wars,
Intreats admittance.

Raby. Let the warrior enter.

Exit Messenger.

All private interests sink at his approach;
All selfish cares be for a moment banish'd!
I've now no child, no kindred but my country.

Elwina. Weak heart be still, for what hast thou to
fear?

Enter Sir HUBERT.

Raby. Welcome; thou gallant knight, Sir Hubert,
welcome!

Welcome to Raby Castle!—In one word,
Is the king safe? Is Palestine subdued?

Sir Hubert. The king is safe, and Palestine subdued.

Raby. Blest be the god of armies! Now, Sir Hubert,
By all the saints thou'rt a right noble knight!
O why was I too old for this crusade?
I think it wou'd have made me young again,
Cou'd I, like thee, have seen the hated Crescent,
Yield to the Christian cross.—How now, Elwina!

What!

What! cold at news which might awake the dead!
 If there's a drop in thy degenerate veins
 That glows not now, thou art not Raby's daughter.
 It is religion's cause, the cause of heav'n!

Elwina. When policy assumes religion's name,
 And wears the sanctimonious garb of faith,
 Only to colour fraud, and license murder,
 War then is tenfold guilt.

Raby. Blaspheming girl!

Elwina. 'Tis not the crozier, nor the pontiff's robe,
 The saintly look, nor elevated eye,
 Nor Palestine destroy'd, nor Jordan's banks
 Delug'd with blood of slaughter'd infidels,
 No, nor th' extinction of the Eastern world,
 Nor all the mad, pernicious, bigot rage
 Of your crusades, can bribe that pow'r, who sees
 The motive with the act. O blind to think
 That cruel war can please the prince of peace!
 He who erects his altar in the heart,
 Abhors the sacrifice of human blood,
 And all the false devotion of that zeal,
 Which massacres the world he died to save.

Raby. O impious rage! If thou wou'dst shun my
 curse

No more, I charge thee. ——— Tell me, good Sir
 Hubert,

Say, have our arms atchiev'd this glorious deed,
 (I fear to ask;) without much Christian bloodshed?

Elwina. Now heaven support me! (*Aside.*)

Sir Hubert. My good lord of Raby,
 Imperfect is the sum of human glory!

Wou'd I cou'd tell thee that the field was won,
 Without the death of such illustrious knights,
 As make the high flush'd cheek of victory pale.

Elwina. Why shou'd I tremble thus? (*Aside.*)

Raby. Who have we lost?

Sir Hubert. The noble Clifford, Wallingham, and
 Grey,

Sir

Sir Harry Hastings, and the valiant Pembroke.
All men of choicest note.

Raby. O that my name
Had been enroll'd in such a list of heroes !
If I was too infirm to serve my country,
I might have prov'd my love by dying for her.

Elwina. Were there no more ?

Sir Hubert. But few of noble blood.
But the brave youth who gain'd the palm of glory,
The flower of knighthood, and the plume of war,
Who bore his banner foremost in the field,
Yet conquer'd more by mercy than the sword,
Was Percy.

Elwina. Then he lives ! (aside.)

Raby. Did he ? Did Percy ?
O gallant boy, then I'm thy foe no more ;
Who conquers for my country is my friend !
His fame shall add new glories to a house,
Where never maid was false, nor knight disloyal.

Sir Hubert. You do embalm him, lady, with your
tears :

They grace the grave of glory where he lies.
He died the death of honour.

Elwina. Said'st thou——died ?

Sir Hubert. Beneath the towers of Solyma he fell.

Elwina. Oh !

Sir Hubert. Look to the lady.

(Elwina faints in her father's arms.)

Raby. Gentle knight, retire——
'Tis an infirmity of nature in her,
She ever mourns at any tale of blood,
She will be well anon——mean time, Sir Hubert,
You'll grace our castle with your friendly sojourn.

Sir Hubert. I must return with speed——health to
the lady. (Exit Hubert.)

Raby. Look up, Elwina. Shou'd her husband come !

Enter D O U G L A S.

Douglas. Ha———Elwina fainting ?
My lord, I fear you have too harshly chid her.

Her

Her gentle nature could not brook your sternness.
She wakes, she stirs, she feels returning life.

My love ! *(He takes her hand.)*

Elwina. O Percy !

Douglas. Do my senses fail me ? *(Starts.)*

Elwina. My Percy, tis Elwina calls.

Douglas. Hell, hell !

Raby. Retire awhile, my daughter.

Elwina. Douglas here ?

My father and my husband ! — — — O for pity.

[Exit Elwina, casting a look of anguish on both.]

Douglas. Now, now confess she well deserves my
vengeance !

Before my face to call upon my foe !

Raby. Upon a foe who has no power to hurt thee.
Earl Percy's slain.

Douglas. I live again. — But hold —
Did she not weep ? she did, and wept for Percy.
If she laments him, he's my rival still,
And not the grave can bury my resentment.

Raby. The truly brave are still the truly gen'rous ;
Now, Douglas, is the time to prove thee both.
If it be true that she did once love Percy,
'Thou hast no more to fear, since he is dead.
Release young Harcourt, let him see Elwina,
'Twill serve a double purpose, 'twill at once
Prove Percy's death, and thy unchang'd affection.
Be gentle to my child, and win her heart,
By confidence, and unrepublishing love.

Douglas. By heav'n thou counsel'st well : it shall
be done.

Go get him free, and let him have admittance
To my Elwina's presence.

Raby. Farewell, Douglas.
Shew thou believ'st her faithful and she'll prove so.

[Exit Raby.]

Douglas.

Douglas. Northumberland is dead—that thought is,
peace!

Her heart may yet be mine, transporting hope!

Percy was gentle, ev'n a foe avows it,

And I'll be milder than a summer's breeze.

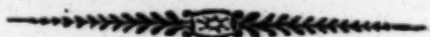
Yes, thou most lovely, most ador'd of women,

I'll copy every virtue, every grace,

Of my blefs'd rival, happier ev'n in death

To be thus lov'd, than living to be scorn'd.

End of A C T the Second.



A C T III.

SCENE, *A Garden at Raby Castle, with a Bowyer.*

Enter PERCY and Sir HUBERT.

Sir HUBERT T.

THAT Percy lives, and is return'd in safety,
More joys my soul, than all the mighty conquests
That sun beheld, which rose on Syria's ruin.

Percy. I've told thee, good Sir Hubert, by what wonder

I was preserv'd, tho' number'd, with the slain.

Sir Hubert. 'Twas strange indeed !

Percy. 'Twas heav'n's immediate work !

But let me now indulge a dearer joy,

Talk of a richer gift of mercy's hand ;

A gift so precious to my doating heart,

That life preserv'd is but a second blessing.

O Hubert, let my soul indulge its softness !

The hour, the spot is sacred to Elwina.

This was her fav'rite walk ; I well remember,

(For who forgets that loves as I have lov'd ?)

'Twas in that very bower she gave this scarf,

Wrought

Wrought by the hands of love ; she bound it on,
 And, smiling, cried, whate'er befall us, Percy,
 Be this the sacred pledge of faith between us.
 I knelt, and swore, call'd every pow'r to witness,
 No time, nor circumstance, shou'd force it from me !
 But I wou'd lose my life and that together.
 Here I repeat my vow.

Sir Hubert. Is this the man
 Beneath whose single arm an host was crush'd ?
 He, at whose name the Saracen turn'd pale ?
 And when he fell, victorious armies wept,
 And mourn'd a conquest they had bought so dear ?
 How has he chang'd the trumpet's martial note,
 And all the stirring clangor of the war,
 For the soft melting of the lover's lute !
 Why are thine eyes still bent upon the bower ?

Percy. O Hubert, Hubert, to a soul enamour'd,
 There is a sort of local sympathy,
 Which, when we view the scenes of early passion,
 Paints the bright image of the object lov'd,
 In stronger colours, than remoter scenes
 Cou'd ever paint it, realizes shade,
 Dresses it up in all the charms it wore,
 Talks to it nearer, frames its answers kinder,
 Gives form to fancy, and embodies thought.

Sir Hubert. I shou'd not be believ'd in Percy's camp.
 If I shou'd tell them that their gallant leader,
 The thunder of the war, the bold Northumberland,
 Renouncing Mars, dissolv'd in amorous wishes,
 Loiter'd in shades, and pin'd in rosy bowers,
 To catch a transient glance of two bright eyes,

Percy. Enough of conquest, and enough of war !
 Ambition's cloy'd—the heart resumes its rights.
 When England's king, and England's good requir'd,
 This arm not idly the keen falchion brandish'd :
 Enough—for vaunting misbecomes a soldier.
 I live, I am return'd—am near Elwina !
 See'st thou those turrets ? Yes, that castle holds her.
 But wherefore tell thee this ? for thou hast seen her.

How

How look'd, what said she? Did she hear the tale
Of my imagin'd death, without emotion?

Sir Hubert. Percy, thou hast seen the musk-rose
newly blown,

Disclose its bashful beauties to the sun,
Till an unfriendly, chilling storm descended,
Crush'd all its blushing glories in their prime,
Bow'd its fair head, and blasted all its sweetness.
So droop'd the maid, beneath the cruel weight
Of my sad tale.

Percy. So tender, and so true!

Sir Hubert. I left her fainting in her father's arms,
The dying flower yet hanging on the tree,
Ev'n Raby melted at the news I brought,
And envy'd thee thy glory.

Percy. Then I am blest!

His hate subdued, I've nothing more to fear.

Sir Hubert. My embassy dispatch'd, I left the castle,
Nor spoke to any of Lord Raby's household,
For fear the king shou'd chide the tardiness
Of my return. My joy to find you living,
You have already heard.

Percy. But where is Harcourt?

E'er this he shou'd have seen her, told her all,
How I surviv'd, return'd—and how I love!
I tremble at the near approach of bliss,
And scarcely can sustain the joy which waits me.

Sir Hubert. Grant Heaven the fair one prove but
half so true!

Percy. O she is truth itself!

Sir Hubert. She may be chang'd,
Spite of her tears, her fainting, and alarms.
I know the sex, know them as nature made e'm,
Not such as lovers wish, and poets feign.

Percy. To doubt her virtues were suspecting
heaven,

'Twere little less than infidelity!

And yet I tremble. Why does terror shake
These firm-strung nerves? But 'twill be ever thus,
When

When fate prepares us more than mortal bliss,
And gives us only human strength to bear it.

Sir Hubert. What beam of brightness breaks thro'
yonder gloom?

Percy. Hubert—she comes! By all my hopes
she comes!

'Tis she—the blissful vision is Elwina!

But ah! what mean those tears?—She weeps for
me!

O transport!—go.—I'll listen unobserv'd,—
And for a moment taste the precious joy,
The banquet of a tear which falls for love.

[*Exit Sir Hubert.*]

[*Percy goes into the Bower.*]

Enter ELWINA.

Elwina. Shall I not weep, and have I then no
cause?

If I cou'd break th' eternal bands of death,
And wrench the sceptre from his iron grasp;
If I cou'd bid the yawning sepulchre
Restore to life its long committed dust;
If I could teach the slaught'ring hand of war,
To give me back my dear, my murder'd Percy,
Then I indeed might once more cease to weep.

[*Percy comes out of the Bower.*]

Percy. Then cease, for Percy lives.

Elwina. Protect me, heav'n!

Percy. O joy unspeakable! My life, my love!
End of my toils, and crown of all my cares!
Kind as consenting peace, as conquest bright,
Dearer than arms, and lovelier than renown!

Elwina. It is his voice—it is, it is my Percy!
And dost thou live?

Percy. I never liv'd till now.

Elwina. And did my sighs, and did my sorrows
reach thee?

And

And art thou come at last to dry my tears ?
How didst thou 'scape the fury of the foe ?

Percy. Thy guardian genius hover'd o'er the field,
And turn'd the hostile spear from Percy's breast,
Lest thy fair image shou'd be wounded there.
But Harcourt should have told thee all my fate,
How I surviv'd——

Elwina. Alas ! I have not seen him.
Oh ! I have suffer'd much.

Percy. Of that no more ;
For every minute of our future lives,
Shall be so bless'd, that we will learn to wonder,
How we cou'd ever think we were unhappy.

Elwina. Percy—I cannot speak.

Percy. Those tears how eloquent !
I would not change this motionless, mute joy,
For the sweet strains of angels: I look down,
With pity on the rest of human kind,
However great may be their fame of happiness,
And think their niggard fate has giv'n them nothing,
Not giving thee ; or granting some small blessing,
Denies them my capacity to feel it.

Elwina. Alas ! what mean you ?

Percy. Can I speak my meaning ?
'Tis of such magnitude that words wou'd wrong it ;
But surely my Elwina's faithful bosom,
Shou'd beat in kind responses of delight,
And feel, but never question what I mean.

Elwina. Hold, hold, my heart, thou hast much
more to suffer !

Percy. Let the slow form, and tedious ceremony
Wait on the splendid victims of ambition.
Love stays for none of these. Thy father's soften'd,
He will forget the fatal Cheviot Chace ;
Raby is brave, and I have serv'd my country ;
I would not boast, it was for thee I conquer'd.
Then come, my love.

Elwina. O never, never, never.

Percy.

Percy. Am I awake? Is that Elwina's voice?

Elwina. Percy, thou most ador'd—and most deceiv'd!
If ever fortitude sustain'd thy soul,
When vulgar minds have sunk beneath the stroke,
Let thy imperial spirit now support thee.—
If thou canst be so wondrous merciful,
Do not, O do not curse me!—but thou wilt,
Thou must—for I have done a fearful deed,
A deed of wild despair, a deed of horror.
I am, I am — — —

Percy. Speak, say, what art thou!

Elwina. Married.

Percy. Oh!

Elwina. Percy, I think I begg'd thee not to curse me;

But now I do revoke the fond petition.
Speak! ease thy bursting soul; reproach, upbraid,
O'erwhelm me with thy wrongs—I'll bear it all.

Percy. Open, thou earth, and hide me from her sight!

Didst thou not bid me curse thee?

Elwina. Mercy! mercy!

Percy. And have I 'scap'd the Saracen's fell sword,
Only to perish by Elwina's guilt?
I wou'd have bar'd my bosom to the foe,
I wou'd have died, had I but known you wish'd it.

Elwina. Percy, I lov'd thee most when most I wrong'd thee:

Yes, by these tears I did.

Percy. Married! just heav'n!

Married? to whom? Yet wherefore should I know?
It cannot add fresh horrors to thy crime,
Or my destruction.

Elwina. Oh! 'twill add to both.

How shall I tell? Prepare for something dreadful.
Hast thou not heard of—Douglas?

Percy. Why 'tis well!

Thou awful power why waste thy wrath on me?
Why arm omnipotence to crush a worm?

I cou'd

I cou'd have fall'n without this waste of ruin.
 Married to Douglas! By my wrongs I like it;
 'Tis perfidy compleat, 'tis finish'd falsehood,
 'Tis adding fresh perdition to the sin,
 And filling up the measure of offence!

Elwina. Oh! 'twas my father's deed! he made his
 child

An instrument of vengeance on thy head.
 He wept and threaten'd, sooth'd me, and commanded.

Percy. And you complied, most dutiously complied!

Elwina. I cou'd withstand his fury; but his tears,
 Ah, they undid me! Percy, dost thou know
 The cruel tyranny of tenderness?

Hast thou e'er felt a father's warm embrace?
 Hast thou e'er seen a father's flowing tears,
 And known that thou cou'd'st wipe those tears away?
 If thou hast felt, and hast resisted these,
 Then thou may'st curse my weakness; but if not,
 Thou canst not pity, for thou canst not judge.

Percy. Let me not hear the music of thy voice,
 Or I shall love thee still; I shall forget
 Thy fatal marriage, and my savage wrongs.

Elwina. Dost thou not hate me, Percy?

Percy — Hate thee? Yes,
 As dying martyrs hate the righteous cause
 Of that blest Power for whom they bleed—I hate
 thee. *(They look at each other in silent agony.)*

Enter HARCOURT.

Harcourt. Porgive, my lord, your faithful knight—

Percy. Come, Harcourt,
 Come and behold the wretch who once was Percy.

Harcourt. With grief I've learn'd the whole un-
 happy tale.

Earl Douglas, whose suspicion never sleeps—

Percy. What is the tyrant jealous?

Elwina. Hear him, Percy.

Percy. I will command my rage—Go on.

Harcourt.

Harcourt. Earl Douglas

Knew by my arms, and my accoutrements,
That I belong'd to you; he question'd much,
And much he menac'd me, but both alike
In vain, he then arrested and confin'd me.

Percy. Arrest my knight? The Scot shall answer it.

Elwina. How came you now releas'd?

Harcourt. Your noble father
Obtain'd my freedom, having learn'd from Hubert
The news of Percy's death. The good old Lord,
Hearing the king's return, has left the Castle
To do him homage.

Sir, you had best retire; *To Percy.*
Your safety is endanger'd by your stay.
I fear shou'd Douglas know——

Percy. Shou'd Douglas know?
Why what new magic's in the name of Douglas,
That it shou'd strike Northumberland with fear?
Go, seek the haughty Scot, and tell him—no
Conduct me to his presence.

Elwina. Percy, hold;
Think not 'tis Douglas—'tis—

Percy. I know it well——
Thou mean'st to tell me 'tis Elwina's husband;
But that inflames me to superior madness.
This happy husband, this triumphant Douglas,
Shall not insult my misery with his bliss.
I'll blast the golden promise of his joys.
Conduct me to him—nay, I will have way——
Come, let us seek this husband.

Elwina. Percy, hear me.
When I was robb'd of all my peace of mind,
My cruel fortune left me still one blessing,
One solitary blessing, to console me;
It was my fame—'Tis a rich jewel, Percy,
And I must keep it spotless, and unsoil'd:
But thou wou'dst plunder what e'en Douglas spar'd,
And rob this single gem of all its brightness.

Percy.

Percy. Go—thou wast born to rule the fate of
Percy.

Thou art my conqueror still.

Elwina. What noise is that?

(*Harcourt goes to the side of the Stage.*)

Percy. Why art thou thus alarm'd?

Elwina.—Alas! I feel

The cowardice and terrors of the wicked,
Without their sense of guilt.

Harcourt. My lord, 'tis Douglas.

Elwina. Fly, Percy, and for ever?

Percy. Fly from Douglas?

Elwina. Then stay, barbarian, and at once destroy
My life and fame.

Percy. That thought is death. I go.
My honor to thy dearer honor yields.

Elwina. Yet, yet thou art not gone!

Percy. Farewel, farewell!

Elwina. I dare not meet the searching eye of
Douglas.

I must conceal my terrors.

Douglas at the side with his sword drawn, Edric holds
him.

Douglas. Give me way.

Edric. Thou shalt not enter.

Douglas, (*struggling with Edric.*) If there were no
Hell,

It wou'd defraud my vengeance of its edge,
And he shou'd live.

(*Breaks from Edric and comes forward.*)

Curs'd chance! he is not here.

Elwina, (*going.*) I dare not meet his fury.

Douglas. See she flies,
With ev'ry mark of guilt—Go, search the Bow'r,
(*Aside to Edric.*)

He shall not thus escape. Madam, return. (*Aloud.*)

Now honest Douglas learn of her to feign. (*Aside.*)

Alone, Elwina? who just parted hence?

(*With affected composure.*)

Elwina.

Elwina. My lord, 'twas Harcourt ; fure you must have met him.

Douglas. O exquisite dissembler !

Elwina. My lord !

Douglas. How I enjoy her criminal confusion !
You tremble, Madam.

Elwina. Wherefore shou'd I tremble ?
By your permission Harcourt was admitted ;
'Twas no mysterious, secret introduction.

Douglas. And yet you seem alarm'd—If Harcourt's presence

Thus agitates each nerve, and makes ev'ry pulse
Thus wildly throb, and the warm tides of blood,
Mount in quick rushing tumults to your cheek ;
If friendship can excite such strong emotions,
What tremors had a lover's presence caus'd !

Elwina. Ungenerous man !

Douglas. I feast upon her terrors. *(Aside.*
The story of his death was well contriv'd ; *to her.*
But it affects not me ; I have a wife,
Compar'd with whom cold Dian was unchaste.

(Takes her hand.

But mark me well—tho' it concerns not you—
If there's a sin more deeply black than others,
Distinguish'd from the list of common crimes,
A legion in itself, and doubly dear
To the dark prince of hell, it is—hypocrisy.

(Throws her from him and Exit.

Elwina. Yes, I will bear his fearful indignation !
Thou melting heart be firm as adamant ;
Ye shatter'd nerves be strung with manly force,
That I may conquer all my sex's weakness,
Nor let this bleeding bosom lodge one thought,
Cherish one wish, or harbour one desire,
That angels may not hear, and Douglas know.

END of the Third ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Hall.*

Enter DOUGLAS, his sword drawn and bloody in one hand, in the other a letter. HARCOURT wounded.

DOUGLAS. Traytor no more. This letter
shews thy office.

Twice hast thou robb'd me of my dear revenge.
I took thee for thy leader.—Thy base blood
Wou'd stain the noble temper of my sword,
But as the pander to thy master's lust,
Thou justly fall'st by a wrong'd husband's hand.

Harcourt. Thy wife is innocent.

Douglas. Take him away.

Harcourt. Percy, revenge my fall!

(Guards bear Harcourt in.)

Douglas. Now for the letter!

He begs once more to see her—so 'tis plain

They have already met!—but to the rest—

Reads. “In vain you wish me to restore the scarf,
Dear pledge of love, while I have life I'll wear it,
'Tis next my heart; no power shall force it thence,
Whene'er you see it in another's hand
Conclude me dead.”—My curses on them both!
How tamely I peruse my shame! But thus,
Thus, let me tear the guilty characters
Which register my infamy. And thus,
Thus wou'd I scatter to the winds of Heav'n,
The vile complotters of my foul dishonour.

(Tears the letter in the utmost agitation.)

Enter E D R I C.

Edric.—My lord.—

Douglas, (in the utmost fury, not seeing Edric.) The
scarf!

Edric.

Edric. Lord Douglas.

Douglas. (*still not hearing him.*) Yes, the scarf!
Percy, I thank thee for the glorious thought!
I'll cherish it; 'twill sweeten all my pangs,
And add an higher relish to revenge!

Edric. My lord!

Douglas. How, Edric here?

Edric. What new distress?

Douglas. Dost thou expect I shou'd recount my
shame?

Dwell on each circumstance of my disgrace,
And swell my infamy into a tale!

Rage will not let me—But—my wife is false.

Edric. Art thou convinc'd?

Douglas. The chronicles of 'hell
Cannot produce a falser.—But what news
Of her curs'd paramour?

Edric. He has escap'd.

Douglas. Hast thou examin'd ev'ry avenue?
Each spot? the grove? The bower, her fav'rite
haunt?

Edric. I've search'd them all.

Douglas. He shall be yet pursu'd.
Set guards at every gate—Let none depart,
Or gain admittance here without my knowledge.

Edric. What can their purpose be?

Douglas. Is it not clear?
Harcourt has rais'd his arm against my life?
He fail'd; the blow is now reserv'd for Percy;
Then with his sword fresh reeking from my heart,
He'll revel with that wanton o'er my tomb;
Nor will he bring her ought she'll hold so dear,
As the curs'd hand with which he slew her husband.
But he shall die! I'll drown my rage in blood,
Which I will offer as a rich libation,
On thy infernal altar, black Revenge! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Garden.*

Enter ELWINA.

Elwina. Each avenue is so beset with guards,
And lynx-ey'd Jealousy so broad awake,
He cannot pass unseen. Protect him Heav'n!

Enter BIRTHA.

My Birtha, is he safe? Has he escap'd?

Birtha. I know not. I dispatch'd young Harcourt
to him,

To bid him quit the Castle, as you order'd,
Restore the scarf, and never see you more.
But how the hard injunction was receiv'd,
Or what has happen'd since, I'm yet to learn.

Elwina. O when shall I be eas'd of all my cares,
And in the quiet bosom of the grave
Lay down this weary head?—I'm sick at heart!
Shou'd Douglas intercept his flight?

Birtha.———Be calm;
Douglas this very moment left the Castle,
With seeming peace.

Elwina. Ah, then indeed there's danger!
Birtha, whene'er suspicion feigns to sleep,
Tis but to make its careless prey secure.

Birtha. Shou'd Percy once again entreat to see
thee,
'Twere best admit him; from thy lips alone,
He will submit to hear his final doom
Of everlasting exile.

Elwina.——Birtha, no:
If honour wou'd allow the wife of Douglas
To meet his rival, yet I durst not do it.
Percy! too much this rebel heart is thine:
Too deeply should I feel each pang I gave;
I cannot hate—but I will banish thee.

Inexorable

Who

P E R C Y.

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Inexorable duty, O forgive,
If I can do no more!

Birtha. If he remains,
As I suspect, within the Castle walls,
'Twere best I fought him out.

Elwina. Then tell him, *Birtha*,
But Oh! with gentleness, with mercy tell him;
That we must never, never meet again.
The purport of thy tale must be severe,
But let thy tenderness embalm the wound
My virtue gives. O soften his despair;
But say — we meet no more.

Enter PERCY.

Rash man he's here!

(She attempts to go, he seizes her hand.)

Percy. I will be heard; nay, fly not, I will
speak;

Lost as I am, I will not be denied
The mournful consolation to complain.

Elwina. Percy, I charge thee, leave me.

Percy. — Tyrant, no:
I blush at my obedience, blush to think
I left thee here alone, to brave the danger
I now return to share.

Elwina. That danger's past:
Douglas was soon appeas'd; he nothing knows.
Then leave me I conjure thee, nor again
Endanger my repose. Yet, e'er thou goest,
Restore the scarf.

Percy. Unkind *Elwina*, never.
'Tis all that's left me of my buried joys,
All, which reminds me that I once was happy.
My letter told thee I would ne'er restore it.

Elwina. Letter? what letter?

Percy. That I sent by Harcourt.

Elwina. Which I have ne'er receiv'd. Douglas
perhaps—
Who knows?

O 2

Birtha.

Birtha. Harcourt, 'elude his watchfulness,
Might prudently retire.

Elwina. Grant Heav'n it prove so!

(*Elwina going, Percy holds her.*)

Percy. Hear me, *Elwina*, the most savage honour
Forbids not that poor grace.

Elwina. It bids me fly thee.

Percy. Then e'er thou go'st, if we indeed must
part,

To sooth the horrors of eternal exile,
Say but——thou pity'st me!

Elwina. (*weeps.*) O *Percy*——pity thee?
Imperious honour!——surely I may pity him.

Yer, wherefore pity? no, I envy thee:

For thou hast still the liberty to weep,

In thee 'twill be no crime; thy tears are guiltless,

For they infringe no duty, stain no honour,

And blot no vow: But mine are criminal,

Are drops of shame which wash the cheek of guilt,
And every tear I shed dishonours Douglas.

Percy. I swear my jealous love e'en grudges thee
Thy sad pre eminence in wretchedness.

Elwina. Rouse, rouse, my slumb'ring virtue!

Percy hear me.

Heav'n, when it gives such high-wrought souls as
thine,

Still gives as great occasions to exert them.

If thou wast form'd so noble, great, and gen'rous,

'Twas to surmount the passions which enslave

The gross of humankind.—Then think, O think,

She, whom thou once didst love, is now another's.

Percy. Go on——and tell me that that other's
Douglas.

Elwina. Whate'er his name, he claims respect
from me:

His honour's in my keeping, and I hold

The trust so pure, its sanctity is hurt,

Ev'n by thy presence.

Percy.

Percy. Thou again hast conquer'd.
Celestial Virtue, like the Angel-spirit,
Whose flaming sword defended Paradise,
Stands guard on ev'ry charm. — Elwina, yes,
To triumph over Douglas, we'll be virtuous.

Elwina. 'Tis not enough to be, — we must appear so :

Great souls disdain the shadow of offence,
Nor must their whiteness wear the stain of guilt.

Percy. I shall retract — I dare not gaze upon thee ;
My feeble virtue staggers, and again
The fiends of jealousy torment and haunt me.
They tear my heart-strings. — Oh !

Elwina. — No more ;
But spare my injur'd honour the affront
To vindicate itself.

Percy. — But love !

Elwina. — But glory !

Percy. Enough ! a ray of thy sublimer spirit,
Has warm'd my dying honour to a flame !
One effort, and 'tis done. The world shall say,
When they shall speak of my disastrous love,
Percy deserv'd Elwina though he lost her.
Fond tears blind me not yet ! a little longer,
Let my sad eyes a little longer gaze,
And leave their last beams here.

Elwina, (turns from him) I do not weep.

Percy. Not weep ? Then why those eyes avoiding mine ?

And why that broken voice ? those trembling accents ?
That sigh which rends my soul ?

Elwina. No more, no more.

Percy. That pang decides it. Come — I'll die at once ;

Thou pow'r supreme ! take all the length of days,
And all the blessings kept in store for me,
And add to her account. — Yet turn once more,
One little look, one last, short glimpse of day ;

And then a long, dark night — Hold, hold my heart,
O break not yet, while I behold her sweetness;
For after this dear, mournful, tender moment,
I shall have nothing more to do with life.

Elwina. I do conjure thee go.

Percy. 'Tis terrible to nature!

With pangs like these the soul and body part!
And thus, but Oh, with far less agony,
The poor departing wretch still grasps at being,
Thus clings to life, thus dreads the dark unknown,
Thus struggles to the last to keep his hold:
And when the dire convulsive groan of death
Dislodges the sad spirit—thus it stays,
And fondly hovers o'er the form it lov'd.
Once, and no more———farewell, farewell!

Elwina. For ever!

(They look at each other for some time, then

[Exit Percy.]

After a pause. 'Tis past—the conflict's past! retire,
my Birtha,

I wou'd address me to the throne of grace.

Birtha. May heav'n restore that peace thy bosom
wants?

[Exit Birtha.]

Elwina. *[kneels.]* Look down, thou awful, heart-
inspecting judge,

Look down, with mercy, on thy erring creature,
And teach my soul the lowliness it needs!

And if some sad remains of human weakness,
Shou'd sometimes mingle with my best resolves,
O breathe thy spirit on this wayward heart,
In its first birth of thought!

(Noise without.) What noise is that?

The clash of swords! Shou'd Douglas be return'd?

Enter DOUGLAS and PERCY fighting.

Douglas. Yield, villain, yield.

Percy. Not till this good right arm
Shall sail its master.

Douglas.

Doug'as. This to thy heart then.

Percy. Defend thy own.

(They fight. Percy disarms Douglas.)

Douglas. Confusion, death, and hell!

Edric. (Without.) This way I heard the noise.

(Enter Edric and many Knights and Guards from every part of the Stage.)

Percy. Curs'd treachery!

But dearly will I sell my life.

Douglas. Seize on him.

Percy. I'm taken in the toils.

(Percy is surrounded by Guards, who take his sword.)

Douglas. In the curs'd snare

Thou laid'st for me, traitor, thyself art caught.

Elwina. He never fought thy life.

Douglas. Adulterers, peace.

The villain Harcourt too——but he's at rest.

Percy. Douglas, I'm in thy pow'r; but do not triumph,

Percy's betray'd, not conquer'd. Come, dispatch me.

Elwina. (to Douglas.) O do not, do not kill him!

Percy. Madam, forbear;

For by the glorious shades of my forefathers,

Their godlike spirit is not so extinct,

That I shou'd owe my life to that vile Scot,

Tho' dangers close me round on every side,

And death besets me—I am Percy still.

Douglas. Sorcerers, I'll disappoint thee—he shall die;

Thy minion shall expire before thy face,

That I may feast my hatred with your pangs,

And make his dying groans, and thy fond tears,

A banquet for my vengeance.

Elwina. Savage tyrant!

I would have sail'd a silent sacrifice,

So thou had'st spar'd my fame.—I never wrong'd thee.

Percy. She knew not of my coming; I alone,

Have been to blame—spite of her interdiction,

I hither came. She's pure as spotless saints.

Elwina. I will not be excus'd by Percy's crime;
 So white my innocence, it does not ask
 The shades of others' faults to set it off;
 Nor shall he need to sully his fair fame,
 To throw a brighter lustre round my virtue.

Doug'as. Yet he can only die—but death for honour!

Ye pow'rs of hell, who take malignant joy,
 In human bloodshed, give me some dire means,
 Wild as my hate, and desperate as my wrongs!

Percy. Enough of words. Thou know'st I hate
 thee, Douglas;

'Tis stedfast, fix'd, hereditary hate,
 As thine for me; our fathers did bequeath it,
 As part of our unalienable birthright,
 Which nought but death can end.—Come, end it here.

Elwina. (kneels.) Hold, Douglas, hold!—not for
 myself I kneel,

I do not plead for Percy, but for thee:
 Arm not thy hand against thy future peace,
 Spare thy brave breast the tortures of remorse,—
 Stain not a life of unpolled honour,
 For oh! as surely as thou strik'st at Percy,
 Thou wilt for ever stab the fame of Douglas.

Percy. Finish the bloody work.

Douglas. Then take thy wish.

Percy. Why dost thou start?

*(Percy bares his bosom, Douglas advances to stab him,
 and discovers the Scarf.)*

Douglas. Her scarf upon his breast!
 The blasting sight converts me into stone;
 Withers my powers like cowardice, or age,
 Curdles the blood within my shiv'ring veins,
 And palsies my bold arm.

Percy. (ironically to the Knights.) Hear you, his
 friends!

Bear witness to the glorious, great exploit,
 Record it in the annals of his race,
 That Douglas the renown'd—the valiant Douglas,
 Fenc'd

Fenc'd round with guards, and safe in his own castle,
Surpris'd a knight unarm'd, and bravely slew him.

Douglas. (*throwing away his dagger.*) 'Tis true—

I am the very stain of knighthood.

How is my glory dimm'd!

Elwina. It blazes brighter!

Douglas was only brave—he now is gen'rous!

Percy. This action has restor'd thee to thy rank,
And makes thee worthy to contend with Percy.

Douglas. Thy joy will be as short, as 'tis insulting.

(*To Elwina*)

And thou, imperious boy, restrain thy boasting.

Thou hast sav'd my honour, not remov'd my hate,
For my soul loaths thee for the obligation.

Give him his sword.

Percy. Now thou'rt a noble foe,
And in the field of honour I will meet thee,
As knight encountering knight.

Elwina. Stay, Percy, stay,
Strike at the wretched cause of all, strike here.
Here sheathe thy thirly sword, but spare my husband.

Douglas. Turn, Madam, and address those vows
to me,

To spare the precious life of him you love.

E'en now you triumph in the death of Douglas,

Now your loose fancy kindles at the thought,

And wildly rioting in lawless hope,

Indulges the adultery of the mind.

But I'll defeat that wish.—Guards bear her in.

Nay, do not struggle. (*She is borne in.*)

Percy. Let our deaths suffice,
And rev'rence virtue in that form inspir'd.

Douglas. P'voke my rage no farther.—I have
kindled.

The burning torch of never-dying vengeance
At love's expiring lamp—But mark me, friends,
If Percy's happier genius shou'd prevail,

And I shou'd fall, give him safe conduct hence,
Be all observance paid him.—Go—I follow thee.
(*Aside to Edric.*)

Within I've something for thy private ear.

Percy. Now shall this mutual fury be appeas'd!
These eager hands shall soon be drench'd in slaughter!
Yes—like two famish'd vultures snuffing blood,
And panting to destroy, we'll rush to combat;
Yet I've the deepest, deadliest cause of hate,
I am but Percy, thou'rt—Elwina's husband.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

SCENE, *Elwina's Apartment.*

Elwina. Thou who in judgment still remember'st
mercy,
Look down upon my woes, preserve my husband.
Preserve my husband! Ah, I dare not ask it;
My very pray'rs may pull down ruin on me!
If Douglas shou'd survive, what then becomes
Of—him—I dare not name? And if he conquers
I've slain my husband. Agonizing state!
When I can neither hope, nor think, nor pray,
But guilt involves me. Sure to know the worst,
Cannot exceed the torture of suspense,
When each event is big with equal horror.

(*Looks out.*)

What no one yet? This solitude is dreadful!
My horrors multiply!

Enter BIRTHA.

Thou messenger of woe!

Birtha,

Birtha. Of woe indeed!

Elwina. How, is my husband dead?

Oh speak.

Birtha. Your husband lives.

Elwina. Then farewell Percy!

He was the tenderest, truest!—Bless him Heav'n,
With crowns of glory, and immortal joys!

Birtha. Still are you wrong; the combat is not
over.

Stay flowing tears, and give me leave to speak.

Elwina. Thou say'st that Percy and my husband
live;

Then why this sorrow?

Birtha. What a task is mine?

Elwina. Thou talk'it as if I were a child in grief,
And scarce acquainted with calamity.

Speak out, unfold thy tale whate'er it be,

For I am so familiar with affliction,

It cannot come in any shape will shock me.

Birtha. How shall I speak? Thy husband—

Elwina. What of Douglas?

Birtha. When all was ready for the fatal combat,
He call'd his chosen knights, then drew his sword,

And on it made them swear a solemn oath,

Confirm'd by ev'ry rite religion bids,

That they wou'd see perform'd his last request,

Be it whate'er it wou'd. Alas! they swore.

Elwina. What did the dreadful preparation
mean?

Birtha. Then to their hands he gave a poison'd
cup,

Compounded of the deadliest herbs, and drugs:

Take this, said he, it is a husband's legacy;

Percy may conquer—and—I have a wife!

If Douglas falls, Elwina must not live.

Elwina. Spirit of Herod! Why 'twas greatly
thought!

'Twas worthy of the bosom which conceiv'd it!

Yet

Yet 'twas too merciful to be his own.
 Yes, Douglas, yes, my husband, I'll obey thee,
 And bless thy genius which has found the means
 To reconcile thy vengeance with my peace,
 The deadly means to make obedience pleasant.

Birtha. O spare, for pity spare my bleeding heart:
 Inhuman to the last. Unnatural! poison!

Elwina. My gentle friend, what is there in a name?

The means are little where the end is kind,
 If it dist'rb thee do not call it poison;
 Call it the sweet oblivion of my cares,
 My balm of woe, my cordial of affliction,
 The drop of mercy to my fainting soul,
 My kind dismission from a world of sorrow,
 My cup of bliss, my passport to the skies.

Birtha. Hark! what alarm is that?

Elwina. The combat's over!

(Birtha goes out.)

(Elwina stands in a fix'd attitude, her hands clasp'd.)
 Now gracious Heav'n sustain me in the trial,
 And bow my spirit to thy great decrees!

R-enter BIRTHA.

(Elwina looks stedfastly at her without speaking.)

Birtha. Douglas is fall'n.

Elwina. Bring me the poison.

Birtha.—Never.

Elwina. Where are the knights? I summon you—
 approach!

Draw near ye awful ministers of fate,
 Dire instruments of posthumous revenge!
 Come—I am ready; but your tardy justice
 Defrauds the injur'd dead—Go, haste, my friend,
 See that the Castle be securely guarded,
 Let ev'ry gate be barr'd—prevent his entrance.

Birtha. Whose entrance?

Elwina. His—the murderer of my husband.

Birtha. He's single, we have hosts of friends.

Elwina.

E'lwin. No matter ;
 Who knows what love and madness may attempt ?
 But here I swear by all that binds the good,
 Never to see him more. — Un appy Douglas !
 O if thy troubled spirit still is conscious
 Of our past woes, look down and hear me swear,
 That when the legacy thy rage bequeathed me,
 Works at my heart, and conquers struggling nature,
 Ev'n in that agony I'll still be faithful.
 She who cou'd never love, shall yet obey thee,
 Weep thy hard fate, and die to prove her truth.

Birtha. O unexampled virtue !

(*a noise without.*)

E'lwin. Heard you nothing ?
 By all my fears th' insulting conqueror comes.
 O save me, shield me !

Enter DOUGLAS.

Heav'n and earth, my husband !

Douglas. Yes — — —

To blast thee with the sight of him thou hat'st,
 Of him thou hast wrong'd, Adulterers, 'tis thy
 husband.

E'lwin. (*kneels*) Blest be the fountain of eternal
 mercy,

This load of guilt is spar'd me ! Douglas lives !
 Perhaps both live ! (*to Birtha.*) Cou'd I be sure of
 that,

The poison were superfluous, joy wou'd kill me.

Douglas. Be honest now, for once, and curse thy
 stars ;

Curse thy deserted fate which brings thee back
 A hated husband, when thy guilty soul
 Revell'd in fond, imaginary joys
 With my too happy rival ; when thou flew'st
 To gratify, impatient, boundless passion,
 And join adulterous lust to bloody murder ;
 Then to reverse the scene ! polluted woman !
 Mine is the transport now, and thine the pang.

E'lwin.

Elwina. Whence sprung the false report that
thou had'st fall'n?

Douglas. To give thy guilty breast a deeper
wound,

To add a deadlier sting to disappointment,
I rais'd it—I contriv'd—I sent thee.

Elwina. Thou see'st me bold, but bold in consci-
ous virtue.

—That my sad soul may not be stain'd with blood,
That I may spend my few short hours in peace,
And die in holy hope of Heav'n's forgiveness,
Relieve the terrors of my lab'ring breast,
Say I am clear of murder—say he lives,
Say but that little word that Percy lives,
And Alps, and Oceans shall divide us ever,
As far as universal space can part us.

Douglas. Canst thou renounce him?

Elwina. Tell me that he lives,
And thou shalt be the ruler of my fate,
For ever hide me in a convent's gloom,
From cheerful day-light, and the haunts of men,
Where sad austerity, and ceaseless pray'r,
Shall share my uncomplaining day between them.

Douglas. O hypocrite! now vengeance to thy
office.

I had forgot—Percy commends him to thee,
And by my hand—

Elwina. How—by thy hand?

Douglas. Hath sent thee
This precious pledge of love.

(*He gives her Percy's Scarf.*)

Elwina. Then Percy's dead!

Douglas. He is.—O great revenge, thou now art
mine!

See how convulsive sorrow rends her frame!
This, this is transport!—injur'd honour, now,
Receives its vast, its ample retribution.
She sheds no tears, her griefs too highly wrought;

'Tis

"Tis speechless agony. — She must not faint —
 She shall not 'scape her portion of the pain.
 No! she shall feel the fullness of distress,
 And wake to keen perception of her loss.

Birtba. Monster! Barbarian! leave her to her sorrows.

Elwina. (*In a low broken voice.*) Douglas — hink not I faint, because thou see'st
 The pale, and bloodless cheek of wan despair.
 Fail me not yet, my spirits; thou cold heart,
 Cherish thy freezing current one short moment,
 And bear thy mighty load a little longer.

Douglas. Percy, I must avow it, bravely fought —
 Died as a hero shou'd; — but, as he fell,
 Hear it, fond wanton, call'd upon thy name,
 And his lastly guilty breath, sigh'd out — *Elwina!*
 Come — give a loose to rage, and feed my soul
 With wild complaints, and womanish upbraidings.

Elwina. (*In a low solemn voice.*) — No:
 The sorrow's weak that wastes itself in words.
 Mine is substantial anguish — deep, not loud;
 I do not rave. — Resentment's the return
 Of common souls for common injuries.
 Light grief is proud of state, and courts compassion;
 But there's a dignity in cureless sorrow,
 A sullen grandeur which disdains complaint.
 Rage is for little wrongs — Despair is dumb.

(*Exit Elwina and Birtba.*)

Douglas. Why this is well! — her sense of woe is strong!

The sharp, keen tooth of gnawing Grief devours her,
 Feeds on her heart, and pays me back my pangs.
 Since I must perish, 'twill be glorious ruin:
 I fall not singly, but like some proud tower,
 I'll crush surrounding objects in the wreck,
 And make the devastation wide and dreadful.

Enter R A B Y.

Raby. O whither shall a wretched father turn?
 Where fly for comfort? Douglas, art thou here?

I do

I do not ask for comfort at thy hands.
 I'd but one little casket where I lodg'd
 My precious hoard of wealth, and like an ideot;
 I gave my treasure to another's keeping,
 Who threw away the gem, nor knew its value,
 But left the plunder'd owner quite a beggar.

Douglas. What art thou come to see thy race dishonour'd,

And thy bright sun of glory set in blood!
 I wou'd have spar'd thy virtues, and thy age,
 'The knowledge of her infamy.

Raby. ——— 'Tis false.

Had she been base, this sword had drank her blood.

Douglas. Ha! dost thou vindicate the wanton!

Raby. ——— Wanton?

Thou hast defam'd a noble lady's honour —
 My spotless child — in me behold her champion:
 The strength of Hercules will nerve this arm,
 When list'd in defence of innocence.
 The daughter's virtue for the father's shield,
 Will make old Raby still invincible. (*Offers to draw.*)

Douglas. ——— Forbear.

Raby. Thou dost disdain my feeble arm,
 And scorn my age.

Douglas. There will be blood enough;
 Nor need thy wither'd veins, old lord, be drain'd,
 To swell the copious stream.

Raby. Thou wilt not kill her?

Douglas. Oh, 'tis a day of horror!

Enter EDRIC and BIRTHA.

Edric. Where is Douglas?
 I come to save him from the deadliest crime
 Revenge did ever meditate.

Douglas. What mean'st thou?

Edric. This instant fly, and save thy guiltless wife.

Douglas. Save that perfidious — — ?

Edric. That much injur'd woman.

Birtha.

Birtha. Unfortunate indeed, but O most innocent!

Edric. In the last solemn article of death,
That truth-compelling state, when even bad men
Fear to speak falsely, Percy clear'd her fame.

Doug'as. I heard him.—'Twas the guilty fraud of
love.

The scarf, the scarf! that proof of mutual passion,
Giv'n but this day, to ratify their crimes!

Birtha. What means my lord! This day? that fa-
tal scarf,

Was giv'n long since, a toy of childish friendship;
Long e'er your marriage, e'er you knew Elwina.

Raby. 'Tis I am guilty.

Douglas. — — Ha!

Raby. — I, — I alone.

Confusion, honour, pride, parental fondness
Distract my soul — Percy was not to blame,
He was — the destin'd husband of Elwina!
He lov'd her — was belov'd — and I approv'd.
The tale is long. — I chang'd my purpose since,
Forb'd their marriage.

Doug'as. And confirm'd my mis'ry!

Twice did they meet to-day — my wife and Percy.

Raby. I know it.

Douglas. Ha! thou knew'st of my dishonour?
Thou wast a witness, an approving witness,
At least a tame one!

Raby. Percy came, 'tis true,
A constant, tender, but a guiltless lover.

Douglas. I shall grow mad indeed! a guiltless
lover!

Percy, the guiltless lover of my wife!

Raby. He knew not she was married.

Douglas. How? is't possible?

Raby. Douglas, 'tis true; both, both were inno-
cent:

He, of her marriage; she, of his return.

Birtha.

Birtha. But now, when we believ'd thee dead,
 she vow'd
 Never to see thy rival. Instantly,
 Not in a start of momentary passion,
 But with a martyr's dignity and calmness,
 She bade me bring the poison.

Douglas. Had it thou done it,
 Despair had been my portion! Fly, good *Birtha*,
 Find out the suffering saint—describe my penitence,
 And paint my vast extravagance of fondness,
 Tell her I love, as never mortal lov'd—
 Tell her I know her virtues, and adore them—
 Tell her I come, but dare not seek her presence,
 Till she pronounce my pardon.

Birtha.—I obey. (Exit *Birtha*.)

Raby. My child is innocent! ye choirs of fairs,
 Catch the blest sounds—my child is innocent!

Douglas. O I will kneel, and sue for her forgive-
 ness,

And thou shalt help me plead the cause of love,
 And thou shalt weep—she cannot sure refuse,
 A kneeling husband, and a weeping father.
 Thy venerable cheek is wet already.

Raby. Douglas! it is the dew of grateful joy!
 My child is innocent! I now wou'd die,
 Lest fortune shou'd grow weary of her kindness,
 And grudge me this short transport.

Douglas. Where, where is she?
 My fond impatience brooks not her delay;
 Quick let me find her, hush her anxious soul,
 And sooth her troubled spirit into peace.

Enter BIRTHA.

Birtha. O horror, horror, horror!

Douglas. Ah what mean'st thou?

Birtha. Elwina—

Douglas. Speak—

Birtha. Her grief wrought up to frenzy,
 She has, in her delirium, swallow'd poison.

Raby.

Raby. Frenzy and poison !

Douglas. Both a husband's gift ;

But thus I do her justice.

As Douglas goes to stab himself, enter Elwina distracted, her hair dishevelled, Percy's Scarf in her hand.

Elwina. (goes up to Douglas.) What blood again ?

We cannot kill him twice,

Soft, soft—no violence—he's dead already ;—

I did it—Yes—I drown'd him with my tears ;

But hide the cruel deed ! I'll scratch him out

A shallow grave, and lay the green Sod on it ;

Aye—and I'll bind the wild briar o'er the turf,

And plant a Willow there, a weeping Willow—

(*She sits on the ground.*)

But look you tell not Douglas, he'll disturb him,

He'll pluck the willow up—and plant a thorn,

He will not let me sit upon his grave,

And sing all day, and weep, and pray all night.

Raby. Dost thou not know me ?

Elwina. Yes—I do remember

You had a harmless lamb,

Raby. I had indeed !

Elwina. From all the flock you chose her out a
Mate,

In sooth a fair one—you did bid her love it—

But while the Shepherd slept, the Wolf devour'd it.

Raby. My heart will break. This is too much, too
much.

Elwina. (smiling) O 'twas a cordial draught—
I drank it all.

Raby. What means my child ?

Douglas. The poison—Oh the poison !

Thou dear wrong'd innocence—

Elwina. Off—murderer, off !

Do not defile me with those crimson hands.

(*Shows the Scarf.*) This is his winding sheet—
I'll wrap him in it—

I wrought it for my love—there—now I've dress'd him,
How brave he looks ! my father will forgive him,

He

He dearly lov'd him once—but that is over.
 See where he comes—beware my gallant Percy.
 Ah! come not here, this is the cave of death,
 And there's the dark, dark palace of revenge!
 See, the pale king sits on his blood stain'd throne!
 He points to me—I come, I come, I come.

*(She faints, they run to h.r. Doug'as takes up
 his sword and stabs himself.)*

Douglas. Thus, thus I follow thee.

Edric. Hold thy rash hand.

Doug'as. It is too late. No remedy but this,
 Could med'cine a disease so desperate.

Ruby. Ah she revives!

Douglas. *(raising himself)* She lives? bear, bear
 me to her?

We shall be happy yet.

He struggles to get to her, but sinks down.

It will not be———

O for a last embrace— —Alas I faint——

She lives—Now death is terrible indeed——

Fair Spirit how I lov'd thee—O—Elwina! *(D'as.)*

Elwina. Where have I been? The damps of death
 are on me.

Ruby. Look up, my child; O do not leave me
 thus;

Pity the anguish of thy aged father.

Hast thou forgot me?

Elwina. No—You are my father;

O you are kindly come to close my eyes,

And take the kifs of death from my cold lips.

Ruby. Do we meet thus?

Elwina. We soon shall meet in peace.

I've but a faint remembrance of the past———

But something tells me—O those painful struggles!

Raise me a little—there——

(She sees the body of Douglas.) What sight is that?

A sword, and bloody; Ah! and Douglas murder'd;

Edric,

Edric. Convinc'd too late of your unequal'd virtues,

And wrung with deep compunction for your wrongs,
By his own hand the wretched Douglas fell.

Elwina. This adds ano her, sharper pang to death,
O thou Eternal! take him to thy mercy,
Nor let this sin be on his head, or mine!

Raby. I have undone you all—the crime is mine!
O thou poor injur'd faint, forgive thy father.
He kneels to his wrong'd child.

Elwina. Now you are cruel.
Come near, my father, nearer—I wou'd see you,
But mists and darkness cloud my failing sight.
O death! suspend thy rights for one short moment,
Till I have ra'en a father's last embrace—
A father's blessing.—Once—and now 'tis over.
Receive me to thy mercy—gracious heaven.

(She dies.)

Raby. She's gone! for ever gone! Cold, dead and cold.

Am I a father? Fathers love their children—
I murder'd mine! With impious pride I snatch'd
The bolt of vengeance from the hand of heav'n.
My punishment is great—but Oh! 'tis just.
My soul submissive bows. A righteous God
Has made my crime become my chastisement!

F I N I S.

